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FEMALE KINSHIP AND MATERNAL FILI-
ATION.

- 1.—*Das Mutterrecht, eine Untersuchung über die Gynäkokratie der alten Welt, nach ihrer religiösen und rechtlichen Natur.* By I. I. BACHOFEN. Stuttgart. 1861.
- 2.—*Studies in Ancient History, comprising a reprint of "Primitive Marriage." An inquiry into the origin of the form of capture in marriage ceremonies.* By G. T. M'LENNAN. London. 1876.

THE learned Mr. Bachofen had read, as we all have, the story of Orestes, who, having killed his mother Clytemnestra in order to revenge the murder of his father, was summoned to answer for his crime before the Areopagus of Athens. The Athenian women with one voice declared that Orestes had committed the most heinous deed of which a man, born of woman, may be guilty. But their husbands insisted that, by revenging his father's murder on the perfidious wife, Orestes had nobly performed his duty. The voice of each party was of equal weight, for we are told that in those days women sat on terms of equality with men in the courts of justice. Orestes was, however, finally acquitted by the casting vote of Minerva, who

presided over the trial. The Erinnyes—terrible goddesses of remorse and revenge—protested indignantly against the verdict, but it was favorably received by the entire male population, and approved by the civilization of all the ancient world. The verdict was ratified by succeeding generations; and, finally, the illustrious Goethe devoted the greatest product of his dramatic genius—the “*Iphigenia in Tauris*”—to the endeavor to reconcile us fully with Orestes, and with Minerva’s decree.

Mr. Bachofen, however, has dared to defy this voice of ages. After much profound meditation he has come to the conclusion that this trial is one of the most terrible in its issues which has ever been held. It marks, he declares, the limit between two ages, and between two radically different conceptions of the family. Previous to the decree of Minerva, a family was represented by the mother; maternal lineage was alone recognized. From that moment the rule was reversed, and undivided supremacy accorded to the father. According to Æschylus, the dissidence of opinions on this subject which existed between the men and women of Athens extended even to the gods. The younger sided with Orestes, the elder took part against him. It is from the profound depths to which were thus stirred all consciousness, human and divine, that was evolved that awful drama of antiquity, in which are concentrated all horrors and monstrosities of which the most sombre imagination can conceive.

While Mr. Bachofen was engaged in unravelling the meaning of the legend of Orestes, Mr. M’Lennan, a Scotch lawyer, was meditating upon the institution of marriage as it existed among the plebeians of ancient Rome. The essence of the ceremony consisted in carrying away the bride by sham violence,—in remembrance, we are told, of the famous rape of the Sabines. This ceremony is vividly described by Apuleius in his story of the “*Captive Damsel*.” The heroine relates how her mother, having dressed her becomingly in nuptial apparel, was loading her with kisses, and already contemplating in imagination the long line of descendants which was to spring from the union, when suddenly a band of robbers, armed like gladiators, rushed in with glittering swords, made straight for the maiden’s chamber, and tore her away, half dead with fear, from the bosom of her trembling mother.

The reasons alleged by the Romans for this strange custom were even stranger than the custom itself. The maidens were expected to prove their modesty by violent resistance to their captors, and youths the fierceness of their love by the violence with which they possessed themselves of the objects of their desire.

But M'Lennan is not satisfied with this reason. He inquires pertinently: How could the Roman legislators tolerate and even consecrate a custom, worthy of a nation of outlaws? Why such brutality in a marriage ceremonial? How came an immoral form to constitute the sanction to a moral act? To be sure, only by means of some idea deeply rooted in the mind perpetuating itself indefinitely, long after the thing to which it belonged had ceased to exist. Symbols, too often lightly regarded, are nearly always the remnants of extinct customs. Legal fictions, the poetical side of jurisprudence, constitute the more or less fortunate adaptation of existing conditions to others long since dead, or continuing to survive by a sort of artificial respiration. Customs become embalmed in symbols, like Egyptian mummies in their wraps. And symbols enable us to reconstruct the dead reality of the past, of which they are the only remaining indications. Thus, from the plebeian marriage at Rome, we learn that men were once really obliged to secure their wives by force, and thought fit to appear to do so after the necessity no longer existed. Our feelings and instincts are shaped by habit, and morality and public conscience are more often the effect than the cause of public customs. (*Mores, moralitas.*)

Traces of the violence inherent in primitive marriages are found in classical antiquity. The so-called "heroical marriage," the Marriage of Rakchasas or Gandharvas, was defined by the laws of Manu as "the seizure of a maiden by force, while she weeps and wails for assistance, after her kinsmen and friends have been killed in battle, or wounded, and their houses broken open." Plutarch and Herodotus corroborate the narratives of legendary history. The former tells us that in Sparta the bridegroom always feigned to carry off the bride by violence, and, according to Herodotus, the same practice prevailed in Corinth and Crete.

In the present day the custom of capture exists among several

tribes of Australia and New Zealand, and in many islands of the Pacific, as well as in parts of South America,—from Cape Horn to the Caribbean Sea. On the coast of New Guinea and the Torres Straits, it is customary for the bridegroom to abduct the bride and run away with her. The Fuegian youth first obtains the consent of the bride's relatives; then watches for an opportunity, and carries off his bride. Among the Bedouin Arabs it is necessary for the bridegroom to force the bride to enter his tent. Among many negro tribes the girl is carried away bodily on the back of her lover. The form of capture is said still to prevail to a great extent in India. Among the aborigines of the Dekkan and of Afghanistan it is prescribed as a marriage ceremony to the Hindus in the Sutrās. It prevails among the Khonds on the hills of Orissa, and among their neighbors and kinsmen, the Gonds and the Koles. Among the Tunguzes and Kamtchadales a matrimonial engagement is not considered to be definitely concluded until the suitor has overcome his beloved by force, and torn her clothes, the maiden in the meanwhile professing to defend her liberty to the utmost. This form of marriage is likewise observed by the noble classes among the Kalmucks.

Among the Circassians the ceremony much resembles that of ancient Rome. The wedding is celebrated with noisy feasting and revelry, in the midst of which the bridegroom rushes in, and, by the help of a few daring men, carries off the maiden by force. Then only may she be considered his lawful wife.

In Europe evident traces of this custom may be discovered in the ancient Grand Duchy of Moscow; in former Poland; in Samogitia, Livonia, Lithuania, Prussia, and Scandinavia; and fainter indications in Friesland, in some French provinces, in Wales, and in the north-east of Scotland. As Mr. M'Lennan remarks: "Nothing in Nature exists by itself. Every individual example of this custom leads us to contemplate a great area over which it once prevailed, as the discovery of single fossil fish in a hill enables us to imagine the whole surrounding country as at one time under water."

What is the origin of so universal a custom? Simply the fact that men once provided themselves with wives exclusively by means of war upon neighboring tribes. War was then the normal state of society. "Peace and friendship were unknown be-

tween any two separate tribes, except when they united against a third,"—as a cynical wit remarked many ages later, that friendship between two coquettes was impossible, except when they were combining in a conspiracy against a dear relative! In these early and lawless periods, woman shared the fate of all other species of property, in regard to which it was universally held that "he should take who had the power, and he should keep who could." The women were at once the principal cause of war and most desirable spoils of victory, and were tossed from one hand to another with magnanimous liberality. The fate of the women thus disputed over was far from enviable, if we may judge from that of the Australian females who have acquired any reputation for beauty. George Grey, a truthful and intelligent observer, tells us that in Australia a beautiful woman is really far worse off than her less-favored companions: "Conspiracies are constantly being formed for her abduction, and, in the scuffling which results, she is almost always injured; for each of the combatants orders her to follow him, and, if she refuses, throws a spear at her. The early life of an Australian belle is passed in a series of captivities under different masters, of ghastly wounds, of wanderings in strange families, of rapid flights, of bad treatment from other females amongst whom she is brought a stranger by her captor. Rarely do you see a form of unusual grace and elegance but it is marked and scarred by the furrows of old wounds. Many a female thus wanders several miles from the home of her infancy, being carried off successively to distant and more distant points." "The male captives," says M'Lennan, "furnished by their labor additional means of subsistence, but the women were prized as wives and luxuries. In the Feejee and other islands of the Pacific the male captives were eaten, while the women were generally saved alive, except in a few districts where prevailed a special relish for the flesh of females."

The scarcity of females naturally added to their value. This scarcity was artificially maintained by putting to death girl babies in great numbers as soon as they were born. This practice was inspired on the one hand by motives of economy, and, on the other, of gourmandism, for they were eaten up like young Guinea pigs. This primitive peoples had discovered long before

the Right Reverend Malthus began to speculate that population increases in a geometrical, and food only in an arithmetical, proportion. They killed the babies to avoid the expense of rearing them, and then ate them to avoid the trouble of procuring other food. The boys were spared to be educated as hunters and warriors, but the girls were at best only objects of luxury, and hence necessarily sacrificed by a prudent community whenever times were hard. It was deemed simpler and more economical to capture full-grown women for wives than to incur the expense of rearing female babes to maturity. In one village of the Phweelongmai, East India, Colonel M'Culloch found in 1849 that there existed not a single female child.

From this disproportion between the sexes arose the correlative institutions, polyandry and exogamy. Mr. M'Lennan insists upon a distinction, which he claims to have been the first to point out,—a distinction between exogamy, or *inter-tribal* marriage, and endogamy, or *intra-tribal* marriage. Amongst the exogamous tribes none but strangers were permitted as wives; union between persons belonging to the same tribe was regarded as incestuous, and only to be atoned for by death.

"The practice of female infanticide, which rendered women so scarce, led at once to polyandry within the tribe and to the capture of women from without. This practice has existed from time immemorial among the same races as possess the symbol of capture in the marriage ceremonial. With some of the exogamous races it seems to be a rule to kill all the female children, except such as happen to be the first born. Colonel Macpherson tells us that among the Khonds of Orissa, of whom we have already spoken, marriage between persons of the same tribe, however large or scattered, is considered incestuous and punished by death. Not even with strangers adopted into or domesticated with a tribe is it permissible to marry."

Circassians were until recently strictly exogamous, and so married until their nationality had been destroyed by Russia. Mr. Bell writes as follows in 1840:—

"These cousins german, or members of the same fraternity, are not only themselves interdicted from intermarrying, but the prohibition extends to their serfs, who must wed only with serfs of another fraternity. The fraternity contains perhaps several thousand members. Formerly, such a marriage would have been looked upon as incest, and punished by drowning. Now, a fine of two hundred oxen and the restitution of the wife to her parents only are exacted."

Notoriously exogamous are the Kalmucks, the Yurak Samo-

yeds, the Kirghiz and the Nogats, the Kafirs, the Sodhas of Northern India, the Beduanda Kallung (Singapore), the Warali (India), and many others. We find the principle in Australia, in North and South America, in Africa, in Europe. "We shall suspect and infer it in many places where the actual evidence of its existence is incomplete," says Latham in his "Descriptive Ethnology."

The women, captured and recaptured, passed from one tribe to another as the property of an unlimited number of husbands, and were necessarily unable to identify the fathers of their children. At the present time the Code Napoleon forbids the *Recherche de la Paternité*, whereby a bastard child might discover his parentage. If, as the French law and the English proverb both assume to be true, "only a wise son can know his own father," much greater must have been the facility for error when several tribes might have claimed the paternity of a single child! It is not even sure that the motherhood was plainly demonstrable. Children easily lost sight of the mother who had nursed them, and probably belonged less to her than to a group of nurses. The impersonal tribe stood in the place of both parents to its children. The community was like a herd of cattle, where all ties between parents and offspring are severed, so soon as suckling ceases.

An immense stride in progress was made when, under the influence of more peaceful habits, maternity became an institution, and children, hitherto known by the name of their tribe, could adopt the name of their mother.

The fact that maternal filiation preceded paternal filiation has, until recently, been ignored. Mr. Bachofen searched for the illustrations which might be found in ancient authors. Every text he examined; no scholiast did he leave unconsulted. With the deepest erudition coupled with a criticism delicate and sagacious, he arrived at the same results as Mr. M'Lennan, whose argument is mainly grounded on contemporary facts. Says he:—

"The Kasias, the Nairs, the Saporogian Cossacks, have the system of kinship through females only. We find that system in Tulawa, in the neighborhood of the Nairs. Among the Buntar—the highest rank of Sudras in Tulawa—a man's children, says Buchanan, are not his heirs. During his lifetime he may give them money, but all of which he dies possessed is given to his sisters and to their children.

Among the Rajputs, we have traces of the system of female kinship. The Kooch have kinship and succession through females only; and so have the Bodo. Farther, we find that system among the Banyai, in Ashanti, Aguapim, and Congo, and are assured that traces of it are to be found all over Africa. We have reason to believe that it anciently prevailed among the Celts. We find traces of the like system in India, among the Sutrâs of Gautama. In short, though the original tradition has obviously been tampered with, enough of it remains to oblige us to acknowledge it as a genuine tradition of a stage of Aryan civilization."

The law of Menu points out the family name as the test whether persons are of the same stock or not. The Southern Indians consider it to be highly criminal for a man to marry a woman whose totem is the same as his own, and they relate instances where young men, for a violation of this rule, have been put to death by their own relatives. Among the Iroquois, husband and wife were, by the ancient law, always of different tribes. The children belonged to the tribe of the mother. When maternal descent prevailed, there was, so to speak, a perpetual disinheritance of the male line.

The Australian family names and divisions are perpetuated and spread throughout the country by the application of two laws: the first, that the children of either sex always take the name of the mother; the second, that a man cannot marry a woman of his own family name.

Here are fresh instances which we take the liberty of adding to those already quoted by Mr. M'Lennan:—

"The Kanoris (Central Africa) give always the mother's name, and, at the present day, particularly to their kings. The chronicles always mention the mothers' names as a circumstance of the highest importance. The celebrated king Dunama ben Iselma at Bornan, is generally called Dibbalami, from his mother's name Dibbala. His royal name, in full length, is Dibbalami Dunama Iselmani; the mother's name being prefixed to the father's as the nobler and more important of the two. Even in the driest chronicles it is impossible not to remark the great influence which the Queen mothers Validi—the Magira, as they are here called—have exercised upon the affairs of the country. Here is an example in the Queen Goumssou Fa-ssa-mi, who kept her own son Biri a whole year in prison, even after he had ascended the throne; and another in the Queen Aaischa, mother of Edriss, who, for a long period, took such part in the government that she is mentioned positively as amongst the rulers of the kingdom."—*Barth*. II, 297.

Travellers have noted the same institution in many islands of the Pacific Ocean. Among Hawaiians the political functions

were hereditary, but the rank was given by the mother. Such is, assuredly, the reason why the male members of the royal family married among the nearest of their kin, and espoused even their own sisters.

In the Gilbert and Marshall Isles the mothers give their own rank to their children. The sons of a chief never belong to the clan of their father, because the chief must always marry outside his own clan.

In the Carolina Islands certain functions are hereditary, and pass, at the functionary's demise, to his next brothers, and to his son only after the death of all the brothers. It is otherwise with the social rank, which is not given by the father, but by the mother; and many brothers, who are the sons of the same father, may thus belong to distinct classes of people.

The case of the Australian tribes deserves closer examination. They have departed already from the rudest and most barbarous type. Polyandry having given place to a moderate polygyny, a man may have, by various wives, different children, who will belong respectively to the tribes of their mothers. If war breaks out, all these boys will take up arms against each other, and most likely, first of all, against their own father. Carried to its extreme consequences, the Australian theory comes to this conclusion: that a father is no relation to his son; exactly the reverse of what we may be permitted to call Orestes' formula: the son is no relation to his mother. Both maxims now grate on our ears, and are felt to be as revolting as they are absurd; and one is inclined to ask: Those feelings which are said to be innate in every human being, where then did they hide themselves; where then was the voice of blood; where then was the cry of Nature?

This Australian family makes us well aware of the evils of a system which knew nothing of the father. The filiation by the mother was only one-half of the truth. The conflict of maternity and paternity could not fail to occasion desperate situations, finally intolerable. And, as the human mind is constantly vacillating from one extreme to another, the reformers of the family, as it was shaped then, jumped to the conclusion that a complete revolution, and a substitution of paternal for maternal filiation, was absolutely necessary. Because the father had not been

made of enough consequence, the mother was now to be made next to nothing. The human mind was then too narrow for the simultaneous admittance of the double parental feelings, which none of us find any difficulty in understanding.

In the society of Australia the excess of evil was destined to bring about its own remedy. Exogamy tended to develop into endogamy, and maternal filiation into paternal. When the offspring of a single father might belong to several different tribes, the youth of a single tribe comprised a variety of individuals, who fairly represented all surrounding communities. A sufficient number of young girls, who were supposed to be foreigners, grew up in each tribe, and offered material for wives at a cheaper price than perilous expeditions. Thence, possibly, the origin of marriage by coemption. When, therefore, a tribe found itself populous, powerful, and sufficiently provided with young females, it is probable that the men gradually abandoned their raids for wives, and the community glided into endogamy. Here we see the history of the development of the tribe into a nation. We may trace the origin of clans and families to captured women representing different original stocks. This hypothesis is indeed less agreeable than the doctrine current in legends and ordinary history, and adopted by our Peerage books, that the ancestor of a race begat several sons whose scions formed older and younger branches of the family; and that, from intermarriage betwixt these branches, clans, tribes, and finally a whole nation arose.

Mr. M'Lennan's hypothesis lends itself to the origin of castes as well as of families :—

“Nearly all the Indian castes, from the highest to the lowest, are divided into *gotrams*, or families. Marriage is prohibited between persons of the same *gotram*, who, according to the rule of Menu, are shown by their common name to be of the same original stock. We hold that this at once shows the caste to have been composed of members of different original stocks, and the stocks themselves to have been originally exogamous. There can be little doubt that all castes of this description were formed by these processes. The Kamilaroi among the Australians appear to be such a caste. And, were the natives of Australia to be left to themselves, their system of kinship remaining what it is, we might expect hereafter to find among them numerous caste tribes of this description.”

We believe that the transition from maternal to paternal epon-

my can be traced to the period which immediately precedes that of authentic history. Abraham himself, the great ancestor of the Beni-Israel, whom we have been accustomed to consider as the typical Patriarch, was entirely indifferent to paternal filiation, as is shown by the fact that he married his own sister, the daughter of his father. We find the story in Genesis worded with truly antique simplicity:—

"And it came to pass, when he was come near to enter into Egypt, that he said unto Sarai his wife; Behold now, I know that thou art a fair woman to look upon. Therefore, it shall come to pass, when the Egyptians shall see thee, that they shall say, This is his wife: and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive. Say, I pray thee, thou art my sister: that it may be well with me for thy sake; and my soul shall live because of thee."

This was Abraham's answer, when reproached with his deceit:

"Yet indeed she is my sister. She is the daughter of my father, but not the daughter of my mother; and she became my wife."

Mr. M'Lennan has been so lucky as to discover a text proving that Abraham's marriage would have been considered legal in Attica, where a man was allowed to marry his half-sister when born of his father, but forbidden to marry her when born of the same mother. This law depended on the idea already referred to,—that no relationship existed between the father and his children, the sole parent being the mother.

According to "Primitive Marriage" the most logical progression, and probably the most frequent, which, beginning by exogamous polyandry, ended in the Greco-Roman family, took place in the following manner:—

1. The mother lived apart from all her husbands, in her own house, where also her brothers dwelt, and where she reared her children. Example: A Nair woman could have no more than twelve husbands, and had to select them under certain restrictions as to rank and caste. . . . A Nair may belong to several combinations of husbands; that is, he may have many wives. The twelve husbands therefore formed a partnership, each shareholder being entitled to enter, if he chose, eleven other firms; ingenious system of polygamous polyandry, which allowed twelve wives to each husband and twelve husbands to each wife.

2. The sister separated herself from her brothers to live with her husbands. The children belonged to the mother, and not to the husbands, each of whom took as his heir, not the children of the common wife, but the children of his sister, or the relatives of his mother. That system is, like the former, practised still by the Nairs; both easily coexist in the same country.

3. The conjugal abode becomes the property of the associated husbands, who bring into it their common wife, and forbid her to leave it whenever they entertain any doubts as to her fidelity. Mr. McLennan believes that sequestration was the means of leading to important progress. Under this *régime* the children belonged to the establishment rather than to their mother.

4. The common wife no longer belonged to a group of unrelated men, but to a "brotherhood," or group of brothers. The adherents of masculine superiority may now feel satisfied; for at this stage it is easy to see that the race will be modeled by the man, and no longer by the woman. At first the offspring of this fraternal group will possess no personal father, but all the fathers will belong to the same blood, and thus a vague idea of paternity springs up. Mr. Bachofen had already shown that the story of Bacchus *Dimorphos*, or *Metropator*, who was son both of Jupiter and Semele, symbolized this stage of progress. No equality existed between the consorts; Semele was a mortal, Jove King of the Immortals. Hence the son, arrived at maturity, does not hesitate to abandon his mother, and choose the paternal side as the most profitable.

This polyadelphic monogyny, as Linnæus would call it, persists in great purity in Thibet, and especially in Ladack.

"In Ladack," says Moorcroft, "when an eldest son marries, the family estate descends to him, and he is charged with the maintenance of his parents. A younger son is generally made a Lama. Should there be more than two brothers, and they agree to the arrangement, they become a species of inferior husbands for the wife. All the children, however, are considered as belonging to the head of the family. The younger brothers are compelled to wait upon him as his servants, and can be turned out of doors at his pleasure, without it being incumbent upon him to provide for them. On the death of the eldest brother, his property, authority, and widow devolve upon the next eldest. This one enjoys the right of succession to his brother's property and to his widow, and he cannot take the one without taking the other.

"The Thibetan system is the prevailing species of polyandry in nearly the whole of the Himalayan and sub-Himalayan regions,—Kashmyr, Ladak, Kinaver, Kishawar, and Sirmor. It is the general form in Ceylon. It is the form which Humboldt found

among the red men. Among the Avaroes and the Magpures, brothers have often but one wife. It is the form which Cæsar found among the Britons. We must hold that polyandry in the Thibetan form prevailed at one time throughout India; among the race from which the Hebrews were descended, and among the Moabites and ancient Persians; among the Druses and all Arab tribes in Syria; the Mongols, Khirgiz, Turks, and tribes of the Caucasus; among the Makololo; and, we may believe, many other peoples in Africa."

From this institution arises, in several parts of India and America, the custom of children addressing their uncles as "father." Mr. Morgan of Rochester was the first to point it out. If there are no brothers, the nephews succeed to the inheritance, which, according to the most ancient custom, falls to the nephews, sons of the sisters; and, according to the more modern one, falls to the nephews, sons of the brothers; as happens still in the Sultan's family in Constantinople.

According to the institutions of Manu, the widow was transmitted to the heir-brother without more ado. Who would not recognize in these regulations the Levirate known to all readers of the Old and New Testament?—the law which compelled the nearest relative to marry the widow of the heir of the family who should have died without issue, in order to perpetuate the name of the deceased.

The Levirate could only be observed so long as polygamy existed, and was doomed to disappear with it. No force could have compelled always the younger brother to separate from his own wife and bind himself to an old sister-in-law. Moreover, brothers and near relatives had little impulse to deprive themselves of an inheritance which, in default of a direct heir, would have fallen to them. The Levirate was a remnant of the system of "brotherhoods," which began to go to pieces so soon as it ceased to be associated with collective proprietorship of the woman or women. When each brother possessed his own wife, his own household, his own children, his interests soon began to diverge from those of the others. As the ancient family ceased to exist, the modern one constituted itself on the principle of transmission of blood from father to son, and of the transmission of the inheritance from eldest son to eldest son. The principle of agnation had triumphed, and under its influence society was renovated. At the death of the father the eldest son became

the head of the family, and inherited the whole, or at least the larger part, of the inheritance; as is still the custom in Great Britain among the nobility and the gentry. But this privilege, which has been abolished in most civilized countries, will soon be so in all, and disappear amidst few regrets. The influence of this system was at its maximum some little time ago, but has already begun to decline. Nothing is stable or permanently lasting in this world. The future family will probably be as different from the present one, as is the present from that of antiquity. Our family, essentially Greco-Roman,—like our whole civilization,—is exclusively based on paternity; but this basis did not always exist, and, therefore, can scarcely be expected to last for ever. Already has it been modified, and soon slighted motherhood will resume its rights. The mother will not always remain subject to the father's authority; she will recover her fair share in the management of the common property and in the education of the children. It is the sentiment of maternity which raised mankind from the mire of universal promiscuity. The mother was the first to create the family, and from this fact we may infer that through her will be shaped its final expression. Both naturalists and moralists declare that no instinct, human or simply animal, can vie in intensity with maternal love. Whereas all other passions spring from selfishness, the essence of maternity is self-abnegation. It is the most intelligent and far-sighted of impulses, and we never tire of listening to narratives of the marvellous achievements it inspires among most animals. We have every reason to believe that it is to maternal instinct we owe the first moralization of our race. Before this instinct stirred within us, we were among the lowest in the brute creation, more cruel than the tiger, more treacherous than the serpent, more gluttonous than the crocodile. From a mother, smiling on her infant, came the first ray of light which illuminated the human countenance. Bret Harte tells us, in his "Luck of Roaring Camp," how a little child, left orphaned at his wretched mother's death amidst a horde of California miners, tamed them unconsciously into civilization. This charming story may be said to typify the history of humanity. All our political and social institutions may be traced, link by link, to a mother nursing her babe. Each modification in ante-patriarchal polyandry corresponded to some

change in the position of the mother. The highest expression of her importance was given in the institution of maternal eponymy. Filiation by the father was substituted for it when tribes extended into nations, and when polyandry gave place to polygamy in the governing classes, and to monogamy in the lower classes. The rights of fathers were at first asserted humbly; then more boldly; and at last despotically. Masculine pride could not have failed to revolt against maternal filiation; it wound itself around the difficulty, neutralized it, and finally conquered it. An absolute system was transformed into a mitigated one; the mitigated one into a third, totally different from the first; but this third system will not be the last one, because it is exaggerated, artificial, too conventional, and has put its social codes above Nature's laws. Far more than man, woman clings to Nature, which man strives to obliterate and trample down. Nature was held to be identical with lust and corruption, and woman, as more akin to Nature, was made the very personification of sin; and some people have been deemed holy for never having looked at her, for never having talked to or even answered their own mothers. This nonsense, in which revealed deep theologians and high-flown mystics, is not quite an affair of the past, as many believe too readily. But it will become so promptly. If granite wears out, so does absurdity; error dissipates itself even a little quicker than do rocks and mountains. We conclude that our modern family itself will continue to undergo secular changes, as the old has undergone them. It is probable—nay, it is certain—that the mother will henceforth count for more than she does now, and that the child will obtain many rights of which he is now deprived. But it is not our business to guess at changes looming in the distant horizon. We are too ignorant of the family as it was to be able to foretell its future. We ignore yet its true laws of evolution; we make but surmises as to its origin, which was certainly even humbler than we can conceive. For the present the researches are to be pushed on with a patient zeal; and happy the investigators who may light upon such lucid theories as that of maternal filiation, which, supported by such arguments as those which Mr. M'Lennan has brought forward, may be hailed as a great discovery. Let us now consider why the theory of maternal filiation was readily accepted when presented by Mr. M'Lennan, whereas

it was pushed aside when advanced by Mr. Bachofen. This is a delicate point, upon which we shall express our opinion in all frankness.

Both writers are agreed on the main principle, but their method is wholly different. Mr. Bachofen's arguments are borrowed from deep erudition and from subtle interpretations of an obscure symbolism, which, to be understood, demand much learning and patient inquiry, and even a special cast of mind. When he first gave to the world his far-fetched conclusions, which then were received as shocking paradoxes and unheard-of heresies, it was easy to shrug the shoulders, and answer with the disdain of ignorance, in the words of the celebrated Festus, "Thou art beside thyself, Paul; much learning doth make thee mad." This disdain was all the more natural, as superficial minds instinctively dislike whatever is opposed to existing doctrines and conventional formulas. Learned folks of the vulgar sort, who know only what others knew already, are as pedantic as timorous. They keep aloof from new ideas, because, unable to sift them thoroughly, they deem it safer to cling fast to old tenets. Their shaky second-hand or tenth-hand scientific furniture would not bear the brunt of battle. Pedantry, which, after all, is but pompous ignorance, looks with deadly hate upon all new ideas, because they are living things, and not dry, withered flowers in a herbarium, or dusty and labelled butterflies pinned down on cork. To the common-place scientist ideas that move and wriggle about are as hateful and appalling as might be to a stuffer of hides for a Museum of Natural History the sudden coiling up of a hissing rattlesnake. Orthodox science is so averse to the discoveries that have not yet obtained official diplomas, that many precious ideas would be lost to the world were it not for the lucky interference of simple-minded and even ignorant people, who, attracted by the novelty of the things, advocate them, often very unwisely, and attach themselves to them, often by the wrong side.

So it happened that for some years Mr. Bachofen's discovery was systematically ignored and nearly forgotten. At last the conspiracy of silence was broken up by a young professor, the only one among the host of learned men in Europe who came forward as the champion of the slighted theory. Mr. Gi-

raud Teulon expounded some of Mr. Bachofen's views in a short pamphlet entitled, "The Mother in Certain Peoples of Antiquity," followed by a most interesting work on the same subject, "The Origin of the Family." However, the scientists above mentioned are not wholly to blame. Mr. Bachofen, impregnated as he is with deep ancient lore, initiated, we may say, in the abstrusest mysteries of Pythagorean philosophy, chose to draw from his unexpected formula the most extreme consequences. He carried his subject into chthonic religions, and he carried chthonic religions into his subject. From maternal filiation, a positive fact, he jumped at the Matriarchat, and at antique gynocracies,—a doubtful enough affair. Animated by a praiseworthy desire for completeness and accuracy, he heaped together every kind of information more or less connected with his theory, and set forth minor considerations with as much detail as essentials. His hypothetic arguments too often destroyed the effect of his solid reasoning. Mr. Bachofen gave too much, and, as a natural consequence, received in return nothing, or next to nothing. His merits have been equaled but by our ingratitude, or rather by our indifference.

Mr. M'Lennan set to work very differently. The name given to his treatise, "Primitive Marriage," was simple, and attracted many who would have been frightened away by Mr. Bachofen's ponderous science. He adhered closely to logic and good sense, and to facts chiefly borrowed from contemporary history. His conclusions were presented in clear and precise language; his argument was both sober and vigorous. Wherever he aimed he hit the mark. He established his facts, and troubled himself little about their consequences or the inferences which might be drawn from them. In a word, Mr. M'Lennan addressed a large and unrestricted public, while Mr. Bachofen only wrote for a chosen few. The success of the former and the apparent failure of the latter afford new proof that, for the appreciation of new ideas, a general public is a better judge than a public under the restraint of scientific technicalities. The moment inventions and discoveries, in order to be comprehended, necessitate a true disinterestedness, a real freedom, a certain breadth of intellect, they no longer belong to the domain of cultivated coteries and academic cliques. Mr. M'Lennan, in his thesis on maternal

affiliation, has won the day. His argument leaves a most favorable impression,—perhaps, indeed, a little too favorable for the reason above stated, since he concerns himself solely with that which is in favor of his hypothesis to the exclusion of all else. The basis upon which he builds his system—infanticide resulting in an extreme scarcity of women—seems to us a rather narrow foundation for the large superstructure. We do not by any means contest the fact; but is its importance as great as that assigned to it, and is that the only point to be taken into account? The hypothesis of our author seems to be supported by the most convincing proofs; but may we not inquire whether all human societies owe their development to this one cause that he has pointed out? He takes cognizance of polyandry alone, and scarcely mentions the words polygyny and polygamy. He speaks of endogamy as being the result of exogamy; but he also admits that from promiscuity, or primitive indifference, endogamy may have been evolved, quite as well as exogamy. If by chance, however, endogamy has been first developed, our author would then have his entire argument to reconstruct. Therefore, the reasoning of Mr. M'Lennan is less decisive, it must be acknowledged, than would be supposed at first view. He has given us a solution, but not *the* solution. The seriation of facts by which he establishes maternal kinship is certainly a very plausible one, but it may not be the real one. He has proved that a certain fact has existed at a given moment, and this is no insignificant discovery; but still must we seek the why and the wherefore. Ethnology is still in its period of infancy; every day, from numberless sources opened on every side, new materials are brought forward, and for the present it will be simple wisdom to distrust premature syntheses and exclusive systems.

These remarks, however, are not made in a spirit of criticism; nor, indeed, are they intended to detract from the merit of Mr. M'Lennan's argument, but only to state it with more precision. And we must insist upon the fact that it is not alone for this ethnological discovery of the maternal kinship for which we are under obligations to our author. The priority of the tribe to clans and families—which he establishes as a secondary consideration only—may be, perhaps, not less fruitful in results

than the fact of maternal filiation, and may be able to renovate in a large measure the history and science of jurisprudence. Let us say, in conclusion, that the studies of the Scotch and the Swiss *savants* mutually complete each other. It might be supposed that the researches of Mr. Bachofen held true, at the most, for certain nations of classical antiquity. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone and Sir Henry Maine were willing to accept the conclusions of Mr. M'Lennan in all that relates to contemporaneous savage tribes and isolated populations, but were decidedly opposed to applying them to our Aryan ancestors, whom it is the fashion to consider a chosen people, a holy nation, an exceptional race. But these two eminent authors unconsciously have completed each other's arguments,—Mr. Bachofen replying to the objections raised against Mr. M'Lennan, and Mr. M'Lennan to those brought forward against Mr. Bachofen.

ELIE RECLUS.

WALT WHITMAN.

I.

THIRTY years ago, when Emerson published his essay upon "The Poet," America had no great national bard. The essayist confessed that he looked in vain for the poet whom he described. "We do not," wrote he, "address ourselves to life, nor dare we chant our own times and social circumstance. . . . We have yet had no genius in America, with tyrannous eye, which knew the value of our incomparable materials, and saw, in the barbarism and materialism of the times, another carnival of the same gods whose picture he so much admires in Homer; then in the middle age; then in Calvinism. . . . Our log-rolling, our stumps and their politics, our fisheries, our Negroes and Indians, our boats, and our repudiations, the wrath of rogues, and the pusillanimity of honest men, the northern trade, the southern planting, the western clearing, Oregon, and Texas, are yet unsung. Yet America is a poem . . . ; its ample geography dazzles the imagination, and it will not wait long for metres."

When Emerson wrote these words, he had himself composed a volume of poems, some of which were of remarkable beauty and of great depth of thought and spirit; but his verses came far wide of answering the demand he himself made upon the poetic nature. In so far as he was representative, he was the poet of the later Puritanism; and, like Pope, he touched his lyre, and sang, mainly for the ears of gentlemen and scholars. He was another Hafiz or Herbert, come into New England to chant in chosen syllables some meanings of her hills and Indian streams, and some of the old and everlasting rules of ethics and of immortal life; but he was not the minstrel of America. The

Genius of the continent had not chosen him for its muse,—for its interpreter and representative. His presentiment of the significance of his time, and of the national life, was true; but he prophesied from his intellect rather than from his heart. He discerned clearly that one value of our democracy consists in the incomparable, all-pervading educational influences it exerts; but his tastes, derived from a line of clerical and scholastic ancestry, forbade his zealous and full acceptance of its tutelage. Perceiving with his intellect the uses of our political agitations and of association with the throng, his sympathies led him to shun publicity, and to seek books, solitude, and the company of polite persons and of scholars. A democrat in philosophy, he was patrician at heart. Glorifying the West, he carefully kept himself in the East. Characterizing Texas and Oregon as poems, he avoided those Elysian realms, though he has thrice journeyed into Europe, and once into the land of the mummy and the Sphynx.

But not in such sympathies nor by such habits as these could the robust bard whom he foretold be trained. It was essential that the poet of America should be an apter pupil of democracy than that. His schools should be the thronged streets, workshops, ships and the sea, rivers with their barges, prairies with their flocks and herds, forests with their trails; and not merely universities, and clubs, and libraries. Nought should this autochthonal son of America receive from the East which would not readily assimilate with his native character. Well for him if his country were enriched with much that the past affords. Importers of old-world art and thought there may well be: translators, interpreters, colporteurs of antique forms; but the national poet is none of these. He may receive and assimilate the choicest of the products brought. Fixed in his native soil, whatever fertilizes that, nourishes and strengthens him. But his genius is inherent,—intrinsic as the blood within his veins. He is begotten of his own time. The true poet of a nation is its product, and the best sample of his race.

The bard of America must be as American as America,—perhaps even in her faults. No Puritan or Cavalier; no Celt or Teuton just grafted on the natural stem; no mere New Englander; no border ruffian; no priest, no professor, no provincial,—

can stand for America. She contains an individuality all her own; and, while these characters belong to her, there is something more than either or all of these; something which only the national life can yield; which could result only from that sense of liberty which in this nation is profounder than in any other that ever was or is: something which is the indigenous and rare product of American democracy.

And, as the national poet is representative, he must conceive by instinct, and be the mouthpiece of his own land. Isaiah and the authors of the Psalms were the tongues of Judæa; Homer and Æschylus of Greece; Shakspeare of feudal Europe; the Scotch minstrels were the chroniclers of early Scotland; the poem of the Cid is a living picture of the chivalrous times of Spain; and the Nibelungen Lied voiced the love and valor which characterized the early Teutonic race. The national poet is the true interpreter and revealer. He detects harmony in the vast and varied life of his land and time. He is the one most inspired with the significance of his age; is most penetrated with its spirit; feels its power, and enjoys obedience to it; and hence can best express its purposes. He does not speak from without. What he says is inspired from his heart. He loves the materials with which he deals. If he is Chaucer, he mirrors Saxon and Norman manners in his poetry,—the youth-time of a feudal land—his own land, and the land of his birth and of his joy. If he is Tennyson, poet-laureate, his elegant verses and his chosen metres betray, in the daintiness of their melody, the *ennui* and *delicatesse* of an ancient, heroic, and mighty, but decaying, aristocracy. But, if he be the national poet of America, he will chant, in strains of new music, the new story of a new nation: one founded upon unprecedented and unequalled principles of national government and of individual life. He will write the history of a great people, among whom each person is encouraged to be self-dependent, and to maintain the noblest personal relations; a people freed from superstition, from the disease of excessive sentiments, and from baneful theories of caste; a people not afraid of work, believing in human nature, self-reliant, hopeful, good-willing towards all.

And with such a national character as America possesses; with her immense geographical area; with a favorable climate,

and all varieties of landscape,—surely she might well anticipate the coming of a poet who should represent and celebrate her composite virtues. As reason is better than superstition, and reality than romance, and work than idleness, and liberty than slavery, and equality than caste; as faith is superior to despair, and energy to *ennui*, and good-will to hatred; as law is better than miracle, and commerce than the chase, and peace than vengeful warfare,—so, surely, does the West to-day afford a higher order of themes for poetry than the East. And no one less than a poet could fitly represent a people with characteristics such as the West affords,—the outgrowth of liberty and undaunted faith. And no one truly representing America; delineating her distinctive traits of character; celebrating her virtues (finding them at the base, even in her vices), and prophesying of her future,—could communicate his thought in any language which was less than poetry, in any speech which was not melodious and strong.

Emerson's essay upon "The Poet," with its sanguine prophecy of the coming bard, was published about the year 1845; and at that time there was a certain young American trying the various experiences of life in the United States, who was destined, ten years later, to appear as an American poet: an original; a singer of a new song, in a new strain; a singer of America, of democracy; one who addressed himself to life, and chanted his "own times and social circumstance." And this new poet received from Emerson the most cordial and commendatory greeting, probably, that was ever extended from one mortal to another. Walt Whitman's first volume of poems, "Leaves of Grass," was published in the year 1855; and a few weeks after its appearance the author received from Emerson the following remarkable letter:—

"CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, 21 July, 1855.

"DEAR SIR,—I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of 'Leaves of Grass.' I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. It meets the demand I am always making of what seemed the sterile and stingy nature, as if too much handiwork, or too much lymph in the temperament, were making our western wits fat and mean.

"I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I have great joy in it. I find in-

comparable things said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment which so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire.

"I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere, for such a start. I rubbed my eyes a little, to see if this sun-beam were no illusion; but the solid sense of the book is a sober certainty. It has the best merits; namely, of fortifying and encouraging.

"I did not know until I last night saw the book advertised in a newspaper that I could trust the name as real and available for a post-office. I wish to see my benefactor, and have felt much like striking my tasks and visiting New York to pay you my respects.

"R. W. EMERSON."

The young American who could call forth such encomium as this from the author of "Representative Men" and "English Traits,"—the best portraiture of character in the English tongue,—must surely possess some commanding qualities. And if Walt Whitman meets the demand which his distinguished eulogist has made upon the poetic nature, his career must have had "a long foreground" indeed; one commensurate with the life of America itself, and little visible in his personal history. And yet, some notice of the poet's life is undoubtedly essential to a proper study of his character and genius.

Born in 1819 on Long Island, thirty miles from New York City, his youth and training were nothing extraordinary for a boy in the United States. His father was of English stock, and the family was one of the oldest on the Island. His mother belonged to an old Hollandic family, which had also early settled in that region. The father was for some years a farmer, but later a carpenter. While Walt was yet a child, his family moved to Brooklyn, then a large rural town. There he went to the public school, returning every summer to his birth-place in the country.

He entered the poor boy's college, the printing-office, when only thirteen. At sixteen, he engaged in the traditional first profession of a young man in the United States; namely, school-teaching in the country, "boarding 'round." At the age of eighteen, we find him writing sketches for the weekly papers and magazines, and reporting for the daily press. A number of his stories were published in the "Democratic Review," and, though of no particular merit, they show somewhat of the sentiments and opinions he then entertained. One of the stories was an argu-

ment against capital punishment; another a temperance story; and a third, entitled "The Blood-Money," was written to illustrate the wickedness of the Fugitive Slave Law. At this time, also, he spoke occasionally at political meetings, out of doors, on Long Island and in New York City, and was a great favorite with the crowd. Although opposed to slavery, he was on the Democratic side, and spoke for Van Buren; and, afterwards, for Polk.

And now began in earnest the rough training which American democracy peculiarly affords, and the results of which were afterwards to appear in "Leaves of Grass." For the next twelve years his time was divided between New York City, the seashore on Long Island, and the inland farm-country of the island. In the city, nominally a newspaper man, he was in reality lot and part with nearly all of what are called the "common classes" of society; with mechanics, marketmen, Broadway stage-drivers, firemen, expressmen, railroad men, and the like. On the sea and seashore he was the companion of boatmen, fishermen, and pilots; and in the country he was welcomed by the farmers' sons and daughters, as being one of themselves; ever ready to help in harvesting; fond of animals; of barns, and fields, and woods; of excursions, country fairs, and picnics.

There were certain classes of the really common people in the city with whom Walt never fraternized, despite his cosmopolitan nature; and these were the fancy men and the rich fops. It was not from any want of good-will on his part; but, with all his breadth of character, he lacked the qualities which attract those sorts of men. His physical proportions, and dress, were not of the flashy or dandy order. Six feet high, weighing over two hundred pounds; flesh solid; skin sunburnt; hair cropped short; bearded; loose trousers; box coat; shirt-collar wide open in front; necktie loose,—he belonged to the robust, rather than the exquisite, order of men. In one of his poems he calls himself "one of the roughs," and in some of his flights of democratic passion he claims consanguinity with the worst and lowest. But this was a poetic and never a real relationship. For, with all his roughness and virility, Walt Whitman was ever essentially a true man. One of "the boys," and fond of the city and a crowd, he was equally fond of home; and was devoted to his

mother, whom he adored. Lusty, he was never moved by a morbid lust; thoroughly masculine, he was tender-hearted as a child; large and strong, he was gentle and debonair. He was also a lover of music, and of flowers. There is a portrait of him, painted in the height of his physical virility and health, which affords some idea of his wonderful physique, the rich abundance of blood and brawn, the pure red skin, the clear blue eyes, and a genial, but dignified, expression; indicating intellect as well as heart; spirituality as well as animal life.

In these twelve years, to this young, healthy, large-hearted, and large-brained man life was a perpetual festival. He was a Bacchus, drunk with the wine of health. To him all sights were picturesque, all sounds melodious; and all people were his friends. And in this joyous period we see how his mind came to be filled with pictures which he was afterwards to paint in words. For all of the thousand scenes he has described in his poems, giving only a line perhaps to each, are scenes which he himself has witnessed and enjoyed. Though ordinary and unnoticeable to others, to him, as to some wandering and wiser child, all objects of Nature and art, and all scenes of life, were sources of enchantment. They were music to his ear, and beauty to his eye. He would ride a whole forenoon on a Broadway stage-top, listening to the hum of the busy street. The noisy hammers of the ship-builders in the ship-yards, where he would saunter by the day, made music to his ears, welcome as strains of symphony or march. He often sat by the hour at home, rapt in observation of his mother going about her house-work, in her kilt, or sitting in her arm-chair after her work was done, with glasses on, reading the weekly newspaper. Here is the picture, as he has painted it, with a stroke, as it were, of his Pre-Raphaelistic pencil:—

"The mother at home, quietly placing the dishes on the supper-table;

The mother with mild words—clean her cap and gown, a wholesome odor falling off her person and clothes as she walks by."

Often and often he has gone to a neighboring farm-house to idle on the porch, and watch, unnoticed, the farmer's daughter going about her kitchen work; and, in his poem of "Walt Whitman," he writes:—

"I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's girl boiling her iron tea-kettle and baking short-cake."

Not Juno nor the Greek Helen was clothed in rarer beauty by the imagination of the ancient Homer, than were this homely mother and this farmer's girl to the loving eye of this young democrat of the Western world.

At thirty, Whitman began to travel through the United States; his motive being, not pecuniary gain, as with most American travelers in their own land, but a desire to see all that was to be seen of his own country and countrymen, of whom he had formed so favorable an opinion from the specimens he had witnessed in the narrow region where, hitherto, he had spent his life. He passed leisurely through Pennsylvania and Maryland. Reaching the Ohio river, he went aboard a steam-boat, and, stopping often at towns along the shore, he traveled in this way down the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans. There he lived a year, editing a newspaper, and becoming acquainted with an entirely new phase of American life. In 1850, he ascended the Mississippi to St. Louis, and thence moved north-eastward through Illinois and Wisconsin, through the wonderful region of the great northern lakes, and into Canada, returning, by way of Niagara, to his favorite Long Island; having been from home, in all, two years.

What he saw and felt in that time, upon that journey, we learn from the poems which he was soon to be moved by his deepening inspirations to compose. For his preparation was now well-nigh completed. In the curriculum of that university which America is, and in which democracy is the teacher and the thing taught, he was now far advanced. Granting that he had by nature the poetic instinct and the democratic passion, he had now fulfilled the conditions requisite for his development into the genius and representative which America and the times demanded. Other travelers had gone forth from New York, no doubt, while he was gone, and had brought back reports valued at the stock-exchange, welcome to speculators and money-lenders, —reports of railroads that might be built with profit, of sites of cities that were to be, of water-courses that could be utilized, of certain regions that would avail for grazing, and of others

that would yield abundantly, if tilled, of this or that cereal or fruit, of cotton, or hay, or hemp. But our traveler returned with other freight. Much that they had seen he had also seen,—for he was no visionary; but he had discerned much, very much, besides, that they had not observed, or, seeing, had forgotten, not knowing of its meanings. They saw what percentage was to be realized in the West; he realized what manner of men and women the West had produced, and foresaw some traits of the stalwart race that was to come.

Soon after his return to Brooklyn he engaged in a newspaper enterprise, but he soon abandoned it, and went into his father's business of house-building. It was while working at this trade, in 1853-55, that, in leisure months in the winter, he wrote his first poems. For years he had felt impelled to give expression to his thoughts and feelings about democracy and the democratic character and life; and it was this impulse, doubtless, which had prompted him to associate himself with newspapers as being the readiest vehicles of thought. But at length, as his perceptions widened, and he attained larger freedom, he became aware that expression through such a medium must ever be inadequate; and at last his deepening thought found utterance in chant and song.

It has been represented, in one of the sketches made of Whitman, that, when he began to write his book, he composed slowly, and made many alterations and revisions. This does not seem to be exactly the fact. In his later editions he made some verbal changes, and sub-divided certain of the longer poems; but his first volume was written in a brief period, and under the mastery of impulses which dictated both substance and form: and, when the poems were finished, the poet himself was not less astonished at them than the public was when they appeared. In regard to certain passages which have given offence, as being statements too free and naked, his reply has always been that he was moved to write them so, and that he could not help himself; and to his friends he has said, in regard to these, that when they were done he felt a sense of immense relief and joy, as well as surprise, at having achieved by the aid of unsuspected powers that which he had long felt must be done, but which he had not hitherto seen how to accomplish.

In the spring of 1855, he published his first book, setting part of the type himself. It contained twelve poems, a long preface in prose, and an engraving of the author, which represented him in his shirt-sleeves, with a slouch hat on his head, shirt-collar turned back on his shoulders, one hand in his trousers pocket, and the other resting easily on his hip. The book called forth the highest praises and the severest condemnation, both in this country and in Europe. Emerson, as we have seen, greeted it as the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America had yet contributed. In England, an eminent man averred that the volume would in time become "a pregnant text-book, out of which quotations as sterling as the minted gold" would "be taken and applied to every form and phase of the 'inner' and 'outer' life," and that the author gave "a clearer conception of what manly modesty really is, than any thing we" had "in all conventional forms of word, deed, or act so far known of." On the other hand, the "London Critic" declared its disgust with what it called the "indeencies" of the book; the "London Examiner" burlesqued the style, and professed to be immensely amused; while "The London Leader" and the New York "Putnam's" found in it much to praise and much to condemn.

In 1856, Whitman published a second book, which contained the twelve poems hitherto published, and other new ones,—in all thirty-two,—together with an appendix which consisted of Emerson's letter, an open letter from himself in reply, and quotations from the press, commendatory and adverse. Both of these volumes were published by the author himself, and a small edition of each was readily sold. About this time a firm in New York offered to publish the poems, and to guarantee a considerable sum to the author, if he would allow them to omit a certain passage, some six lines in all; but this he declined to do, much as he needed a publisher. He assured them—with considerable metaphor no doubt—that he wrote the whole book to get in those six lines, and that to leave them out would be an act of emasculation to which he never could consent. Some years later, an abridged edition of the poems was printed in England, with a preface by W. M. Rossetti; but the omissions were made without the author's consent, and against his wish. Another complete edition was published

in Boston in 1860-61; and, while it was in process of publication, Whitman went to that city to read the proofs. While there, he lived at one of the favorite boarding-houses of the Boston omnibus-drivers, with whom he speedily fraternized. The house was kept by a homely, motherly woman, with whom, surrounded by a great family of sons and daughters, he came to be much pleased, and of whom he always speaks in the warmest terms when referring to his Boston visit. While in Boston, Emerson came to see him, and urged him to go home with him to Concord; but he declined, fearing, as he said, that he should meet too many super-refined persons, and be kept too much in parlors. He preferred to tarry in the neighborhood of his good landlady and his drivers. He had several interviews with Emerson, generally on Boston Common. Emerson also introduced him to many distinguished persons in the city. This was not the beginning of their acquaintance, for Emerson had previously been to New York to see Whitman, as had also the other Concord celebrities, Thoreau and Alcott. His personal acquaintance with Emerson gave him great pleasure. In one of their interviews on the Common, Emerson endeavored to persuade him to withhold from future editions of his poems certain passages in which he referred to sexual acts and feelings, arguing that, while he (Emerson) was not easily frightened by any freedom and nakedness of statement, after Rabelais, Montaigne, and Shakspeare, yet that the frequent allusions in his poems to those relations were impolitic. But Whitman could not be persuaded; and it may here be mentioned that, while there is no one for whose judgment Mr. Whitman has greater respect than for Emerson's, yet, in all matters connected with his literary work, while he patiently listens to advice, he seldom, if ever, heeds it; like Socrates, deeming his own instincts always his safest guides.

In 1862, after the breaking out of the war, he was called to Fredericksburgh, on behalf of a brother who had been wounded; and, while there, he realized that his place, for the time being, was among the sick and suffering soldiers; and from that time till the restoration of peace he followed the army, or visited the hospitals in Washington and elsewhere, laboring tirelessly in his own way; nursing the sick and wounded; watching by their cots; supplying them with necessities, which he took pains to

obtain from friends in the North; writing letters for them to their friends; and, in countless ways, giving comfort and hope, prompted by that spirit of good-will and love which hitherto he had profusely expressed in words, but which he was now able, and most ready, to express with equal profusion in deeds. The value of the work he did in this way cannot be estimated. Independent, he was able to supplement the labors of organized forces in most essential service; and, moved as he was by the deepest sympathy and love, he worked with great effect. He always addressed the soldiers by their Christian names, or by their nick-names, if they had them. His arrival in a hospital, hearty and strong, with a haversack, perhaps, slung across his shoulder, was always the brightest hour in the wounded soldier's long and weary day. There are many interesting anecdotes of his career in the hospitals, but the following will suffice to illustrate the character of his influence and service. There was a certain young soldier in one of the Washington hospitals, who was suffering a tedious confinement on account of a wound; and a gentleman of the city, a relative of the young man, called often to see him. He generally found him in a despondent mood. One day, as the gentleman entered the hospital, he saw Whitman passing from cot to cot, having just visited the cot of the young friend whom he had come to see. As he approached, he found the boy with his head buried in his pillow, and, when he spoke, asking what was the matter, the young fellow looked up, with tears in his eyes, but with an expression of happiness in his face despite his tears, and, with choked utterance, replied: "Walt—Walt kissed me!" and immediately hid his face again in his pillow. Walt had found him dispirited, and, stooping down, had slipped an orange under his pillow, and kissed him, saying, probably, as he did so, "Don't give up, my dear boy; you will come out of this all right, yet!" and so had passed on to serve each poor sufferer in some tender and fitting way. "There was no one in Washington," says the "New York Tribune," "who spent more of his life for the benefit of the soldiers than Mr. Whitman. His open collar and snowy head were as well known to the boys in camp and hospital as the bright uniform of the young Napoleon himself." Although Whitman was at this period but forty-five years of age, yet, as indicated in the

above paragraph, his hair was gray ; and this, with his gait, which was remarkably dignified and slow, gave him a venerable appearance beyond his years. A stranger, meeting him, was pretty sure to inquire who he was, struck by his majestic and genial air, as well as by the contrast between his ruddy complexion and his gray hair. This contrast was once the cause of an amusing incident. Passing along one of the streets in the suburbs of Washington, at a time when the city was surrounded by the Confederate forces, he was stopped by two policemen, who proposed to arrest him, supposing that he wore false hair and beard, or a false face. He easily convinced them of their error, and said, with epigrammatic wit : " Well, boys, if you have undertaken to arrest every man who wears a false face, you will have your hands full."

His experiences of the war and among the hospitals have been told by himself in a series of letters first published in the "New York Graphic," and recently collected in a small volume published by himself. But the richest fruit of his experience in camp and hospital is the volume of poems published in 1865, entitled "Drum-Taps," which contain hymns and rapt psalms of war, and death, and victory, not surpassed or equalled by any war-songs of the world ; for they are keyed to the genius of America, which is a spirit of peace, and only suffers war as a last resort, and in the interest of Liberty and Home.

After the war, Whitman was appointed to a clerkship in the Department of the Interior, in Washington, from which situation he was, however, shortly after dismissed, on the ground that his poems were immoral. This removal, outrageous as it was, aroused but little indignation, being regarded by people generally as a proper act on the Secretary's part ; but it had its compensation ; for it called forth from the pen of William D. O'Connor, in vindication of the poet, a pamphlet entitled "The Good Gray Poet," which is, perhaps, the most brilliant monograph in American literature.

The poet was immediately restored to the government service, being appointed to a place in the office of the Attorney General. There he remained eight years, occupying himself, in his leisure hours, in writing occasional poems, and in revising his early

works. During this period, he composed and published a series of prose essays entitled, "Democratic Vistas," in which he discusses American democracy. This volume, I am told, Wendell Phillips places in his library side by side with his beloved De Tocqueville. Still later, the poet wrote two poems for delivery before the Mechanics' Institute of New York and at a Dartmouth college commencement.

In 1873, there occurred an event in Whitman's life which was wholly unexpected, and caused the greatest anxiety and grief among his friends. Apparently in perfect health, he was suddenly stricken with partial paralysis. The left side only was affected, and in a few weeks he was able to walk, though with some difficulty. This sickness, though unforeseen and unaccountable to his friends at first, was readily traced by his physician to an illness of six months which came upon him in the summer of 1864,—the result of disease incurred by a reckless expenditure of strength in his hospital work, and by assiduous care of patients, whose wounds, through neglect and excessive heat, had become mortified and corrupt. In his weak state his system absorbed the poison of hospital malaria, and, though he apparently entirely recovered from its effects, the insidious virus seems to have lurked in his system.

About this time, as if misfortunes never came singly, he lost his mother, a venerable woman, to whom he was most devoted. His residence in Washington now came to an end, and he went to Camden, New Jersey, to live with his brother. Two years later, his right side became slightly affected by paralysis, but he was still able to walk with the aid of a cane, and to do some literary work. At present Mr. Whitman lives a very quiet life in Camden. He has nearly abandoned the hope of recovery he at first persistently cherished. One physician has said that he will never get well, while others tell him that, since he does not grow any worse, he may hope to become better. He is very cheerful and genial, and nowise troubled by the prospect of a comparatively early death. Sending his love, recently, to two venerable ladies in Washington, by a friend, he said: "Tell them I am very poorly, and shall probably get no better, but that I am still pretty comfortable, and it's all right—it's all right!"¹ He re-

¹ The poet is now (June 8th) improved in health and spirits, and contemplates a voyage to Europe.

ceives a large mail every day. Letters come from soldiers in all parts of the country who have heard of his illness, and remember with gratitude his care of them in hospital. He also has letters from friends and admirers in England,—from Tennyson, W. M. Rossetti, and others. His brother's house is on a quiet, shaded street, and, during the warm weather, the poet sits by an open window on the first floor, close to the sidewalk; and there is hardly a passer-by who does not know him, and nod or speak in passing; and, however he is occupied, whether writing or receiving calls, he is careful to miss no greeting from his friends without. When the window is open, in the mild weather, his conversation with his caller, if he has one, is pretty sure to be interjected with: "How are you, Charley?" "How-day, Mac?" "Good morning, Mary!" "How do you do, Bub?" "How do you do, Sis?" so hearty is his regard for his homely and everyday acquaintances.

He walks out with the aid of his cane, or leaning upon a friend's arm, and often takes the horse-car to the ferry, and crosses over to Philadelphia, where he rides, sometimes for an hour or two, upon an omnibus, or in a horse-car, enjoying, as has always been his wont, contact with various people, the passing sights, and the music of the city's myriad, mingled sounds. The young men of Camden are devoted to him, especially the young mechanics; and his influence upon them is of the most valuable sort, being of a kind to awaken their self-respect. Some of these young men have formed a "Walt Whitman Club," under the auspices of which he has once or twice given public readings from his poems. Although the poet has a venerable appearance far beyond his years,—the result of his ill health,—he still preserves the characteristic largeness and generosity of spirit of former days. He is now, as then, art and part with the crowd, and the warmest of bosom friends. There is nothing provincial about him. A stranger, meeting him, would as soon take him for a Westerner or a Southerner as an Easterner. Mechanics take him for a mechanic, drivers for a driver, scholars for a scholar, the poor for a millionaire, the sick for a physician, and every body for a friend.

And this sane and elastic spirit, which the poet has so well preserved, is the more remarkable, since, for twenty-two years,

he has been a target for slander and abuse. He has been misrepresented, ridiculed, vilified. Popular literary men have dubbed him "rowdy," "fireman," "pig-eye," "b'hoy," "beast," "lunatic." While the highest praise has been bestowed upon his poetry in foreign journals, not a word of it has been copied into the journals of his own land, though every word of adverse criticism is copied and recopied from one end of the country to the other. Anthologies have been collected by his fellow-poets, but out of all his writings not a syllable has been chosen. When a noble enterprise was recently set on foot in England to relieve him from poverty by the purchase of an edition of his works, the undertaking was discouraged by the press of this country by means of misleading statements. Articles about him and his poetry by his friends,—writers of admitted ability and sincerity,—when offered to our popular magazines, have been returned unopened. These are not rumors, gathered for use in the heat of controversy, but facts; and they are only chronicled here as being part of the poet's history: shadows, which, dark in themselves, serve as background, and bring into relief and increased brightness his splendid faith in America and democracy, and his deep and tender reverence and love for humanity.

II.

Turning from the poet to his poems, about which, as we have seen, there has been such diversity of opinion, we shall hardly avoid discoursing as an advocate, believing, as we do, that his poetry is America's first rare, indigenous literary product; and remembering, as we do, how many have condemned it, and how few have praised it. Surely, if Walt Whitman be a great poet, he is entitled to zealous defenders. We have quoted Emerson's high praise; but even Emerson, it is said, no longer praises the poet, having revoked his early judgment. He has certainly has characterized Whitman of late years in harsh terms, and he put upon him the public slight of omitting him from the company of chosen songsters which he has gathered in his "Parnassus." But there stand his words; his unsolicited, uninfluenced, spontaneous utterance of twenty years ago; and, although his later verdict accords with the opinion of the majority, yet there

is a minority not insignificant in America, in England, in France, in Germany, and indeed in all the nations of Europe, who appeal from the Emerson of 1875 to the Emerson of 1855, sure that the Future will sustain the appeal. And, as even the birth-place of Homer was forgotten ere his greatness was discovered, and as it took England over a hundred years to find out that Shakspeare was her king, so shall America in time discover that the author of "Leaves of Grass" is the first great poet of democracy.

Nor do these champions of the poet rest with the claim that he represents America. For, although America is *par excellence* the nation of democracy, yet the democratic leaven is now the genesis-spirit of every land, and the most promising, if not yet the most potent, force. In England, where Whitman has had the heartiest recognition, the democratic passion is irresistible and controlling. In France, and Germany, and Denmark, and Hungary, and Italy,—in each of which nations some portions of the new American's writings have been translated into the native tongue,—democracy is steadily making headway. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the philosophy of the democratic movement is not as clearly understood, and whether the results, as embodied here, are not as highly valued, there as by us. The millions who have sailed hither from Europe represent millions left behind; and, in celebrating the achievements of those who have come, Whitman has no less chanted the longings, and encouraged the hopes, of those who have remained.

"Courage! my brother, or my sister!

Keep on! Liberty is to be subserved, whatever occurs;

That is nothing that is quelled by one or two failures, or by any number of failures,
Or by the indifference or ingratitude of the people,

Or the show of the tushes of power—soldiers, cannon, penal statutes.

What we believe in waits latent for ever through Asia, Africa, Europe, Australia,
Cuba, and all the islands and archipelagoes of the sea."

The great national poet is always a universal poet; and all the universal bards have been representative. He who speaks truly for his time says somewhat that is welcome to all mankind; for every age embodies, in some phase, universal and eternal qualities. The civilization of early Greece has passed away; but

friendship in arms, valor, beauty, and their representative, Homer, will live for ever. Chivalry, as an institution, no longer exists; but loyalty, candor, courage, and Tasso, survive. The Church, in the Middle Ages, engaged the passions and stirred the religious sentiments of men; but the struggle between the Real and the Ideal still goes on in other ways, and faith and ambition, Dante and Shakspeare, are as living in the present as in the past. Minor poets paint only the transient and unreal, and their delineations fade with the objects they represent; but the great bards interpret the ideal significance of their times. They "speak for the inexpressible purposes of Nature." They are "liberating gods," who unveil new scenes, and become themselves part of the Nature whose meanings they unfold. And yet they do not roam abroad for miracles. The wonders they describe are near: open and seen by them; open but unseen by us.

Walt Whitman, poet of nineteenth-century democracy, is a voice of the same old human nature whose impulses, whose deep and serious emotions, and whose mighty passions, found expression in Homer's epic and in Shakspeare's play. But, though the source and fountain are the same, how different the speech! Very prosy is the drama of democracy as it is acted in America in daily scenes. "Nothing conceivable," says De Tocqueville, "is so petty, so insipid, so crowded with paltry interests, in one word, so anti-poetic, as the life of a man in the United States; but," he adds, "amongst the thoughts it suggests there is always one which is full of poetry, and this is the hidden nerve which gives vigor to the whole frame." And this thought, so full of poetry, is the thought of the perfectibility of human nature. It is the perception of the unprecedented and imposing spectacle of a vast multitude of people, each one self-dependent, free to work out his destiny. It is the splendid vision of the future, when, in this nation and in all the nations of the earth, democracy, personal independence, self-respect, self-trust, good-will, charity, friendship, shall have become the rule and practice, the joy and inspiration, of the human race. But do these synonyms of democracy sound very like the text-words of Christianity? Does this vision of the citizen match the vision of the saint? Well it may; for a real republic is the one true embodiment of Christian-

ity. Feudalism was not radically Christian, although its knights made pilgrimages to the holy sepulchre; for it was founded upon the vassalage of the poor and weak. Popery is not radically Christian, although it magnifies the name of Jesus. But democracy, fully carried out, is the veritable word-made-flesh, the actual realization and result of the sentiments of the Sermon on the Mount, and of the living life and sublime death of Jesus Christ.

And this ideal autonomy; this millennial nationality of friends,—is Whitman's summit of aspiration. He leaves to the past its splendid monarchies, its aristocracy and its heroes, its legends and traditions, and celebrates simply and solely the average man and woman of to-day. Heretofore only a dozen or a score of heroes in any land have been deemed worthy to be the themes of drama or of epic song. Of the thousands who sailed the Ægean Sea with Agamemnon, only Achilles and Ulysses, Ajax and Nestor, and a few, were honored in the poet's verse. The rest were myrmidons. Even Shakspeare marries always the noble traits to rank. Hamlet is a prince, and Cordelia is a king's daughter. He gives only the humble virtues to the lowly-born, or paints them as buffoons.

And this bias, born of aristocracy, is visible in all modern literature. Tennyson's favorite heroine is a princess, and even Whittier's "Maud Muller" sighs,

"Ah, me!
That I the judge's bride might be!"

although the judge had

"Sisters proud and cold,"

and his mother was

"Vain of her rank and gold."

Longfellow's "Evangeline" has been fitly styled "a European idyl of American life," and even Emerson so far forgets his democratic birthdom as to declare that "Shakspeare wrote the text of modern life," when, to a true democrat, nothing is more undemocratic than the tone of all of Shakspeare's plays. In a

hundred years of political democracy, we have not had, except in journalism, any democracy in letters. In poetry, particularly, we have only reproduced the models of the aristocratic past.

Walt Whitman is the first poet who has found the average man an object interesting, in the highest degree, to the imagination. He is the first to whom democracy has become a centre of inspiration. Other poets have brought their heroes down from heaven, or have found them in palaces or on battle-fields; but he pays homage only to himself, or "to you, whoever you are."

"Whoever you are, now I place my hand upon you, that you may be my poem;

* * * * *

I will leave all, and come and make the hymns of you;

None have understood you, but I understand you;

None have done justice to you—you have not done justice to yourself.

* * * * *

As for me, I give nothing to any one, except I give the like carefully to you;

I sing the songs of the glory of none, not God, sooner than I sing the songs of the glory of you."

Never was such a democrat, and never had King or Pope larger faith in self or greater pride. He realizes the ideal sovereign at last, compared to whom all other democrats have only played at sovereignty. He is the Agamemnon, King, not *of* men, but *among* men.

"I know I am august;

I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood;

I see that the elementary laws never apologize;

(I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by after all)."

Yet in choosing himself as the hero of his epic, it is always himself as representative of the reader—of humanity. It is not his fault if the self-assertion and the pride are wanting which would make all other men his peers.

"What I assume you shall assume,

For every atom belonging to me, as good belongs to you."

"I am the mate and companion of people, all just as immortal and fathomless as myself."

"I do not call one greater and one smaller."

"In all people I see myself—none more, and not one a barley-corn less."

But, with all his self-assertion, no sighing saint ever saw more clearly than Whitman man's unlikeness to the creature of his dream and hope. And yet, this contrast never clouds the clear sky of his faith and hope. Nought ever persuades him to stint his apotheosis of himself and of humanity. What genial transcendentalism in these lines :—

"That shadow, my likeness, that goes to and fro, seeking a livelihood, chattering, chaffering ;

How often I find myself standing and looking at it where it flits ;

How often I question and doubt whether that is really me ;

—But in these, and among my lovers, and caroling my songs,

O I never doubt whether that is really me."

Prophet, and haunted with visions of what will be, he is no sentimentalist, complaining of his earthly lot, and scolding about the world's affairs. Idealist, he does not roam abroad for his ideal, but sees it becoming real in the passing hour. Transcendentalist, he does not avoid, but seeks, society. Spiritualist, and praiser of death and immortality, he is likewise the rankest of materialists, and is intoxicated with the senses and with joy in things as they are. Panegyrist of the soul, he also celebrates the body. In his biology, body *is* soul, and soul is body.

No Plato, no Humboldt, was ever so well entitled as Whitman to pronounce the word *cosmos*. His imagination is all-embracing, and yet always intelligible. He sings the praises of the beautiful order of the universe with the poet's largeness, and yet with almost the naturalist's passion for accuracy and detail.

"O amazement of things! even the least particle!

O spirituality of things!

O strain, musical, flowing through ages and continents—now reaching me and America!

I take your strong chords—I intersperse them, and cheerfully pass them forward.

* * * * *

I praise with electric voice ;

For I do not see one imperfection in the universe ;

And I do not see one cause or result lamentable at last in the universe."

What an optimist he is! The preacher prates of his half-dozen miracles, but to this all-glorifying poet there is nought but miracle in the universe.

"I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand points to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels."

Whitman has catalogued America, as Homer catalogued the ships of the Grecian fleet. From the mountains of New Hampshire to the bayous of Louisiana; from the shore of Paumanok to the mines of California,—nothing is omitted. He has a poem of "American Feuillage," and one of "The Open Road" with its myriad passing sights and sounds. He apostrophizes city and country, merchant and farmer, poet and pioneer. He sings of "The Western Boy," and "The Working-men;" "Rich Givers," and "The Common Prostitute." He does not describe America as a spectacle, but as something of which he is a part. He seems alike happy among the pageants of the metropolis and amid the solitudes of the forest. He is one who can preserve his presence among roughs, or stand with *aplomb* in the company of the learned. He is the one cosmopolitan who is everywhere at home.

And painting, as he has, all aspects and phases of American geography, and character, and life, if he is not a poet, it is because America is *not* a poem, as Emerson avers it is. For Whitman not only catalogues, but computes, his time. The formula of Michelet—that the great achievements of the Renaissance were the discovery of the world and the discovery of man—applies again to the achievement of this poet of democracy. To him appear the essences, the actualities, the ideals, of his land and time. Our politics and commerce; our elections and our various enterprises; our agitations and our physical activities,—unmeaning and frivolous to many, to him are loaded with the weightiest significance and the grandest promise. And all these greatnesses, these suspected but unseen qualities, he incarnates and reveals.

"These States are the amplest poem,

Here is not merely a nation, but a teeming nation of nations,
Here the doings of men correspond with the broadcast doings of the day and night,
Here is what moves in magnificent masses, careless of particulars,
Here are the roughs, beards, friendliness, combativeness, the Soul loves,
Here the flowing trains—here the crowds, equality, diversity, the Soul loves."

Yet Whitman is no idle and bragging patriot. His confidence and pride in the young republic are founded, after all, mainly upon its promise and his hopes. No one has discerned the faults of American society more clearly than he, or rebuked them with greater emphasis. Hardly any European, certainly no American, has criticised America in terms more severe than these from his "Democratic Vistas."

"Never was there, perhaps, more hollowness at heart than at present, and here in the United States. Genuine belief seems to have left us. The underlying principles of the States are not honestly believed in (for all this hectic glow and these melodramatic screamings), nor is Humanity itself believed in. What penetrating eye does not everywhere see through the mask! The spectacle is appalling. We live in an atmosphere of hypocrisy throughout. The men believe not in the women, nor the women in the men. A scornful superciliousness rules in literature. The aim of all the *litterateurs* is to find something to make fun of. A lot of churches, sects, &c.,—the most dismal phantasms I know,—usurp the name of religion. Conversation is a mass of badinage. From deceit in the spirit, the mother of all false deeds, the offspring is incalculable. . . . Everywhere, in shop, street, theatre, bar-room, official chair, are pervading flippancy and vulgarity, low cunning, infidelity,—everywhere the youth puny, impudent, foppish, prematurely ripe,—everywhere an abnormal libidinousness, unhealthy forms, male, female, painted, padded, dyed, chignoned; muddy complexions, bad blood, the capacity for good motherhood decreasing or deceased; shallow notions of beauty, with a range of manners, or lack of manners (considering the advantages enjoyed), probably the meanest to be seen in the world."

But, though Whitman is the sternest of judges of America, he is also the friendliest. For he judges always with a feeling of good-will that is divine, and in a spirit of faith, and love, and hope, which the worst cannot diminish or discourage. His diagnosis is that of the skilful, and of the tender and true, physician.

And, if the republic is to survive its maladies; if the ideal America is ever to arrive,—surely it shall be through some of those courses, and shall consist in some of those qualities, which Whitman, before all others, declares and celebrates. Plato's dream of a republic was to be realized through culture. If accomplished at all, it would have been, when completed, but a

work of art, lasting for a day. But Whitman's ideal America is to be a growth of Nature,—something not made with hands; the fruition of a few sentiments and noble passions; of self-reliance, and courage, and friendship. It is to consist of personality, and pluck, and comradeship. "Men are not to be held together by paper and seal, but by that which aggregates all in a living principle." There is not yet any professorship of such a principle in our universities. There are few preachers who preach it from their pulpits. When one does preach it, he lifts the roof off his church, and shivers the stained glass of its windows. None of our poets, who rewrite the rhymes of foreign poets, have dreamed of it in their visions. Says Whitman,—

"Who are you that would talk to America?

Have you sped through customs, laws, popularities?

Can you hold your hand against all seductions, follies, whirls, fierce contentions?

Are you not of some coterie? some school or religion?

Are you done with reviews and criticisms of life? animating to life itself?"

Again,—

"What is this you bring my America?

Is it uniform with my country?

Is it not something that has been better told or done before?

Have you imported it in some ship?

Is it a mere tale? a rhyme? a prettiness?

Has it never dangled at the heels of the poets, politicians, literats, of enemies' lands?

Does it answer universal needs? will it improve manners?

Can your performance face the open fields and the seaside?

Have real employments contributed to it? original makers, not mere amanuenses?

Does it meet modern discoveries, calibres, facts, face to face?

Does it respect me? America? the soul? to-day?

Interpreter of the genius of democracy, our poet keeps ever in mind a new model for man and an unprecedented ideal for society, and, throughout his poems, in giving utterance to the joy and hope that spring from his heart like flowers from the bosom of the earth, he ever holds his reader hard to this new standard; not as being his any more than theirs; not as something alien, to be learned and naturalized, but as something indigenous,—ac-

cordova with the natural instincts of Americans,—to be welcomed, and developed, and *lived*. He never preaches, but rather ejaculates, apostrophizes, and sings. He is no conventional missionary; no theorizing philosopher. He is simply a thorough believer in man,—uttering his faith, and painting in gladness that which is to be. Most of the teachers address the will, or appeal to the cheaper sentiments, moving them for an hour or a day; but these poems are keyed to match the perennial instincts of mankind, and they persuade men, not so much to do, as to let Nature do; to suffer the beneficent spirit of the hour to have sway; to tear off the husks and bonds that are too much about our lives, permitting what we are to be realized; suffering the efflux of the soul.

One of America's writers,—who, however, understands Europe better than he does America,—seeking to admonish his countrymen of their greatest need, puts into the mouth of Freedom,

"Maiden half mortal, half divine,"

the following words:—

"I abide

With men by culture trained and fortified,
Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer,
Fearless to counsel and obey.
Conscience my sceptre is, and law my sword,
Not to be drawn in passion or in play,
But terrible to punish and deter,
Implacable as God's word."

As if it were more Harvard Colleges, and a revival of Puritanism, that America required above all else! If men were not sometimes cultured and conscientious fops, or underlings, or invalids, or dallyers, this method for keeping Freedom with us might suffice. But, alas!

Listen now to Whitman's sort of admonition:—

"Fear grace—Fear delicatessen,
Fear the mellow sweet, the sucking of honey-juice;

Beware the advancing mortal ripening of nature,
Beware what precedes the decay of the ruggedness of states and men."

The blood of the brawn beloved of time is unconstraint."

"Friendship, self-esteem, justice, health, clear the way with irresistible power."

To Whitman, Freedom teaches, not the bitterness of duty, but the sweetness; not a lesson of tiresome constraint, but of unconstraint; not the need, *first* of all, of culture, but the supreme need of the robust disciplines which democracy affords. To his instinct, what is wanted in America is simply that the evolution shall be permitted, complete and sure, of the democratic passion out of which the republic itself has come, and the issues of which shall suffice, if suffered to develop unconstrained. Faithfully the wise necessity which is upon the nation is ever acting. The subtle web is woven through and through its individualities, although they know it not, nor the destiny to which it tends. He aims to show the people of the republic themselves, and what they are for. He interprets liberty, not merely for the citizen, but for man. He supplements the Declaration of '76, making it match the widening destinies of the present. He shows the way to freedom, not simply in politics, but in literature, and religion, and manners; in the relations of employing and employed persons; in the army and navy; and in the whole broad domain of human life.

Whitman has been described in England—by one of the many critics who have attempted to analyze his character—as "more truly Greek than any man of modern times." And it is true that, after this long lapse of centuries, we find in his poems, and his personality, some of the hues and flavors; the blitheness, and the health; the simplicity, and the naturalness,—of that immortal race. The long divorce between body and soul; the disloyalty to human instincts; the disdain of the present, and the morbid curiosity about the future,—brought in by Hebraism and encouraged by the Church, receive from him no favor or support. His poetry finds our actual, active, complex, modern civilization based on Eternal Nature, the sun and stars, the winter and the summer, the ocean and the land. He strips away the unchaste fig-leaf, and brings again the Greek's pure and

simple reverence for Nature and esteem for man. He expresses a human athleticism perhaps even more complete than that of the Greek, for he includes always "the woman as well as the man."

"Leaves of Grass," like the "Iliad," is a microcosm of its time. The various scenes of real life, the emotions and passions of the natural man, are painted by each poet with faithful hand. Whatever scene or object Whitman describes,—*"a Yankee ready for a trade;" "a Kentuckian in deer-skin leggins walking the vale of the Elkhorn;" "a boatman over the bays or lakes;"* or *"the carpenter dressing his plank,"*—he paints each with fidelity, and in a spirit of love and joy, as if each object were related to himself. He chooses the mechanic and "the noble race of drivers" for his themes, in no parson or missionary spirit, and with no lofty-stooping air, but because he finds in them, and the like of them, the wholesome, homely, human flavors that he loves. His reverence for humanity is all-embracing. He reveres what is below just as much as he does what is above.

"And these one and all tend inward to me and I tend outward to them;
And such as it is to be of these, more or less, I am."

One soon finds, in reading Whitman's poems, what objects and characters transcend all others in his regard. Of natural objects the one dearest to him, undoubtedly, is the sea; and "Out of the Rock'd Cradle" is perhaps the finest of his shorter poems. Charles Sumner used to say that this poem alone entitled its author to the reputation of a great poet. Of individuals, as we have already noted, Whitman prefers homely and rugged natures,—the democrat who is not yet too much refined; "the young mechanic;" "the woodman, that takes his axe and jug with him;" the farmer's daughter; the old mother with her spectacles and knitting. Hence his great love for Abraham Lincoln, upon whose death he composed a burial hymn, which, in England, at the time, was characterized as "the most sweet and sonorous nocturn ever chanted in the Church of the World," and for which the poet has not been without honor even in his own land, from many who yet find no meaning in his other poems. The poem is too long to be given entire here, but a

study of Whitman's work would be seriously imperfect without some excerpts from this remarkable and already famous piece.

"When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd—and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

O ever returning spring! trinity sure to me you bring;
Lilac blooming perennial, and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

* * * * *
Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves, as of crape-veil'd women, standing,
With processions long and winding, and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit—with the silent sea of faces, and the unbared
heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn;
With all the mournful voices of the dirges, pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—Where amid these you journey,
With the tolling, tolling bell's perpetual clang;
Here! coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

* * * * *
O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be, for the grave of him I love?"

Sea-winds, blown from east and west,
Blown from the eastern sea, and blown from the western sea, till there on the
prairies meeting:
These, and with these, and the breath of my chant,
I perfume the grave of him I love."

Near the close of this poem there is a wonderfully beautiful
apostrophe to Death, which begins as follows:—

"Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious;
And for love, sweet love—But praise! O praise and praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death!"

But our poet has nowhere risen higher than in his emphasis of the joys and uses of manly friendship. Not the happy Homer; not even the Christian poets,—have ever emphasized the one word which in his vocabulary is the first, the best, and last,—a word which belongs to him; namely, *comradeship*. This word, better than any other, gives the key both to his poetic and personal character, and contains the sum of his hopes and prophecies; his statesmanship, and his religion. The following song conveys the burden of his ambition with respect to America:—

"Come, I will make the continent indissoluble;
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever yet shone upon;
I will make divine magnetic lands,
 With the love of comrades,
 With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along
the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies;
I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each other's necks;
 By the love of comrades,
 By the manly love of comrades.

For you these, from me, O Democracy, to serve you, *ma femme*!
For you! for you, I am trilling these songs,
 In the love of comrades,
 In the high-towering love of comrades."

And in one of his later volumes, written after the war, as if already he saw his prophecy fulfilling, he wrote:—

"It shall be customary in the houses and streets to see manly affection;
The most dauntless and rude shall touch face to face lightly;
The dependence of Liberty shall be lovers,
The continuance of Equality shall be comrades.

These shall tie you and band you stronger than hoops of iron;
I, extatic, O partners! O lands! with the love of lovers tie you.

(Were you looking to be held together by the lawyers?
Or by an agreement on a paper? or by arms?
—Nay—nor the world, nor any living thing will so cohere.)"

III.

There are two phases of Whitman's poetry we have barely alluded to: his treatment of sex, and his form of expression; his celebration of amativeness, and his art. They can be discussed but briefly here; a separate and full consideration being reserved for another time. It is these, chiefly, that have given offence.

As to the first—as to sexuality—there is an instinct of silence, which, it is said, Whitman, in his group of poems entitled "Children of Adam," rudely ignores and overrides. But so does the physiologist and the true physician ignore this instinct and break the silence: and properly so. And this poet of democracy is a physician of both soul and body. He comes to diagnose the disease in the intellect, in the art, in the heart, of America to-day. And what does his discriminating eye discern? He sees that there is a false sense of shame attaching, in the modern mind, to the sexual relation. There is tacit admission among men and women everywhere, in our time, that there is inherent vileness in this relation, in sex itself, and in the body. We come honestly enough by this belief. The tradition is very old. It began with Judaism, and Christianity has maintained it. The Church chants it in her litanies; and Puritanism has emphasized it, and formulated it into an iron creed. The body's vileness is traced back in our traditions even to the beginning of the human race. Nor is there any concession of the possibility of purification on the earth. The ancient Greek, untutored in these traditions, ignorant of the reported fall of the ancestor of mankind, had no such consciousness of the impurity of sex. The Greek sculptors, free from any sense of shame, carved their statues nude; and their contemporaries furnished inspiring models, because, honoring the body, they cared for and exalted it. Lycurgus, trainer of the Spartans,—so celebrated for their physical perfection, and for many manly traits of character,—innocently ordered the virgins, says Plutarch, to exercise naked in running, wrestling, and dancing in the presence of the young men; and "as for this custom," adds the historian, "it caused a simplicity of manners, and an emulation for the best habit of body; their ideas, too, were naturally enlarged, while they were not excluded from their share of bravery and honor." And if

our history be true, we have had a people later and nearer home, who were all unconscious of any innate badness in body or in sex, yet who set needed examples of virtue to the Christian people by whom they were discovered. According to the account, certain natives of the West Indies, when first discovered by Columbus, though living freely together, men and women in a state of nakedness, were yet perfectly pure-minded in regard to sex, and withal displayed in a remarkable degree some of the nobler traits of human character; until, through contact with their sex-despising discoverers, they were corrupted and debased. But the American democrat is behind the Greek, and behind this aboriginal inhabitant of the forest, in fulness of self-respect.

Was it not time, then, that one came who should break the long silence about sexuality; who should show that what men have been dumb about, and ashamed of, through all these years is not foul, but holy,—holy as love; holy as birth, and fatherhood, and motherhood, to which it all pertains? And who, better than the poet, was entitled and qualified to perform this service? For, to him, the real is visible always in its ideal relations.

“His thoughts are the hymns of the praise of things.”

And did not the achievement of this high task and service devolve naturally and especially upon the poet of democracy; upon him who is distinctively the attestor and celebrator of the greatness and the divineness in men and women; who is the interpreting, rapt Lucretius of *human* nature? Before Whitman came, there had been plenty of half-praise of human nature, and no end of the demagogue's vulgar flattery. But at last comes one who reveres mankind; by whom all, *all* of man is honored; and in whose eyes sexuality, the body, the soul, are equally pure and sacred.

“None but have found you imperfect, I only find no imperfection in you.”

Again, was it not fitting that he who has celebrated death as has no other poet, should likewise celebrate birth: and not only birth, but the prelude of birth,—procreation and begetting?

And now at length, the task achieved, this service to humanity

performed, let the instinct of silence, if you will, again prevail. The purpose for which the spell was broken is accomplished. The flesh is freed from its false repute. The "fall" is finished. Henceforth humanity ascends. Democracy now for the first time interpreted and understood, man may begin to achieve his destiny intelligently, and in fulness of self-respect.

But even if this spiritual necessity and emergency had not existed, it may easily be shown that Whitman is justified, from a literary and artistic point of view, in all that he has written of the amative passion. In his large celebration of humanity, one of the incidental undertakings, subservient to his larger purpose, was the cataloguing of mankind's myriad belongings and relations. He would write the inventory of man's illimitable possessions. He would assure him of his own riches; and, by these means, impressing him with some approximate sense of his own importance, he might hope to arouse within him the self-assurance and the lofty pride which are the basis of individuality and true democracy. And, read in the rapt spirit of joy and adoration in which they were written, these mere lists and schedules become sublimest poems. But what kind of an inventory of the attributes and endowments of mankind would that be which omitted sexuality; the amative act; procreation? Not thus did antique genius record the natural history of man. The men of the Bible, and of the *Iliad*, and of Shakspeare's dramas, were lusty, and loved, and wived, and begot children. Has all this changed in our time? Is ours the age of the neuter gender? It would seem so from our popular literature. Our Bryant has dared to translate the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; to render the story of Juno's amorous conquest of her lord upon the flowery summit of Ida; and to re-sing Demodocus's song of the amour of Mars and Venus: but turn to the original compositions of the translator, or to the rhymes of Longfellow, and Whittier, and Lowell, and what line out of them all reveals any amateness in the present? That is always, with them, a quality of the man of the past. Or, if its existence in the present is admitted, it is only to make occasion for a discourse of morals.

But Walt Whitman has saved the nineteenth century from the reputation which such literature as this was fast fixing upon it. Through him, what we are is at last revealed. Through

his faithful realism, happily, the world learns that Puritanism has not wholly cooled the passions of this race; that men do still yearn for women, and women for men; that the old red blood still courses in human veins.

A critic of our popular literary school avers that there is not an impure word in Shakspeare, but that Whitman is obscene. Such a declaration as this is the result of a literary glamour which renders moral discrimination simply impossible. Every line of Shakspeare is justified by the standard of supreme art; but whether the critic means to say that the great dramatist's writings are free from textual impurities, or from moral licentiousness, his assertion is equally untrue and absurd. There is not a play of Shakspeare in which the text is not altered upon the stage to suit the prudery of our time; and this critic himself could hardly be persuaded, notwithstanding his assertion, to read "Venus and Adonis" to a miscellaneous company. But Walt Whitman, though he is gross and rude, is always pure. His grossness is the grossness of Nature, of rude health. Shakspeare's treatment of the amorous passion is often that of the gallant and the voluptuary. Whitman's is never satisfactory to these; for, though he celebrates the sensuous, he never writes in the interest of sensuality, but of fatherhood and maternity.

"I shall demand perfect men and women out of my love-spendings."

He avows and rejoices in the deliciousness of sex; but, like Plato in the "Republic," he demands sanity and health in it all, and as the result of it all. He is the one poet, in all time, who has celebrated sex in the interest of human progress; in the service of health,—physical and moral,—of equality, democracy, religion. They who think they find him obscene, in truth find Nature obscene,—find themselves obscene.

As to Whitman's style, the form of his poetry,—which is his other principal offence against popular taste,—the objections to it are analogous to those urged against his freedom in the treatment of sex. As of the ideal hero in modern popular literature, so of the modern popular poet; he never seems to be thoroughly masculine. He is a sort of *castrato*: a false soprano. His am-

bition is always sweetness rather than strength; expression rather than the thing to be expressed. According to the popular standard, a poem *must* jingle; it *may* express the ideal. Twain's humorous account of the effect upon his mind of the horse-car rhymes contains even more satire than humor. The subjection of the modern intellect to the tyranny of rhyme is something fearful. Everywhere, among the literary coteries, people are for ever discussing style. Sentimentalisms are dressed up in liquid syllables,—in pretty words that have been "laid away in lavender,"—and pass current for the best poetry. The critic makes a feint at analysis of the substance of the composition, but ends with inferring its merit from its form. If the sentences are not elaborated with particular regard to the sound of the syllables employed, the composition is condemned. And, on the other hand, if the alliteration and rhyme are perfect, they captivate all ears.

How much of our literature, and our art, falls within Goethe's definition of dilettanteism! "They [dilettantes] are curious in artifice, manner, modes of working, arcana, because in general they cannot raise themselves beyond the idea of mechanical dexterity." "The peculiar want of the dilettante, is the *Architectonic* in the highest sense,—that practical power which creates, forms, constitutes. Of this he has only a sort of misgiving, and submits himself to his material, instead of commanding it." "It will be found that the dilettante runs particularly to *neatness*, which is the completion of the thing in hand; wherefrom a sort of illusion arises, as if the thing itself were worthy of existing." "The impudence of the later dilettanteism originated, and is maintained, through reminiscences of a richly cultivated poetic dialect, and the facility of a good mechanical exterior."

And this is the standard by which Whitman's poems have been judged. People complain of the absence of rhyme and ornament from his lines, and critics taught in the schools object that his verses cannot be described by any metres known. It might suffice to reply to these, that there are those who, with Emerson in 1855, find in "Leaves of Grass" "incomparable things said incomparably well, *as they must be*." Or, we may recall what Emerson has written of poetry in general,—that "it is not metres that make a poem; but a thought so passionate and alive

that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns Nature with a new thing." Whitman has certainly made himself understood to some persons; and from such,—from those who, through his influence, have come to prefer life out of doors to life in parlors, and manly friendship to coxcombry, and absolute and catholic democracy to any limited and timid experimenting in that direction,—from *them* there comes no complaint of Whitman's art. To those of his readers who understand his thought, and catch the spirit of his writings, his lines are melodious as the winds, and rhythmic as the waves upon the shore. His verses never jingle; yet they have a long-drawn cadence, which the sensuous ear alone may not detect, but which, on the listener's ear of both mind and body, falls clear and musical, satisfying a high and healthy æsthetic sense. Only the voices of the manliest and the womanliest can rightly accentuate the words of "Leaves of Grass;" only the mind can unlock its melody; only the true democrat,—the large-souled lover of humanity,—can hear all the tones of its subtle cadence.

And these objectors to the construction of these verses may be reminded that their complaints apply as well to the poetry of the Hebrew and Indian bibles, and to much of the poetry of the Greeks. All of these are wanting in metrical system, and in rhyme, although they are not—nor are Whitman's verses—wanting in certain verbal qualities which afford pleasure to the ear. There is also in his poetry,—as in the English version of the poems of the Bible, and more conspicuously in Greek poetry,—a certain rhythm within the lines, which the careful ear detects, though it is not sufficiently defined to show conscious purpose on the poet's part of securing the verbal, musical effect.

Walt Whitman is the first of a new class of poets. He is the first in America who has given literary expression to its national character; its noble pride; its enthusiasm, and its deep and serious emotions: and, as ever with the first bards of a nation, he is prophet as well, and the prophetic inspiration always hastens to expression in rugged and impassioned utterance. After the poet-prophet succeeds the poet-artist; who, less passionate, but with thought no less clear, attains the perfect form. In the third period, the poet degenerates into the mere student of

expression, and elegance is studied as an end. All America's singers, except Whitman, belong to this third order. We have all along been in great danger, in America,—and are not yet out of it,—of a surfeit of the finesse and luxury of words; of our poetry becoming a copious supply of pensive sugar-candy and sickening sweet-cake. Where is the verse born of our national blood? In many things we have been original, self-poised, and natural; but, until Whitman appeared, where was our original poet? Some of our rhyme-writers have done service by their careful versions of the elder bards; but they have broken no new ground, expressed no new emotion.

Thus the merely literary service of "*Leaves of Grass*," as it takes its place in literature, will be the dissipation of the plaintive and the pretty, the select and artificial, theory of verse, and the establishment of truly naturalistic and realistic models.

But the highest value of Walt Whitman, and of his inevitable absorption into the future of these United States, will be that his singing fully expresses the concrete, the wonder of forms, the material fibre of visible things, and a personality in which all human qualities are honored equally with the spiritual and ideal. His poems open wider the door into that new time,—which all along a few in America have faintly discerned,—when men shall not strain their eyes so much towards the past and towards the future, but shall find always supreme joy and enchanting beauty in the passing hour. Michael Angelo said that, when he read the *Iliad*, he looked at himself to see if he were not twenty feet in height; and the reader of "*Leaves of Grass*," if he enter into the spirit of the poems, is likewise filled with a sense of largeness. He derives therefrom a new conception of freedom, a higher esteem for himself. Henceforth the words liberty, religion, man, have sublimer meanings, and life a nobler significance.

JOSEPH B. MARVIN.

I.

NIRVANA.

TOSSED on the shoreless sea of life,
'Mid surging waves of pain and strife,
Where mountain high the billows roll,
The wearied eye discerns no land,
Discerns no outstretched helping hand,
That brings not death unto the soul.

All life is struggle, life is pain,
E'en life renewed is strife again
On other seas that give no rest ;
Yet, held by Buddha's four-fold way,
We calmly watch the billows play,
Though tossed upon their seething crest.

No more we plead with tearful eyes,
Or craven fears, the brazen skies,
But laugh to scorn their boasted powers ;
Though demons curs'd and gods divine
Against us all their arts combine,
We heed them not,—the battle's ours !

Let weaklings bend the knee and fall
Prostrate in worship to the All ;
The soul of man, self-centred, free,
No goal can know not infinite,
Must claim o'er all a victor's right,
Then fade into Infinity.

II.

THE MODERN NIRVANA.

ARE we immortal? Do we live for ever,
While round and round the countless cycles run?
Is there no goal that we by high endeavor
May reach to find some setting of life's sun?
Why cherish life, if souls of greatest merit
For conflict here must conflict still inherit,
And find the path which leads from sense to spirit
Leading to deeper anguish, pain, and strife?
For Life e'er sees our bonds more firmly riven,
E'er sees our souls in denser darkness driven;
For, though it be within the walls of heaven,
Eternal struggle is the doom of life.

Why is the path by which mankind has risen
Traced in the life-blood of its martyrs slain?
Must life to souls refined e'er prove a prison
Till Death can loose the captive from his chain?
Is Life then but a larger convict station,
And sorrow part of mankind's condemnation,
Where Death alone brings final reparation,
And wrong undone in other worlds than this?
Blind leaders of the blind! Life's full fruition
Lies not in self; no soul of high ambition
E'er listens to your warnings of perdition,
Nor yet your selfish bribes of future bliss.

Although in ceaseless file men pass Death's portal,
With all his art Death ne'er can Man efface;
For, like the mountain brooklet, every mortal
Swells the majestic stream—the Human Race!
The martyr's zeal for selfhood's immolation,
The dying hero's shout of exultation,
The exile's strain of mournful lamentation,
Survives the evanescent glow of fame.
And *ours* the wealth of all the countless ages,
Increased by deeds unknown to history's pages;

For *us* the wealth of prophets, heroes, sages,
To use for Man—his honor or his shame.

Heirs of the past! All thought and aspiration,
Like troubled ghosts, still haunt the human soul,
Thrilling with their touch each heart's pulsation
With mystic impulse toward a common goal—
Humanity!—within whose fond embraces
In unison are fused earth's warring races.
Be ours the task to leave still deeper traces,
Forgetting self that Man alone may gain;
That through our lives we leave the standard higher,
And touch men's souls as with celestial fire,
Until all men with one accord aspire
The limits of man's stature to attain.

DYER D. LUM.

SYSTEM OF
ECONOMICAL CONTRADICTIONS :

OR,

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MISERY.

By P. J. PROUDHON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE ECONOMIC SCIENCE.

§1.—*Opposition between FACT and RIGHT in social economy.*

I AFFIRM the REALITY of an economic science.

This proposition, which few economists now dare to question, is the boldest, perhaps, that a philosopher ever maintained; and the inquiries to follow will prove, I hope, that its demonstration will one day be deemed the greatest effort of the human mind.

I affirm, on the other hand, the *absolute certainty* as well as the *progressive* nature of economic science, of all the sciences in my opinion the most comprehensive, the purest, the best supported by facts: a new proposition, which alters this science into logic or metaphysics *in concreto*, and radically changes the basis of ancient philosophy. In other words, economic science is to me the objective form and realization of metaphysics; it is metaphysics in action, metaphysics projected on the vanishing plane of time; and whoever studies the laws of labor and exchange is truly and specially a metaphysician.

After what I have said in the introduction, there is nothing in this which should surprise any one. The labor of man continues the work of God, who, in creating all beings, did but externally realize the eternal laws of reason. Economic science is, then, necessarily and at once a theory of ideas, a natural theology, and a psychology. This general outline alone would have sufficed to explain why, having to treat of economic matters, I was obliged previously to suppose the existence of God, and by what title, I, a simple economist, aspire to solve the problem of certainty.

But I hasten to say that I do not regard as a science the incoherent *ensemble* of theories to which the name *political economy* has been officially given for almost a hundred years, and which, in spite of the etymology of the name, is after all but the code, or immemorial routine, of property. These theories offer us only the rudiments, or first section, of economic science; and that is why, like property, they are all contradictory of each other, and half the time inapplicable. The proof of this assertion, which is, in one sense, a denial of political economy as handed down to us by Adam Smith, Ricardo, Malthus, and J. B. Say, and as we have known it for half a century, will be especially developed in this treatise.

The inadequacy of political economy has at all times impressed thoughtful minds, who, too fond of their dreams for practical investigation, and confining themselves to the estimation of apparent results, have constituted from the beginning a party of opposition to the *statu quo*, and have devoted themselves to persevering and systematic ridicule of civilization and its customs. Property, on the other hand, the basis of all social institutions, has never lacked zealous defenders, who, proud to be called *practical*, have exchanged blow for blow with the traducers of political economy, and have labored with a courageous and often skilful hand to strengthen the edifice which general prejudice and individual liberty have erected in concert. The controversy between conservatives and reformers, still pending, finds its counterpart, in the history of philosophy, in the quarrel between realists and nominalists; it is almost useless to add that, on both sides, right and wrong are equal, and that the rivalry, narrowness,

and intolerance of opinions have been the sole cause of the misunderstanding.

Thus two powers are contending for the government of the world, and cursing each other with the fervor of two hostile religions: political economy, or tradition; and socialism, or utopia.

What is, then, in more explicit terms, political economy? What is socialism?

Political economy is a collection of the observations thus far made in regard to the phenomena of the production and distribution of wealth; that is, in regard to the most common, most spontaneous, and therefore most genuine, forms of labor and exchange.

The economists have classified these observations as far as they were able; they have described the phenomena, and ascertained their contingencies and relations; they have observed in them, in many cases, a quality of necessity which has given them the name of *laws*; and this *ensemble* of information, gathered from the simplest manifestations of society, constitutes political economy.

Political economy is, therefore, the natural history of the most apparent and most universally accredited customs, traditions, practices, and methods of humanity in all that concerns the production and distribution of wealth. By this title, political economy considers itself legitimate in *fact* and in *right*: in fact, because the phenomena which it studies are constant, spontaneous, and universal; in right, because these phenomena rest on the authority of the human race, the strongest authority possible. Consequently, political economy calls itself a *science*; that is, a rational and systematic knowledge of regular and necessary facts.

Socialism, which, like the god Vishnu, ever dying and ever returning to life, has experienced within a score of years its tenthousandth incarnation in the persons of five or six revelators,—socialism affirms the irregularity of the present constitution of society, and, consequently, of all its previous forms. It asserts, and proves, that the order of civilization is artificial, contradictory, inadequate; that it engenders oppression, misery, and crime; it denounces, not to say calumniates, the whole past of social

life, and pushes on with all its might to a reformation of morals and institutions.

Socialism concludes by declaring political economy a false and sophistical hypothesis, devised to enable the few to exploit the many; and, applying the maxim *A fructibus cognoscetis*, it ends with a demonstration of the impotence and emptiness of political economy by the list of human calamities for which it makes it responsible.

But if political economy is false, jurisprudence, which in all countries is the science of law and custom, is false also; since, founded on the distinction of thine and mine, it supposes the legitimacy of the facts described and classified by political economy. The theories of public and international law, with all the varieties of representative government, are also false, since they rest on the principle of individual appropriation and the absolute sovereignty of wills.

All these consequences socialism accepts. To it, political economy, regarded by many as the physiology of wealth, is but the organization of robbery and poverty; just as jurisprudence, honored by legists with the name of written reason, is, in its eyes, but a compilation of the rubrics of legal and official spoliation,—in a word, of property. Considered in their relations, these two pretended sciences, political economy and law, form, in the opinion of socialism, the complete theory of iniquity and discord. Passing then from negation to affirmation, socialism opposes the principle of property with that of association, and makes vigorous efforts to reconstruct social economy from top to bottom; that is, to establish a new code, a new political system, with institutions and morals diametrically opposed to the ancient forms.

Thus the line of demarcation between socialism and political economy is fixed, and the hostility flagrant.

Political economy tends toward the glorification of selfishness; socialism favors the exaltation of communism.

The economists, saving a few violations of their principles, for which they deem it their duty to blame governments, are optimists with regard to accomplished facts; the socialists with regard to facts to be accomplished.

The first affirm that that which ought to be *is*; the second,

that that which ought to be *is not*. Consequently, while the first are defenders of religion, authority, and the other principles contemporary with, and conservative of, property,—although their criticism, based solely on reason, deals frequent blows at their own prejudices,—the second reject authority and faith, and appeal exclusively to science,—although a certain religiosity, utterly illiberal, and an unscientific disdain for facts, are always the most obvious characteristics of their doctrines.

For the rest, neither party ever ceases to accuse the other of incapacity and sterility.

The socialists ask their opponents to account for the inequality of conditions, for those commercial debaucheries in which monopoly and competition, in monstrous union, perpetually give birth to luxury and misery; they reproach economic theories, always modeled after the past, with leaving the future hopeless; in short, they point to the *régime* of property as a horrible hallucination, against which humanity has protested and struggled for four thousand years.

The economists, on their side, defy socialists to produce a system in which property, competition, and political organization can be dispensed with; they prove, with documents in hand, that all reformatory projects have ever been nothing but rhapsodies of fragments borrowed from the very system that socialism sneers at,—plagiarisms, in a word, of political economy, outside of which socialism is incapable of conceiving and formulating an idea.

Every day sees the proofs in this grave suit accumulating, and the question becoming confused.

While society has traveled and stumbled, suffered and thrived, in pursuing the economic routine, the socialists, since Pythagoras, Orpheus, and the unfathomable Hermes, have labored to establish their dogma in opposition to political economy. A few attempts at association in accordance with their views have even been made here and there: but as yet these exceptional undertakings, lost in the ocean of property, have been without result; and, as if destiny had resolved to exhaust the economic hypothesis before attacking the socialistic utopia, the reformatory party is obliged to content itself with pocketing the sarcasms of its adversaries while waiting for its own turn to come.

This, then, is the state of the cause: socialism incessantly denounces the crimes of civilization, verifies daily the powerlessness of political economy to satisfy the harmonic attractions of man, and presents petition after petition; political economy fills its brief with socialistic systems, all of which, one after another, pass away and die, despised by common sense. The persistence of evil nourishes the complaint of the one, while the constant succession of reformatory checks feeds the malicious irony of the other. When will judgment be given? The tribunal is deserted; meanwhile, political economy improves its opportunities, and, without furnishing bail, continues to lord it over the world; *possideo quia possideo*.

If we descend from the sphere of ideas to the realities of the world, the antagonism will appear still more grave and threatening.

When, in these recent years, socialism, instigated by prolonged convulsions, made its fantastic appearance in our midst, men whom all controversy had found until then indifferent and lukewarm went back in fright to monarchical and religious ideas; democracy, which was charged with being developed at last to its ultimate, was cursed and driven back. This accusation of the conservatives against the democrats was a libel. Democracy is by nature as hostile to the socialistic idea as incapable of filling the place of royalty, against which it is its destiny endlessly to conspire. This soon became evident, and we are witnesses of it daily in the professions of Christian and proprietary faith by democratic publicists, whose abandonment by the people began at that moment.

On the other hand, philosophy proves no less distinct from socialism, no less hostile to it, than politics and religion.

For just as in politics the principle of democracy is the sovereignty of numbers, and that of monarchy the sovereignty of the prince; just as likewise in affairs of conscience religion is nothing but submission to a mystical being, called God, and to the priests who represent him; just as finally in the economic world property—that is, exclusive control by the individual of the instruments of labor—is the point of departure of every theory,—so philosophy, in basing itself upon the *a priori* assumptions of reason, is inevitably led to attribute to the *me* alone

the generation and autocracy of ideas, and to deny the metaphysical value of experience; that is, universally to substitute, for the objective law, absolutism, despotism.

Now a doctrine which, springing up suddenly in the heart of society, without antecedents and without ancestors, rejected from every department of conscience and society the arbitrary principle, in order to substitute as sole truth the relation of facts; which broke with tradition, and consented to make use of the past only as a point from which to launch forth into the future,—such a doctrine could not fail to stir up against it the established *AUTHORITIES*; and we can see to-day how, in spite of their internal discords, the said *AUTHORITIES*, which are but one, combine to fight the monster that is ready to swallow them.

To the workmen who complain of the insufficiency of wages and the uncertainty of labor, political economy opposes the liberty of commerce; to the citizens who are seeking for the conditions of liberty and order, the ideologists respond with representative systems; to the tender souls who, having lost their ancient faith, ask the reason and end of their existence, religion proposes the unfathomable secrets of Providence, and philosophy holds doubt in reserve. Subterfuges always; complete ideas, in which heart and mind find rest, never! Socialism cries that it is time to set sail for the mainland, and to enter port: but, say the anti-socialists, there is no port; humanity sails onward in God's care, under the command of priests, philosophers, orators, economists, and our circumnavigation is eternal.

Thus society finds itself, at its origin, divided into two great parties: the one traditional and essentially hierarchical, which, according to the object it is considering, calls itself by turns royalty or democracy, philosophy or religion, in short, property; the other socialism, which, coming to life at every crisis of civilization, proclaims itself preëminently *anarchical* and *atheistic*; that is, rebellious against all authority, human and divine.

Now modern civilization has demonstrated that in a conflict of this nature the truth is found, not in the exclusion of one of the opposites, but wholly and solely in the reconciliation of the two; it is, I say, a fact of science that every antagonism, whether in Nature or in ideas, is resolvable in a more general fact or in a complex formula, which harmonizes the opposing factors by ab-

sorbing them, so to speak, in each other. Can we not, then, men of common sense, while awaiting the solution which the future will undoubtedly bring forth, prepare ourselves for this great transition by an analysis of the struggling powers, as well as their positive and negative qualities? Such a work, performed with accuracy and conscientiousness, even though it should not lead us directly to the solution, would have at least the inestimable advantage of revealing to us the conditions of the problem, and thereby putting us on our guard against every form of utopia.

What is there, then, in political economy that is necessary and true; whither does it tend; what are its powers; what are its wishes? It is this which I propose to determine in this work. What is the value of socialism? The same investigation will answer this question also.

For since, after all, socialism and political economy pursue the same end,—namely, liberty, order, and well-being among men,—it is evident that the conditions to be fulfilled—in other words, the difficulties to be overcome—to attain this end, are also the same for both, and that it remains only to examine the methods attempted or proposed by either party. But since, moreover, it has been given thus far to political economy alone to translate its ideas into acts, while socialism has scarcely done more than indulge in perpetual satire, it is no less clear that, in judging the works of economy according to their merit, we at the same time shall reduce to its just value the invective of the socialists: so that our criticism, though apparently special, will lead to absolute and definitive conclusions.

This it is necessary to make clearer by a few examples, before entering fully upon the examination of political economy.

§2.—*Inadequacy of theories and criticisms.*

We will record first an important observation: the contending parties agree in acknowledging a common authority, whose support each claims,—SCIENCE.

Plato, a utopian, organized his ideal republic in the name of science, which, through modesty and euphemism, he called philosophy. Aristotle, a practical man, refuted the Platonic utopia in the name of the same philosophy. Thus the social war

has continued since Plato and Aristotle. The modern socialists refer all things to science one and indivisible, but without power to agree either as to its content, its limits, or its method; the economists, on their side, affirm that social science in no wise differs from political economy.

It is our first business, then, to ascertain what a science of society must be.

Science, in general, is the logically arranged and systematic knowledge of that which is.

Applying this idea to society, we will say: Social science is the logically arranged and systematic knowledge, not of that which society *has been*, nor of that which it *will be*, but of that which it is in its whole life; that is, in the sum total of its successive manifestations: for there alone can it have reason and system. Social science must include human order, not alone in such or such a period of duration, nor in a few of its elements; but in all its principles and in the totality of its existence: as if social evolution, spread throughout time and space, should find itself suddenly gathered and fixed in a picture which, exhibiting the series of the ages and the sequence of phenomena, revealed their connection and unity. Such must be the science of every living and progressive reality; such social science indisputably is.

It may be, then, that political economy, in spite of its individualistic tendency and its exclusive affirmations, is a constituent part of social science, in which the phenomena that it describes are like the starting-points of a vast triangulation and the elements of an organic and complex whole. From this point of view, the progress of humanity, proceeding from the simple to the complex, would be entirely in harmony with the progress of science; and the conflicting and so often desolating facts, which are to-day the basis and object of political economy, would have to be considered by us as so many special hypotheses, successively realized by humanity in view of a superior hypothesis, whose realization would solve all difficulties, and satisfy socialism without destroying political economy. For, as I said in my introduction, in no case can we admit that humanity, however it expresses itself, is mistaken.

Let us now make this clearer by facts.

The question now most disputed is unquestionably that of the *organization of labor*.

As John the Baptist preached in the desert, *Repent ye*, so the socialists go about proclaiming everywhere this novelty old as the world, *Organize labor*, though never able to tell what, in their opinion, this organization should be. However that may be, the economists have seen that this socialistic clamor was damaging their theories: it was, indeed, a rebuke to them for ignoring that which they ought first to recognize,—labor. They have replied, therefore, to the attack of their adversaries, first by maintaining that labor is organized, that there is no other organization of labor than liberty to produce and exchange, either on one's own personal account, or in association with others,—in which case the course to be pursued has been prescribed by the civil and commercial codes. Then, as this argument served only to make them the laughing-stock of their antagonists, they assumed the offensive; and, showing that the socialists understood nothing at all themselves of this organization that they held up as a scarecrow, they ended by saying that it was but a new socialistic chimera, a word without sense,—an absurdity. The latest writings of the economists are full of these pitiless conclusions.

Nevertheless, it is certain that the phrase *organization of labor* contains as clear and rational a meaning as these that follow: organization of the workshop, organization of the army, organization of police, organization of charity, organization of war. In this respect, the argument of the economists is deplorably irrational. No less certain is it that the organization of labor cannot be a utopia and chimera; for at the moment that labor, the supreme condition of civilization, begins to exist, it follows that it is already submitted to an organization, such as it is, which satisfies the economists, but which the socialists think detestable.

There remains, then, relatively to the proposal to organize labor formulated by socialism, this objection,—that labor is organized. Now this is utterly untenable, since it is notorious that in labor, supply, demand, division, quantity, proportion, price, and security, nothing, absolutely nothing is regulated; on the

contrary, every thing is given up to the caprices of free-will; that is, to chance.

As for us, guided by the idea that we have formed of social science, we shall affirm, against the socialists and against the economists, not that labor *must be organized*, nor that it *is organized*, but that it *is being organized*.

Labor, we say, is being organized: that is, the process of organization has been going on from the beginning of the world, and will continue till the end. Political economy teaches us the primary elements of this organization; but socialism is right in asserting that, in its present form, the organization is inadequate and transitory; and the whole mission of science is continually to ascertain, in view of the results obtained and the phenomena in course of development, what innovations can be immediately effected.

Socialism and political economy, then, while waging a burlesque war, pursue in reality the same idea,—the organization of labor.

But both are guilty of disloyalty to science and of mutual calumny, when on the one hand political economy, mistaking for science its scraps of theory, denies the possibility of further progress; and when socialism, abandoning tradition, aims at reëstablishing society on undiscoverable bases.

Thus socialism is nothing but a profound criticism and continual development of political economy; and, to apply here the celebrated aphorism of the school, *Nihil est in intellectu, quod non prius fuerit in sensu*, there is nothing in the socialistic hypotheses which is not duplicated in economic practice. On the other hand, political economy is but an impertinent rhapsody, so long as it affirms as absolutely valid the facts collected by Adam Smith and J. B. Say.

Another question, no less disputed than the preceding one, is that of *usury*, or lending at interest.

Usury, or in other words the price of use, is the emolument, of whatever nature, which the proprietor derives from the loan of his property. *Quidquid sorti accrescit usura est*, say the theologians. Usury, the foundation of credit, was one of the first of the means which social spontaneity employed in its work of organization, and whose analysis discloses the profound laws of

civilization. The ancient philosophers and the Fathers of the Church, who must be regarded here as the representatives of socialism in the early centuries of the Christian era, by a singular fallacy,—which arose however from the paucity of economic knowledge in their day,—allowed farm-rent and condemned interest on money, because, as they believed, money was unproductive. They distinguished consequently between the loan of things which are consumed by use—among which they included money—and the loan of things which, without being consumed, yield a product to the user.

The economists had no difficulty in showing, by generalizing the idea of rent, that in the economy of society the action of capital, or its productivity, was the same whether it was consumed in wages or retained the character of an instrument; that, consequently, it was necessary either to prohibit the rent of land or to allow interest on money, since both were by the same title payment for privilege, indemnity for loan. It required more than fifteen centuries to get this idea accepted, and to reassure the consciences that had been terrified by the anathemas pronounced by Catholicism against usury. But finally the weight of evidence and the general desire favored the usurers: they won the battle against socialism; and from this legitimization of usury society gained some immense and unquestionable advantages. Under these circumstances socialism, which had tried to generalize the law enacted by Moses for the Israelites alone, *Non fœneraberis proximo tuo, sed alieno*, was beaten by an idea which it had accepted from the economic routine,—namely, farm-rent,—elevated into the theory of the productivity of capital.

But the economists in their turn were less fortunate, when they were afterwards called upon to justify farm-rent in itself, and to establish this theory of the product of capital. It may be said that, on this point, they have lost all the advantage they had at first gained against socialism.

Undoubtedly—and I am the first to recognize it—the rent of land, like that of money and all personal and real property, is a spontaneous and universal fact, which has its source in the depths of our nature, and which soon becomes, by its natural development, one of the most potent means of organization. I shall prove even that interest on capital is but the materialization

of the aphorism, *All labor should leave an excess*. But in the face of this theory, or rather this fiction, of the productivity of capital, arises another thesis no less certain, which in these latter days has struck the ablest economists: it is that all value is born of labor, and is composed essentially of wages; in other words, that no wealth has its origin in privilege, or acquires any value except through work; and that, consequently, labor alone is the source of revenue among men. How, then, reconcile the theory of farm-rent or productivity of capital,—a theory confirmed by universal custom, which conservative political economy is forced to accept but cannot justify,—with this other theory which shows that value is normally composed of wages, and which inevitably ends, as we shall demonstrate, in an equality in society between net product and raw product?

The socialists have not wasted the opportunity. Starting with the principle that labor is the source of all income, they began to call the holders of capital to account for their farm-rents and emoluments; and, as the economists won the first victory by generalizing under a common expression farm-rent and usury, so the socialists have taken their revenge by causing the seigniorial rights of capital to vanish before the still more general principle of labor. Property has been demolished from top to bottom: the economists could only keep silent; but, powerless to arrest itself in this new descent, socialism has slipped clear to the farthest boundaries of communistic utopia, and, for want of a practical solution, society is reduced to a position where it can neither justify its tradition, nor commit itself to experiments in which the least mistake would drive it backward several thousand years.

In such a situation what is the mandate of science?

Certainly not to halt in an arbitrary, inconceivable, and impossible *juste milieu*; it is to generalize further, and discover a third principle, a fact, a superior law, which shall explain the fiction of capital and the myth of property, and reconcile them with the theory which makes labor the origin of all wealth. This is what socialism, if it wishes to proceed logically, must undertake. In fact, the theory of the real productivity of labor, and that of the fictitious productivity of capital, are both essentially economical: socialism has endeavored only to show the contra-

diction between them, without regard to experience or logic; for it appears to be as destitute of the one as of the other. Now in law, the litigant who accepts the authority of a title in one particular must accept it in all; it is not allowable to divide the documents and proofs. Had socialism the right to decline the authority of political economy in relation to usury, when it appealed for support to this same authority in relation to the analysis of value? By no means. All that socialism could demand in such a case was, either that political economy should be directed to reconcile its theories, or that it might be itself intrusted with this difficult task.

The more closely we examine these solemn discussions, the more clearly we see that the whole trouble is due to the fact that one of the parties does not wish to see, while the other refuses to advance.

It is a principle of our law that no one can be deprived of his property except for the sake of general utility, and in consideration of a fair indemnity payable in advance.

This principle is eminently an economic one; for, on the one hand, it assumes the right of eminent domain of the citizen expropriated, whose consent, according to the democratic spirit of the social compact, is necessarily presupposed. On the other hand, the indemnity, or the price of the article taken, is fixed, not by the intrinsic value of the article, but by the general law of commerce,—supply and demand; in a word, by opinion. Expropriation in the name of society may be likened to a contract of convenience, agreed to by each with all; not only then must the price be paid, but the convenience also must be paid for: and it is thus, in reality, that the indemnity is estimated. If the Roman legists had seen this analogy, they undoubtedly would have hesitated less over the question of expropriation for the sake of public utility.

Such, then, is the sanction of the social right of expropriation: indemnity.

Now practically, not only is the principle of indemnity not applied in all cases where it ought to be, but it is impossible that it should be so applied. Thus, the law which established railways provided indemnity for the lands to be occupied by the rails; it did nothing for the multitude of industries dependent upon

the previous method of conveyance, whose losses far exceeded the value of the lands whose owners received compensation. Similarly, when the question of indemnifying the manufacturers of beet-root sugar was under consideration, it occurred to no one that the State ought to indemnify also the large number of laborers and employees who earned their livelihood in the beet-root industry, and who were, perhaps, to be reduced to want. Nevertheless, it is certain, according to the idea of capital and the theory of production, that as the possessor of land, whose means of labor is taken from him by the railroad, has a right to be indemnified, so also the manufacturer, whose capital is rendered unproductive by the same railroad, is entitled to indemnification. Why, then, is he not indemnified? Alas! because to indemnify him is impossible. With such a system of justice and impartiality society would be, as a general thing, unable to act, and would return to the fixedness of Roman justice. There must be victims. The principle of indemnity is consequently abandoned; to one or more classes of citizens the State is inevitably bankrupt.

At this point the socialists appear. They charge that the sole object of political economy is to sacrifice the interests of the masses and create privileges; then, finding in the law of expropriation the rudiment of an agrarian law, they suddenly advocate universal expropriation; that is, production and consumption in common.

But here socialism relapses from criticism into utopia, and its incapacity becomes freshly apparent in its contradictions. If the principle of expropriation for the sake of public utility, carried to its logical conclusion, leads to a complete reorganization of society, before commencing the work the character of this new organization must be understood; now socialism, I repeat, has no science save a few bits of physiology and political economy. Further, it is necessary in accordance with the principle of indemnity, if not to compensate citizens, at least to guarantee to them the values which they part with; it is necessary, in short, to insure them against loss. Now, outside of the public fortune, the management of which it demands, where will socialism find security for this same fortune?

It is impossible, in sound and honest logic, to escape this cir-

cle. Consequently the communists, more open in their dealings than certain other sectarians of flowing and pacific ideas, decide the difficulty; and promise, the power once in their hands, to expropriate all and indemnify and guarantee none. At bottom, that would be neither unjust nor disloyal. Unfortunately, to burn is not to reply, as the interesting Desmoulins said to Robespierre; and such a discussion ends always in fire and the guillotine. Here, as everywhere, two rights, equally sacred, stand in the presence of each other, the right of the citizen and the right of the State; it is enough to say that there is a superior formula which reconciles the socialistic utopias and the mutilated theories of political economy, and that the problem is to discover it. In this emergency what are the contending parties doing? Nothing. We might say rather that they raise questions only to get an opportunity to redress injuries. What do I say? The questions are not even understood by them; and, while the public is considering the sublime problems of society and human destiny, the professors of social science, orthodox and heretics, do not agree on principles. Witness the question which occasioned these inquiries, and which its authors certainly understand no better than its disparagers,—the *relation of profits and wages*.

What! an Academy of economists has offered for competition a question the terms of which it does not understand! How, then, could it have conceived the idea?

Well! I know that my statement is astonishing and incredible; but it is true. Like the theologians, who answer metaphysical problems only by myths and allegories, which always reproduce the problems but never solve them, the economists reply to the questions which they ask only by relating how they were led to ask them: should they conceive that it was possible to go further, they would cease to be economists.

For example, what is profit? That which remains for the manager after he has paid all the expenses. Now the expenses consist of the labor performed and the materials consumed; or, in fine, wages. What, then, is the wages of a workingman? The least that can be given him; that is, we do not know. What should be the price of the merchandise put upon the market by the manager? The highest that he can obtain; that is,

again, we do not know. Political economy prohibits the supposition that the prices of merchandise and labor can be *fixed*, although it admits that they can be *estimated*; and that for the reason, say the economists, that estimation is essentially an arbitrary operation, which never can lead to sure and certain conclusions. How, then, shall we find the relation between two unknowns which, according to political economy, cannot be determined? Thus political economy proposes insolvable problems; and yet we shall soon see that it must propose them, and that our century must solve them. That is why I said that the Academy of Moral Sciences, in offering for competition the question of the relation of profits and wages, spoke unconsciously, spoke prophetically.

But it will be said, Is it not true that, if labor is in great demand and laborers are scarce, wages will rise, while profits on the other hand will decrease; that if, in the press of competition, there is an excess of production, there will be a stoppage and forced sales, consequently no profit for the manager and a danger of idleness for the laborer; that then the latter will offer his labor at a reduced price; that, if a machine is invented, it will first extinguish the fires of its rivals; then, a monopoly established, and the laborer made dependent on the employer, profits and wages will be inversely proportional? Cannot all these causes, and others besides, be studied, ascertained, counterbalanced, etc.?

Oh, monographs, histories!—we have been saturated with them since the days of Adam Smith and J. B. Say, and they are scarcely more than variations of these authors' words. But it is not thus that the question should be understood, although the Academy has given it no other meaning. The *relation of profits and wages* should be considered in an absolute sense, and not from the inconclusive point of view of the accidents of commerce and the division of interests: two things which must ultimately receive their interpretation. Let me explain myself.

Considering producer and consumer as a single individual, whose recompense is naturally equal to his product; then dividing this product into two parts, one which rewards the producer for his outlay, another which represents his profit, according to the axiom that all labor should leave an excess,—we have to de-

termine the relation of one of these parts to the other. This done, it will be easy to deduce the ratio of the fortunes of these two classes of men, employers and wage-laborers, as well as account for all commercial oscillations. This will be a series of corollaries to add to the demonstration.

Now, that such a relation may exist and be estimated, there must necessarily be a law, internal or external, which governs wages and prices; and since, in the present state of things, wages and prices vary and oscillate continually, we must ask what are the general facts, the causes, which make value vary and oscillate, and within what limits this oscillation takes place.

But this very question is contrary to the accepted principles: for whoever says *oscillation* necessarily supposes a mean direction toward which value's centre of gravity continually tends; and when the Academy asks that we *determine the oscillations of profit and wages*, it asks thereby that we *determine value*. Now that is precisely what the gentlemen of the Academy deny: they are unwilling to admit that, if value is variable, it is for that very reason determinable; that variability is the sign and condition of determinability. They pretend that value, ever varying, can never be determined. This is like maintaining that, given the number of oscillations of a pendulum per second, their amplitude, and the latitude and elevation of the spot where the experiment is performed, the length of the pendulum cannot be determined because the pendulum is in motion. Such is political economy's first article of faith.

As for socialism, it does not appear to have understood the question, or to be concerned about it. Among its many organs, some simply and merely put aside the problem by substituting division for distribution,—that is, by banishing number and measure from the social organism: others relieve themselves of the embarrassment by applying universal suffrage to the wages question. It is needless to say that these platitudes find dupes by thousands and hundreds of thousands.

The condemnation of political economy has been formulated by Malthus in this famous passage:—

“A man who is born into a world already occupied, his family unable to support him, and society not requiring his labor,—such a man, I say, has not the least right to claim any nourishment whatever: he is really one too many on the earth. At the

great banquet of Nature there is no plate laid for him. Nature commands him to take himself away, and she will not be slow to put her order into execution.¹

This then is the necessary, the fatal, conclusion of political economy,—a conclusion which I shall demonstrate by evidence hitherto unknown in this field of inquiry,—Death to him who does not possess!

In order better to grasp the thought of Malthus, let us translate it into philosophical propositions by stripping it of its rhetorical gloss:—

“Individual liberty, and property, which is its expression, are economical data; equality and solidarity are not.

“Under this system, each one by himself, each one for himself: labor, like all merchandise, is subject to fluctuation: hence the risks of the proletariat.

“Whoever has neither income nor wages has no right to demand any thing of others: his misfortune falls on his own head; in the game of fortune, luck has been against him.”

From the point of view of political economy these propositions are irrefutable; and Malthus, who has formulated them with such alarming exactness, is secure against all reproach. From the point of view of the conditions of social science, these same propositions are radically false, and even contradictory.

The error of Malthus, or rather of political economy, does not consist in saying that a man who has nothing to eat must die; or in maintaining that, under the system of individual appropriation, there is no course for him who has neither labor nor income but to withdraw from life by suicide, unless he prefers to be driven from it by starvation: such is, on the one hand, the law of our existence; such is, on the other, the consequence of property; and M. Rossi has taken altogether too much trouble to justify the good sense of Malthus on this point. I suspect, indeed, that M. Rossi, in making so lengthy and loving an apology for Malthus, intended to recommend political economy in the same way that his fellow-countryman Machiavel, in his book entitled “The Prince,” recommended

¹ The passage quoted may not be given in the exact words used by Malthus, it having reached its present shape through the medium of a French rendering.—*Translator.*

despotism to the admiration of the world. In pointing out misery as the necessary condition of industrial and commercial absolutism, M. Rossi seems to say to us: There is your law, your justice, your political economy; there is property.

But Gallic simplicity does not understand artifice; and it would have been better to have said to France, in her immaculate tongue: The error of Malthus, the radical vice of political economy, consists, in general terms, in affirming as a definitive state a transitory condition,—namely, the division of society into patricians and proletaires; and, particularly, in saying that in an organized, and consequently *solidaire*, society, there may be some who possess, labor, and consume, while others have neither possession, nor labor, nor bread. Finally Malthus, or political economy, reasons erroneously when seeing in the faculty of indefinite reproduction—which the human race enjoys in neither greater nor less degree than all animal and vegetable species—a permanent danger of famine; whereas it is only necessary to show the necessity, and consequently the existence, of a law of equilibrium between population and production.

In short, the theory of Malthus—and herein lies the great merit of this writer, a merit which none of his colleagues has dreamed of attributing to him—is a *reductio ad absurdum* of all political economy.

As for socialism, that was summed up long since by Plato and Thomas More in a single word, UTOPIA,—that is, *no-place*, a chimera.

Nevertheless, for the honor of the human mind and that justice may be done to all, this must be said: neither could economic and legislative science have had any other beginning than they did have, nor can society remain in this original position.

Every science must first define its domain, produce and collect its materials: before system, facts; before the age of art, the age of learning. The economic science, subject like every other to the law of time and the conditions of experience, before seeking to ascertain how things *ought to take place* in society, had to tell us how things *do take place*; and all these processes which the authors speak of so pompously in their books as *laws*, *principles*, and *theories*, in spite of their incoherence and inconsistency, had to be gathered up with scrupulous diligence, and

described with strict impartiality. The fulfilment of this task called for more genius perhaps, certainly for more self-sacrifice, than will be demanded by the future progress of the science.

If, then, social economy is even yet rather an aspiration towards the future than a knowledge of reality, it must be admitted that the elements of this study are all included in political economy; and I believe that I express the general sentiment in saying that this opinion has become that of the vast majority of minds. The present finds few defenders, it is true; but the disgust with utopia is no less universal: and every body understands that the truth lies in a formula which shall reconcile these two terms: CONSERVATION and MOTION.

Thus, thanks to Adam Smith, J. B. Say, Ricardo, and Malthus, as well as their rash opponents, the mysteries of fortune, *atria Ditis*, are uncovered; the power of capital, the oppression of the laborer, the machinations of monopoly, illumined at all points, shun the public gaze. Concerning the facts observed and described by the economists, we reason and conjecture: abusive laws, iniquitous customs, respected so long as the obscurity which sustained their life lasted, with difficulty dragged to the daylight, are expiring beneath the general reprobation; it is suspected that the government of society must be learned no longer from an empty ideology, after the fashion of the *Contrat social*, but, as Montesquieu foresaw, from the *relation of things*; and already a Left of eminently socialistic tendencies, composed of *savants*, magistrates, legists, professors, and even capitalists and manufacturers,—all born representatives and defenders of privilege,—and of a million of adepts, is forming in the nation above and outside of *parliamentary* opinions, and seeking, by an analysis of economic facts, to capture the secrets of the, life of societies.

Let us represent political economy, then, as an immense plain, strewn with materials prepared for an edifice. The laborers await the signal, full of ardor, and burning to commence the work: but the architect has disappeared without leaving the plan. The economists have stored their memories with many things: unhappily they have not the shadow of an estimate. They know the origin and history of each piece; what it cost to make it; what wood makes the best joists, and what clay the

best bricks ; what has been expended in tools and carts ; how much the carpenters earned, and how much the stone-cutters ; they do not know the destination and the place of any thing. The economists cannot deny that they have before them the fragments, scattered pell-mell, of a *chef-d'œuvre*, *disjecti membra poetæ* ; but it has been impossible for them as yet to recover the general design, and, whenever they have attempted any comparisons, they have met only with incoherence. Driven to despair at last by their fruitless combinations, they have erected as a dogma the architectural incongruity of the science, or, as they say, the *inconveniences* of its principles ; in a word, they have denied the science.¹

Thus the division of labor, without which production would be almost nothing, is subject to a thousand inconveniences, the worst of which is the demoralization of the laborer ; machinery causes, not only cheapness, but obstruction of the market and stoppage of business ; competition ends in oppression ; taxation, the material bond of society, is generally a scourge dreaded equally with fire and hail ; credit is necessarily accompanied by bankruptcy ; property is a swarm of abuses ; commerce degenerates into a game of chance, in which it is sometimes allowable even to cheat : in short, disorder existing everywhere to an equal extent with order, and no one knowing how the latter is to banish the former, *taxis ataxian diðkein*, the economists have decided that all is for the best, and regard every reformatory proposition as hostile to political economy.

The social edifice, then, has been abandoned ; the crowd has burst into the wood-yard ; columns, capitals, and plinths, wood, stone, and metal, have been distributed in portions and drawn by lot : and, of all these materials collected for a magnificent temple, property, ignorant and barbarous, has built huts. The work before us, then, is not only to recover the plan of the edifice, but to dislodge the occupants, who maintain that their city is superb, and, at the very mention of restoration, appear in

¹ "The principle which governs the life of nations is not pure science : it is the total of the complex data which depend on the state of enlightenment, on needs and interests." Thus expressed itself, in December, 1844, one of the clearest minds that France contained, M. Léon Faucher. Explain, if you can, how a man of this stamp was led by his economic convictions to declare that the *complex data* of society are opposed to *pure science*.

battle-array at their gates. Such confusion was not seen of old at Babel: happily we speak French, and are more courageous than the companions of Nimrod.

But enough of allegory: the historical and descriptive method, successfully employed so long as the work was one of examination only, is henceforth useless: after thousands of monographs and tables, we are no further advanced than in the age of Xenophon and Hesiod. The Phenicians, the Greeks, the Italians, labored in their day as we do in ours: they invested their money, paid their laborers, extended their domains, made their expeditions and recoveries, kept their books, speculated, dabbled in stocks, and ruined themselves according to all the rules of economic art; knowing as well as ourselves how to gain monopolies and fleece the consumer and laborer. Of all this accounts are only too numerous; and, though we should rehearse for ever our statistics and our figures, we should always have before our eyes only chaos,—chaos constant and uniform.

It is thought, indeed, that from the era of mythology to the present year 57 of our great revolution, the general welfare has improved: Christianity has long been regarded as the chief cause of this amelioration, but now the economists claim all the honor for their own principles. For after all, they say, what has been the influence of Christianity upon society? Thoroughly utopian at its birth, it has been able to maintain and extend itself only by gradually adopting all the economic categories,—labor, capital, farm-rent, usury, traffic, property; in short, by consecrating the Roman law, the highest expression of political economy.

Christianity, a stranger in its theological aspect to the theories of production and consumption, has been to European civilization what the trades-unions and free-masons were not long since to itinerant workmen,—a sort of insurance company and mutual aid society; in this respect, it owes nothing to political economy, and the good which it has done cannot be invoked by the latter in its own support. The effects of charity and self-sacrifice are outside of the domain of economy, which must bring about social happiness through justice and the organization of labor. For the rest, I am ready to admit the beneficial effects of the system of property; but I observe that these effects are entirely balanced by the misery which it is the nature of this sys-

tem to produce : so that, as an illustrious minister recently confessed before the English Parliament, and as we shall soon show, the increase of misery in the present state of society is parallel and equal to the increase of wealth,—which completely annuls the merits of political economy.

Thus political economy is justified neither by its maxims nor by its works ; and, as for socialism, its whole value consists in having established this fact. We are forced, then, to resume the examination of political economy, since it alone contains, at least in part, the materials of social science ; and to ascertain whether its theories do not conceal some error, the correction of which would reconcile fact and right, reveal the organic law of humanity, and give the positive conception of order.

THE LABOR DOLLAR.

AS the labor question is steadily and rapidly increasing in recognized importance, every effort should be made to place its "social solutions" upon a thoroughly scientific basis. One of these "solutions" relates specially to the true and ultimate system of currency. I have just received from some unknown friend, probably the author, a small pamphlet entitled "The Labor Question: what it is, method of its solution, and remedy for its evils," by Charles Thomas Fowler. In it Mr. Fowler says, with great terseness of expression and with truth, that "the birth of the first bill of exchange was the death of the last specie dollar." Bills of exchange, bank checks, and negotiable paper of all sorts add just so much to the body of the currency; and this issue is unlimited by law, and unlimited in fact, except by the exigencies of trade.¹ They are just as really currency as the specie dollar, the greenback, or the bank bill. A field which has no fence upon one of its sides is not fenced in,

¹ The terms currency and money are generally used as synonymous. It may be well, however, to discriminate. Boucher insists that the term money can only apply to that which rests on the public confidence at large and is intended to *continue* in circulation, whereas checks, drafts, etc., are intended to serve on special occasions for the convenience of individuals. There is no objection to noting this difference, but it is not vital. It is still true that all these other forms of paper promises which enter into commerce, and effect exchanges, and represent values, and which in the aggregate are far the greater part of such representative, are a portion of the *currency* properly so called. Money is a distinct part of the currency, more public than the other, if you will, as railroading is a distinct part of the transportation of a country; but common roads and carriages and every other means of conveyance, down to the dog cart and the legs of the individual walker, are also a part of it, and in the total aggregate must be taken into the account. So, in respect to the currency, checks, drafts, etc., must be taken into the account as well as actual money, when the question is of arbitrarily limiting the total bulk of the machinery of commercial exchanges.

A friend, to whom the manuscript of this article was submitted for examination, takes the following exception, in a letter to the author, to the latter's statement that the issue of currency is unlimited by law. "The Massachusetts statute-book, as well as those of most of the other States in the Union, contains laws prohibiting, under penalties of fines, the issue as currency of notes, bills, checks, and orders, except such as are especially authorized by the State, United States, or British Provinces of North America. True, these laws are not enforced; but this is because the speculating classes have no occasion to demand their enforcement. They are very glad to avail them-

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no matter how high and strong its fences may be on the other sides. So, the volume of the currency is not, in any true sense, limited by prohibitions of free banking, by a return to specie basis, or by any other means, so long as negotiable paper can be freely issued by individuals; and this free issue of negotiable paper is too useful, and too well entrenched in necessity, ever hereafter to be interfered with. Commerce can be hindered and trammled to some extent—it may even, for a time, be seriously disturbed—by statute arrangements claiming to regulate the currency, whether by restrictive measures, or by flooding the community with over-issues; but the volume of the currency can no longer be adjusted by such means.

There is, it is true, a certain temporary advantage in the specie basis, simply because it is traditionally believed in, and beliefs or ideas enter into the question of the stability of values. This fact is felt by the advocates of a specie basis. They, and others, would not have so much of the sensation that "the bottom is all knocked out," if we could return to such a basis, and *that confidence* would go for something. On the other hand, the sole alternative, so far as seen by the advocates of specie basis, is a fluctuating and limitless issue from time to time of government paper money, with no other regulation than that of an ignorant and changeable public opinion, operated by interested political and financial agitators and wireworkers. Such are the grounds of the honest advocacy, so far as it is intelligent, of a return to a specie basis.

On the other hand, the advocates of paper money and expansion have their side of the truth. They see or feel the fallacy of the claim that specie basis really means any thing but an illusion, knowing as they do that gold and silver are real commodities rising and falling in value along with all other commodities, and that they will in no event make the whole volume of the currency, but will be only a fixed factor—in so far as fixed—along with other changeable factors in the composition of its total volume; a fence upon one side of a field which, on some other side,

selves of checks, etc., so long as they can do so *under the old plan*; but, should any one attempt to issue such money as you propose at a rate of discount just high enough to cover the expenses of issue, thus beating the bankers on their own ground, the laws would be enforced at once. The bankers oppose every effort to have them removed from the statute-book."

is an open common. They also see or feel that the best currency would be such as should have some kind of adjusted elasticity, or an expansive and contractile quality, adapted to the fluctuating activities of trade, of which currency is the instrument; and, in fine, that government might, *if it knew enough and were honest*, subserve by its conceded powers this demand for an adaptation between the needs of trade and the appropriate supply of its instrument.

But, on the one hand, the supposed stability resulting from a specie basis is a mere illusion, and one which is fast being found out and exposed, while the remedy offered by the opponents of a specie basis is not, in fact, the only alternative; and, on the other hand, no existing government *does know enough* wisely to regulate the currency, and, as a rule, existing governments *are not honest*.

The political issue about finance, now coming to the front in the United States, and in a degree in other countries, is, therefore, on neither side intelligent or wholly well-intentioned, while yet, on either side, representing something of the truth. The discussion and agitation are, nevertheless, to be hailed as among the most auspicious signs of the times. They signify politics become educational—electioneering a university training-school for the whole people. The community may have to pay dearly for its instruction before it is through with this new war of ideas; but the right knowledge of the subject will be ultimately evolved, and the war itself will be the opportunity of the true teachers.

I have said that government paper is not the only alternative of a specie basis. It is, however, the only one to which much attention has been given; and the other—that to which I wish to call attention—will need to be carefully elaborated and described from time to time to make it clearly apprehended as, in fine, the science of the subject. I mean a currency and a system of banking based directly on labor and, in a sense, self-regulating; that is to say, regulated and administered by individuals, or by the people themselves, without let or hindrance, without interference or prescription from the government; although beneficent adjustments may possibly take place between the action of the government and this labor system of free banking.

The object of the present essay is not, however, chiefly to de-

fine or describe either currency in its specific details, or labor banking as a system. It is rather preliminary to those considerations, and will be confined in a great measure to the simple ascertainment of THE UNIT OF LABOR, which, when ascertained, may be taken as the dollar of the Labor Bank.

Every system of thought, every science which is accurately constituted, has what is technically called its unit, its starting-point, that from which all its investigations take their departure, and to which they recur as regulative of them all. Thus the unit of arithmetic is the numerical unit, or the number one; the unit of geometry is the point, or minim of length; the unit of weight is the pound; the unit of long measure is the foot; the unit of mechanical force is the foot-pound; the unit of mechanical power is the horse power; and the unit of resistance to the transmission of electricity is the ohm. The following definitions are furnished me by Prof. P. H. Van Der Weyde:—

A foot-pound, the unit of force or of work, is one pound weight lifted one foot high against gravitation, the gravitation taken at the surface of the ocean at forty-five degrees latitude. The latter two considerations are, however, practically neglected. The element of time in which the work is done is here left out of the account.

A horse power, the unit of power or of the amount of force exerted or work done *in a given time*, is thirty-three thousand foot-pounds per minute; that is to say, thirty-three thousand pounds lifted one foot high per minute, or three hundred and thirty pounds lifted one hundred feet high per minute, or five and one-half pounds one hundred feet high per second, or fifty-five pounds ten feet high per second.

A man power is one-eighth horse power; so that a man may lift seven pounds ten feet high per second, or four hundred and twenty pounds ten feet per minute, or four thousand two hundred pounds one foot per minute, or seventy pounds one foot per second.

The French unit of force is the kilogrammeter, one kilogram lifted one meter high, or seven and two-tenths times our unit of force. A kilogram equals two and two-tenths pounds; a meter equals nearly three and one-third feet. A French horse power is seventy-five kilogrammeters per second.

The ohm has been accepted by the British Association as the unit of resistance in telegraph wires and other conductors of electricity ; and as the strength of the battery power must overcome such resistance, it has at the same time become the measure of battery strength. The ohm is the resistance which an electric current undergoes in passing through one-tenth of a mile of No. 9 iron wire.

The French unit of electrical resistance is that of one meter of mercury contained in a glass tube of one square millimeter section.

These definitions are introduced here for the purpose of showing the pains-taking accuracy with which the student of mechanics determines his units of measurement,—with which, in other words, he establishes standards, or measures those things by which other things are to be measured,—and to emphasize the statement that Radical Political Economy, or, so to speak, this branch of Social Mechanics, will begin to be rightly constituted as a science only when we shall have established, with equal accuracy, the unit of labor. *Unless the measure itself is measured*, there is no accuracy, no certainty, no scientific result.

By the science of Radical Political Economy I mean the science of the laws of price-bearing wealth, *as wealth should be produced and distributed* in order to secure the absolutely equitable exchange of labor and commodities.

I say *Radical Political Economy*, because ordinary or current Political Economy inquires, rather, into the laws of wealth *as it is in fact produced and distributed*, with only such suggestions of improvement as do not affect, radically, the present system. I say *price-bearing* wealth, because there is much wealth which is, or should be, *unpriced or priceless* ; which does not, or ought not, therefore, to enter into commerce at all, in the ordinary sense of commerce. The blessed air of heaven, the affection we bear to lovers, children, and friends, have in them a world of wealth to those who receive them ; but they are, or should be, a free gift, uncalculated and unmeasured by price, definite estimate, or equivalent. Our affections are degraded when they are reduced to the level of price-bearing commodities. It is only, therefore, price-bearing commodities which are the subject-matter of Radical Political Economy.

All price-bearing commodities—all, that is to say, which *are rightfully such*, or which *should be such*—are the products of labor; and *it is the amount of labor concentered in the commodity which is the true measure of its price.*¹ This labor is sometimes called labor-cost, or the cost in labor of producing the commodity; and it is then said that, from the point of view of Radical Political Economy, **COST IS THE LIMIT OF PRICE.** The principle is the same if the price is put directly upon the labor, without awaiting its concretion in a commodity. Hence it follows that, in order to obtain the true measure of cost, and so of price, and so a true standard of exchange or trade, *i. e.*, a true dollar as the unit of trade,—all these being now identified with each other,—we must first ascertain, or in some way determine upon, the unit of labor.

The first and simplest suggestion, in the inquiry after a unit of labor, is the day's work. The hour's work is an important fraction of the day's work, but it is not so naturally the unit as the day's work. The day's work is, it will be found, virtually the labor dollar, and the hour's work accords rather with the dime or bit. But a day's work is, as the matter now stands, too indeterminate to serve as the scientific measure of something else supposed to need measurement.

Work of any kind, in order to be accurately and completely defined, must be determined in three aspects:—

First, as to the length of time;

Second, as to the degree of its intensity or severity;

Third, as to the degree of acquired skill, or ability previously accumulated by other work preparatory to the work now in hand; and as to certain other minor considerations.

¹ It is the striking peculiarity of Radical Political Economy that it emphatically denies that value, in the sense of utility, or the degree of the purchaser's need, can rightly, *i. e.*, equitably, have any thing whatever to do with settling the price; the price depending (equitably) *wholly*, and *absolutely*, and *exclusively*, on the amount of labor invested in the product. I cannot stop here to expound this important doctrine, which is nevertheless matter of demonstration when the subject is analyzed to the bottom of it. I allude to it because, if the reader suppose that this essay is dealing with price as compounded, in an uncertain way, of labor-cost *and* utility, as in ordinary political economy, he will entirely mistake. Under the methods of Radical Political Economy, the urgency of the purchaser's need no more affects the price he is to pay than it affects the length of the yard-stick by which the goods are to be measured. The price *is a fixed quantity*, and remains the same whether the article ever finds a purchaser or not. If it proves unsalable *at its price*, it is withdrawn from the market, and, in whatever way it may be disposed of at any other than its fixed price, the transaction is understood to be outside of equitable commerce. Equitable commerce is, in this respect, merely like the one-price store.

The day's work, to be made standard, and to serve as the labor dollar, or the instrument by which all other work may be measured or estimated, must, therefore, be itself defined in all these three particulars.

First, as to the length of the standard day's work. We may take for this purpose eight hours. It is not necessary to insist that this is inherently the true limit of the working day, though much has been said, and may be said, in favor of the division of the day of twenty-four hours into three equal parts,—one for work, one for sleeping and eating, and one for study and recreation. It suffices for our purpose to adopt this period,—arbitrarily, if you will. Certainty is all that is necessary. The "meter," the scientific yard, serves sufficiently well to measure cloth, whether it be precisely ascertained to be the ten-millionth part (which it is intended to be) of the earth's diameter, or not.

Next, in respect to the severity of the work; and I am here especially indebted to Mr. Fowler for introducing the term *intensity*. Josiah Warren, recognizing that the character of the work is an element of the problem, used the phrase "the amount of repugnance overcome" to denote the degree of hardship or burdensomeness of labor. The expression is accurate, but, like his pounds of corn as a device for measuring labor, it is cumbersome; and the idea is, for most purposes, better expressed by the simple word *intensity*. There is another reason why the introduction of this term, as a technicality for the purpose, is important, and fairly entitles Mr. Fowler to claim to have enlarged and improved the technical machinery, in this particular, of the science of Radical Political Economy. I was never satisfied with the moderate degree of success which Mr. Warren—or myself, in my effort to expound Mr. Warren's ideas on this subject twenty-three years ago (see "Science of Society")—had achieved in attempting to make clear the nature of, and mode of measuring, the elements of work other than the time occupied. I struggled with the difficulty at the time, and have always felt that I partially failed. It is Mr. Fowler's use of the term *intensity* in this connection which has stimulated me to this renewal of the subject.

The special aptness of this term for this purpose, and the reason why I deem it so important, will appear from the following considerations. Continuity in time, mere forth-stretching in the

given direction, is called by the philosophers Protension (forth-stretching); a stretching outward and around in all directions, as in space, is called Extension (out- or from-stretching); and the energy of effort, by which things are, as it were, drawn in upon and by the centering personality of the actor, is called intensity (in-stretching). What we are dealing with is a department of measure—the measure of labor, cost, and price; and the metaphysicians have pointed out that these three modes are the only three possible requisites of complete or exhaustive measurement; so that we may, when we have thoroughly applied them, rest assured that, by such recurrence to first principles, we have scientifically compassed the subject. Hickok, for example, in his “Empirical Psychology,” expresses this proposition in these terms: “No quantity can have measure in any other directions than extension in space, duration in time (protension), and intensity in degree; and when an act of attention has stretched over the limits filled by the distinct quality in all these several directions, it has determined it in all the forms which any quality can possess, and made it to be known definitely in all its measures of quantity.” The subject we are investigating is the quantity of labor; and the question is: Of what does it consist in these three possible modes of considering it?

In respect to time measure, the protensity of labor, we have said all that is requisite at the moment. In respect to its intensity or severity we have ascertained that this is also a proper element of the standard day's work, and so of the measure of all work; and we must now inquire by what standard it can itself be measured or estimated, and how, practically, the standard can be applied. The subject is confessedly a difficult one. All sorts of people put all sorts of different estimates upon the relative intensity or severity of all sorts of different labor. It may almost be said that no two agree upon any point touching the subject. But fortunately science is now sufficiently advanced to teach us how to overcome this difficulty. The statistical and other branches of science have familiarized us with the method of general averages. It is possible to tell with proximate accuracy how many persons will commit suicide next year in London, Paris, or New York; and even how many will choose the razor, how many the rope, how many the pistol, and how many drowning,

as the means of effecting death. It will be found possible, in a similar way, when the world wishes to know, to ascertain how many women think washing harder work than ironing, and how many think the other way; and how many men would prefer to work out of doors, and how many under shelter. All these statistics of the details of human labor, and of the estimates which men and women make of the desirableness and undesirableness of every given pursuit and condition, will in the future become subjects of science, and then of practical every-day knowledge and utility; and the labor dollar, then having come into use, will furnish the unit of all such calculations. In that future when equity shall give labor its own, the modes of rightly apportioning the burdens of life will be studied with intensity, and there will be found nothing insuperable in the nature of the problem. The first great step is to convince the minds of men of the desirableness of such knowledge.

It should be borne in mind that, when exchanges of goods shall be made in accordance with a known law of equity based exclusively upon labor-cost, trade secrets, being no longer of any advantage, will be abandoned, and all knowledge of all trades will be thrown open to all people. There will then be greater facility among men for changing their occupations, and for gratifying their tastes in their pursuits. This change will also enable people to know far better than they now know what labors they really like best, and are willing to do at the cheapest rate. There will then grow up a legitimate labor-market, and all kinds of labor and products will be tendered at the minimum price as measured by the average estimate of the degree of severity of the labor involved in them. In other words, every act of purchase and sale will then be the result of the votes of two parties on the relative repugnance and attractiveness of the two varieties of labor involved; and the whole body of trade will be a continuous canvassing of all such questions. It is so now in part, and except that ideas are confused on the subject; that each party to every trade considers himself entitled to take advantage of the other, which is an illegitimate element—as much so in principle, as the sword or the slave whip thrown into the bargain; and that no labor dollar, and therefore no instrument of adjusting labor-cost, has hitherto existed.

Assuming, then, that by the prevalence of equity, or the true interchange of equivalents in labor-cost, we had a full supply of everybody's estimates of every kind of work in respect to its relative repugnance or attractiveness,—its intensity, in fact, as hard or easy work,—it would be easy to strike an average which should be very exact—the true par of labor intensity; all above that average being work of extra or *plus* intensity, or above par, and all below it being work of minor intensity, or below par. We have not, it is true, as the case now stands, the necessary data for establishing the exact par of labor intensity; for the world has not hitherto thought it worth while to study such facts. The best that can be done therefore, to begin with, is to *assume an average* which will approach in some measure to accuracy, and to go on constantly eliminating error and arriving at a higher degree of precision.

Everybody has some idea of what constitutes an ordinary or average degree of hard work. We may now, then, without attempting to fix the idea any more definitely beforehand, further define the labor dollar as *a day's work of eight hours*—of course whether male or female labor—*of the average degree of severity or intensity*. I think the bare abstract idea of an average, or par, is all that is needed, and that it is better than Mr. Warren's corn measure. We all know sufficiently well what we mean by "the usual degree of health," and do not have to add "as well as Mr. A or Mr. B;" and, if we should undertake to settle the matter more exactly in that way, we should most likely diverge at once into a discussion over the question whether Mr. A's or Mr. B's health was of the average degree; thus demonstrating that the bare idea of the average is more definitely fixed in our minds than the particular state of the health of any individual. This view does not, however, antagonize the previous suggestion that the extended and systematic observation of details will ultimately render the abstract idea *still more* definite.

If parties, in negotiating an exchange, regard their labor as of the ordinary degree of intensity,—which would occur in the great majority of cases, especially under the criticism of a worldful of appraisers,—that determines the point without further parley. If, on the contrary, one or both differ in their estimate from the average, that is matter of negotiation. If one

too much depreciates his labor, it will become, with culture, under this system, matter of courtesy to insist on raising the estimate. While, then, ordinarily a dollar note will be paid for the day's work or its produce in a commodity, the price and payment may go up to a dollar and a half, or down to the half dollar, or may deviate to any other degree, the dollar serving in every case as the unit of comparison,—as, in a word, the standard of labor-cost, price, and labor-value, which all come to be identical; value meaning in this case, not utility, but the buying-capacity of the dollar.

To illustrate: suppose a community reduced by any cause to the primitive condition of barter. Instead of the poor device of the shinplaster,—referring for its measure of value to the silver or gold dollar, which has taken its departure and is no standard,—let the labor note be substituted. Miss Smith undertakes the teaching of the village school. She will teach eight hours a day, and she estimates her labor as neither above nor below the average degree of intensity as hard work. This, then, being exactly the value of the labor dollar as above defined, Miss Smith charges one dollar—a labor dollar—a day for her work. She has an average of twenty pupils. For each pupil the parents become, therefore, indebted to Miss Smith the twentieth part of a dollar, or one half labor dime, or five labor cents, per day; and they pay her in their own labor notes, or in the labor dollars, dimes, and cents which have come into their hands from their trade with others. The labor money bills only differ from every body's individual notes written on common paper in the fact that the store-keeper or postmaster has got up his own notes in better style, printed and perhaps vignetted, and issues them in the place of the common written scraps of paper. These he keeps in his safe instead, as his specie basis, they being the immediate representative of the labor of the village, so far as it is in market. As fast as the work promised is done, or its equivalent given in products, the notes are redeemed and cancelled, or re-issued, and the transaction is ended.

In this manner Miss Smith gets her entire pay in good labor dollars. These will command every body's work and buy every thing produced in the village. Dealing with the outside world involves an extension of the problem which will not be consid-

ered at this point. The school teacher may, in turn, to the extent of her credit, and wishing to anticipate returns, issue her labor notes, transmutable into labor dollars by the village banker—the postmaster or store-keeper, as before stated. In this manner she, and every one in the village, becomes a capitalist to the extent to which their neighbors have confidence in their future ability and intention to fulfil their promises; and so, able to create loans for themselves at any moment to this extent; checked in the first instance by any lack of confidence on the part of the immediate neighbors, and then on the part of the village banker, who must have confidence also before he will receive the individual's labor note and replace it by his own issue. Thus a healthy and continuous vigilance will be exerted over this otherwise perfectly free creation of the labor bullion of our new banking system. Risk and actual losses will, however, occur; but they will be reduced to a minimum by the natural working of the system; and the village banker will become an insurance agent to cover them, being allowed to increase the currency beyond the bullion in deposit the slight percentage found practically necessary to that end.

Apart from this percentage to cover losses,—which will be kept at the lowest, as it will be added under the immediate inspection of the whole village, each individual being constantly taxed his proportion of every loss,—the village banker is not to be allowed to issue a single labor dollar for which he has not the same amount of labor bullion—the labor notes of the people—in deposit; including, however, his own labor notes covering his services, and issued on the same terms as those of any other citizen. Every over-issue should be deemed a fraud, and prevented or remedied by well-devised checks upon the conduct of the banker,—such as numbers on the bills issued, reports and inspections of committees, etc.,—until confidence is so established as to dispense with unnecessary caution. The banking office will be open to competition in respect to the best management, like any other business. If a dozen bankers spring up in the village, no matter.

Another element remains to be added in the constitution of the labor dollar,—one which has been alluded to above, and then purposely postponed until now. This is what we will technically

call the *Extensity* of the day's work,—an element which extends beyond, or goes outside of, *the particular day upon which the work is to be done*. This element is the acquired skill of the laborer, secured by previous labor fitting him to do the work; the wear and tear of instruments or tools of his own, which he brings into the work; particular risks of any kind assumed by the laborer, etc. This item is fixed also by averages and the mutual estimates of the parties contracting.

Prior labor giving skill is to be estimated upon the same principle as other labor; but, the cost being distributed by estimate to all who will be ever likely to avail themselves of the skill, it becomes generally a small item in the individual case: such as it is, however, to be settled by the estimates of the worker and employer, or tacitly covered by the general price demanded for the day's work. So with the other matters included under this head. All legitimate risks are legitimately covered by an augmentation of price.

It is a curious working of this equitable system of exchanges that, while *acquired skill involving prior labor* is an element of the price of labor, *superior natural ability*—"the gift of God"—is left wholly out of the account, and does not in any manner augment the price. This is a point which is more frequently than any other misunderstood, and which, when understood, is most likely to meet with objection from new investigators of equity. A little close attention to it, however, will remove all difficulty. It is undoubtedly true that superior natural ability does give a natural advantage, which the possessor may, *if he will*, and which at present he does, avail himself of in disposing of his labor. The question now is, however, *whether he ought really to do so*; or, in other words, whether the gift of Nature to the individual is something entirely for his selfish individual benefit, or something in which his weaker competitor especially, and the public at large, should participate.

It is certain that the principle of equity, as rightly defined,—the exchange of equivalent burdens, or of equivalent amounts of repugnance overcome,—gives nothing for that which costs nothing. The handsome woman degrades herself if she makes a charge for exhibiting her beauty. It is wealth to the world, as it is also to herself, but not price-bearing wealth; not an ob-

ject of ordinary commerce or trade. Ought it not to be the same with superior natural talents and endowments of all kinds? On the race-course and in the prize-ring, where the object is—as here, in respect to equity—to neutralize all undue advantages, it is not merely the swiftest horse or the strongest man, pure and simple, who takes the prize. All advantages are first equalized by granting to the weaker party compensating advantages. The “light weight,” when pitted against a bigger man, has a due concession made to him on account of his obvious inferiority.

Should not laborers, in seeking equity for themselves, be ready to abide by the behests of equity throughout; when it works against, as well as when it works for, them? Should not the world's workers come to be as generous, as honorable, as just, at least, as racers and prize-fighters? No pugilist would call it a fair fight when a big fellow knocked down a little one merely because Nature gave him the superior ability; merely, in other words, because he could do it. No gamester would refuse to give odds to one less versed than himself in the game. Curiously enough, these are almost the only people who have ever been dealing with the question of *what is fair play* in any competitive engagement of man with his fellow. Ordinary political economy never asks the question, but only inquires to what extent, and by what means, the big fellows actually get the advantage; what are the laws and operations, in other words, of the natural tendency to advantage-getting.

In those departments of life where courtesy is established, there is no doubt on this question. If a weak woman burdened with a child is allowed to stand in a crowded place, and strong men sit at their ease, it is justly regarded as an outrage upon decency; and yet the strong men would only be availing themselves of their natural advantages.

In a word, on principle, the question is settled beyond all doubt that equity, in establishing prices, grants nothing on the ground of natural superiority,—therein concurring with the principles of fair dealing as understood in games, and of courtesy as understood in society. But still, with our present habits of thought, the verdict may seem a harsh one; and many persons will perhaps be more readily convinced if made to see that the principle will

work well in practice, than by the mere sternness of the logic. This well-working of the principle is also readily shown. But first let us conclude our definition of the labor dollar as the measure of radical equity.

The labor dollar is then, in fine, a vignetted paper representative, —or its equivalent,—signed and issued by a labor banker, of a day's work, of man, woman, or child, of eight hours' duration, of average intensity and average extensity.

The general aspect of the labor dollar may be similar to that of a current dollar bill more or less elaborately devised. Paper will be the ordinary material, although it would not cease to fulfil the conditions if some other available substance—as parchment for instance—were used instead. Its cost and the labor of signing, issuing, cancelling, renewing, etc., belong to expenses, and can be repaid to the banker, equitably estimated, along with all other labor.

A promise of labor to the same amount signed by an individual not a banker, not vignetted, etc., would pass under the more general designation of "a labor note." Together, and with all accessory commercial paper of the same order, they would constitute the labor currency.

The labor notes of the people, in the safe or vaults of the banker, securing him in making his promises to render so much labor, or its equivalent in products, are what I have denominated labor bullion.

Trade or commerce conducted on this basis may be denominated labor trade; and the transactions of this trade, with the ruling rates for different kinds of labor, will come to be rightly known as the labor market; and the labor rates of every species of men's and women's labor, down to minutiae, will be regularly quoted.

The radical, indeed the revolutionary, difference between a currency based on this simple device and any previously existing currency may still escape the reader, unless he again reflects that the labor dollar means something defined, and therefore definite, and that the current dollar means something wholly undefined and indefinite. Consider the difference in this respect between a common token, such as a theatre ticket or a railroad ticket, and a paper, or even a silver, dollar. The token obtained

to-day will purchase a seat in the theatre or the car to-day, to-morrow, or six months hence: that is to say, it represents a definite something, or, in other words, a fixed and ascertained purchasing-power. Not so with the dollar, whether paper or metallic. You may know what you can buy with them to-day, but what they will procure for you to-morrow, a week hence, or six months hence, you cannot know, as their value may have fluctuated within any limits; in other words, they have no fixed or ascertained, or ascertainable, purchasing-power. The labor dollar has, then, the character of the fixed token, as contrasted with that of our present currency; or the character of a measure which is itself measured, as contrasted with an elastic yard-stick, or the hand or foot used as a pound weight.

In an article on finance by Mr. McCulloch, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, he says:—

“There being but one universally recognized measure of value, and that being a value in itself, costing what it represents in the labor which is required to obtain it, the nation that adopts, either from choice or temporary necessity, an inferior standard violates the financial law of the world, and inevitably suffers for its violation. An irredeemable, and consequently depreciated, currency drives out of circulation the currency superior to itself; and if made by law a legal tender, while its real value is not thereby enhanced, it becomes a false and demoralizing standard, under the influence of which prices advance in a ratio disproportioned even to its actual depreciation. Very different from this is that gradual, healthy, and general modification of prices which is the effect of the increase of the precious metals.”

What is here said of the relative fixedness of paper and metallic currency, which would be in a degree true if the comparison were with a currency to consist of the precious metals and nothing else—which is not pretended,—applies as a condemnatory criticism upon all systems of finance which exist or have existed; and the encomium can only be conferred rightly on the labor currency, which has the characteristics insisted on in a still higher degree than the metals alone would have them.

In the above definition of the labor dollar the day's work of a child is estimated at the same as that of a man or a woman. This will be apt to strike the investigator at first as erroneous, but he has only to recur to the principle to perceive that it is strictly accurate. The severity, or repugnance overcome, in keeping a child eight hours intensely at work, is almost sure

to be as great as, and is most likely to be much greater than, that of so employing the time of a grown person ; and by our principle, it is this *severity endured* which is to be compensated or equalized by the *price paid* for the labor. Such is, in other words, *precisely all* that price can *rightfully* mean.

What, in the next place, would be the working results of this principle upon the labor of children ? Just this : as children's labor would have to be paid as much as, or more than, that of grown people,—except when employed at those light and pleasing labors which for them would resemble play,—no employer would engage children for hard and unsuitable work, except in cases of urgency or peculiar necessity ; and then he would submit to compensate them appropriately, according to the principle. Children would then be, as it were, driven out of the labor market (except in the emergencies above referred to) ; which means, however, nothing more than that employers would prefer, if practicable, to secure the heavier and harder variety of labor when it was at the same time lower priced than the other ; and secondly, that children would be thereby left free for acquiring education, and for play or untrammelled exercise, which is precisely what should happen. In other words, children and grown people would be relegated, respectively, by the working of a simple principle, to their true places,—a drift which would co-operate exactly with what is now the effort of wise and benevolent parents and guardians.

The case of children conducts us back to the question, reserved above, of the similar working of the principle in denying pay for superior endowments, which, as a portion of natural wealth, are by the theory non-price-bearing commodities. Here also it will be found that the effect is quietly to force every body—not now children alone—into their true places ; being in fact, thereby, one of the greatest of social solutions. Under the principle, the best endowed and most efficient labor comes into competition with inferior labor in each special branch, not, as now, at a higher price, nor even at the same price, but absolutely at a lower price. Of course, then, it will force itself in, and force the inferior labor out. Let this be well understood. He who should have the greatest natural fitness for a particular kind of work, having greater facility in it, will—with some exceptions only—have also the greatest attraction or fondness for

that kind of industry. His estimate of its intensity will therefore be less than that of other men. In other words, it will not be as hard work for him as for them, and, therefore, under this new principle, his price will be less. Of course, then, he will be preferred, and those for whom it is harder work or more burdensome will be set aside. The very best workmen will first be taken up by the employers; then the second best; then the third best; and, finally, and under necessity only, the poorer qualities; which, however, if called in, will be paid the higher prices, as in the case of the children. There is, even as matters now stand, a natural preference, of course, among employers for superior workmen; but this preference is nearly neutralized, and sometimes inverted, by the fact that such labor must have the largest prices; so that poor laborers are about as readily retained, and sometimes more so, than the superior ones, whereby the survival-of-the-fittest principle is defeated, and the general quality of products depreciated.

This paying of the best workmen the lowest prices upsets, of course, all existing notions. It is a difficult point both for unphilosophical and for selfish minds. It is, nevertheless, not only abstractly right, but replete with the best possible results. It is on the road to the reduction of all price to zero, or to the time when all labor shall be play, and shall be exchanged for love without price. But far short of this, and immediately, these results follow: 1. All labor will be performed—as a rule—by the best workmen and with the utmost efficiency, and, consequently, all products will be carried up to the highest excellence. 2. All prices will be brought down to the minimum, or to the very cheapest at which the labor, or the product, can be afforded—tending to place both necessities and luxuries within the reach of all. 3. Every body will be gently and unconsciously forced into just those pursuits for which they are best suited, and for which they have most liking; in other words, Attractive Industry will be in a great measure realized. What could be asked for better than all this?

Upon this third point a word should be added. The inferior workman, forced out of an employment, may and often will prove to be the superior workman in some other; so that to be driven out of the labor market only means, in fact, being transferred to

something better, until the whole world shall be employed at just that which it likes best to do.

A fourth result, perhaps the most important of them all, will be to substitute a PRINCIPLE for the settlement of prices instead of *the system of universal higgling and overreaching* which now prevails; *a civilized and scientific*, instead of a *barbarous*, method. If war may be defined as an inflammatory social fever tending to the surface, trade for profit, by bargaining, may be regarded as the low or typhoid form of the same, a disguised and diffused fever, a state of modified *war of all against all*. This *greatest effect of equity* would then be to substitute *interstitial peace* for a *universal state of interstitial warfare in society*, opening the way to *all kinds of beneficent coöperation in the place of an antagonistic individuality*.

It must not, however, after all has been said, be concluded that the mere operation of the principle, "labor-cost the limit of price," will fulfil all the conditions of social harmony, and supply of itself the true social organization. It is simply a plank in the ship, or, if you will, the keel; but it is not the whole structure. Nor will it prove, taken alone, altogether satisfactory. A society constituted merely under the operation of this principle would, indeed, secure a genial and beneficent equity, but it would also lead to a certain dead-levelism of conditions which would lack an element of picturesqueness and variety which the human mind also craves.

Nobody could ever become very rich; but the level prairie, or the fertile plains of Lombardy, would prove dull, if the whole world had nothing else to exhibit. Security of condition and a sense of prevailing justice in life, while they are a basis of happiness, are only a basis. The human soul has legitimate aspirations for distinction, preëminence, largeness of individual environment, and the means of great and beneficent achievement, which may demand the possession of exceptional wealth of the acquired and price-bearing variety, as well as mere natural endowment. These aspirations the existing order of society does, to a considerable extent, gratify; but it does so at the expense of a general denial of equity, and of a consequent all-prevalent irritation, ending in the insecurity of the very wealth so acquired. Equity is, therefore, a question of method, of economy, and of security, as well as a

question of the just distribution of wealth. The demand for some opportunity for larger acquisitions than are afforded by mere equity is, nevertheless, a true voice of the soul, and the supposition that the doctrine of equity completely forbids any such aspiration is one of the greatest hindrances to its acceptance. There is a secret repugnance to the doctrine left in the mind, despite the logical cogency which may compel an intellectual assent. This comes, however, entirely of misapprehension. It is not essential that a devotion to exact and technical equity should predominate in all human transactions. What the doctrine affirms is merely that, *by bargain and traffic regulated by equity*, large fortunes could not be acquired, while every body under the operation of that principle might become measurably rich. It stops at this. It does not concern itself with any other class of transactions among men, neither denying nor affirming the possibility of acquiring exceptional wealth by other methods. This particular doctrine is merely a branch of social science, and does no more than merely furnish the law of a single variety of human transactions. We must then look to social science at large for the answer to the question whether there are methods of gratifying the desire to wield great accumulations of wealth, other than trade on the price-bearing basis, and not antagonistic to commercial equity. As a student and teacher of social science, I can only, at this moment, aver that such methods exist within the scope of a true social order, and such as tend to even larger accumulations in rare instances, and to a more undisturbed possession, than the existing order renders possible. That subject, however,—the possibility of exceptional instances of great wealth, especially if administered for beneficent uses, in a community whose trade is regulated by equity,—is a distinct one sufficiently extensive to require separate treatment, and must be, for the present, disposed of by this mere mention.

Let it be observed that no consideration whatsoever is given in this article to the *practical* question,—to the possibility, that is to say, and to the methods, if possible, of introducing the labor currency ; of engrafting it, so to speak, upon our present complicated civilization, and making it the actual substitute for all other systems of currency. It is the theoretical question only which is here considered—the question of *what is intrinsically the right*

and true thing, irrespective of its feasibility. The practical question must be considered also, if a demand arises for it, in a separate paper.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

THE ALL-LOVING.

MILLION-FOLDED are my likings,
All the world my well-loved home ;
Would my kindred not regale me,
To their world-fires I would roam.

Pleasant 'tis with love to tarry,—
Pleasant to recount its store :
Glooms and sorrows passing by me
Leave my heart young as before.

Listen, loved ones, o'er the planet !
Think ye not I'm lost, if missing
From your fire-lit hearths my greetings :
All your loves my love is kissing.

Warm and glowing goes my spirit
Toward my million-fated kin.
Oh ! I keep their hearts enshrined
In the deep my heart within.

SIDNEY H. MORSE.

THE ORTHODOX BASIS OF REVIVALISM.

DURING certain lectures which were given last winter in the Tremont Temple, a comparison was made between the intellectual culture of Boston and of Edinburgh. It was suggested by the fact, or rather, we should say, by the partisan report, that the latter city had gladly welcomed the revivalists and sat at their feet. Would not the pride of Boston also succumb to the Holy Spirit, and welcome its unsophisticated instruments? It is certain that in both cities there is enough intelligence to resist and repudiate a vicious system of religious influence, and enough ignorance and sentimental feeling to welcome it. The intellect of Boston has not yet been humbled; perhaps because it has not yet been addressed. The sectarian motive, the interested parochial sentiment, the love of common sensation, has been addressed: evangelical ministers, paraded on the platform, did somewhat stiffly countenance the singing and cheap utterance; the old style of praying, slightly revamped, notified the Lord that then was the time to be moving in the matter, as if He had some infinite indifference to lay aside in order to diffuse more generally the Holy Spirit; some churches in debt ran in debt for a Tabernacle that the Lord might be with men (He could not allege that no chance has been offered Him in Boston); representatives of the Old South Church, which has been doing such a sharp bit of trading in patriotic reminiscence, went into trading in cheap excitement; with a stock of easy sobs and tears, and toys of doctrine stuffed with saw-dust, they sustained the interest. But the intelligence of Boston was not touched in the remotest manner; and it never can be by a method that is only intelligent in its adroit appeal to ignorance. Persons will be disappointed who expect that knowledge, culture, spiritual intuition, the pure emotions of noble minds, the sense of natural laws, and the feeling of a supernatural presence, are going to succumb

to a few stories, such as figure in the slop-column of religious papers, and to the cumulative effect of congregational singing. No; the Lord will decline to come to the genuine Boston by such conveyances; the Holy Spirit will not be flattered by those theatre tears.

This is the most sensational age of a sensational people. We have already lived by sensations to the verge of ruin; and now, in the lull of trade, the collapse of overdriven interests, the decay of manifold enterprises, there is occasion and a wide temptation to cry up cheap ware, and hawk it about with voluble emphasis: "Here's your genuine Gospel; here's redemption at popular prices; good as the best and warranted to last." The American loves dearly to live loud in the ears of men. The revivalist and the walkist are competing. Not long ago, when Weston had finished his five hundred miles, late on a Saturday night, in the presence of a great and applauding crowd, he announced that he proposed to attend divine service the next forenoon, and sent to the chorister a request that "Nearer, my God, to Thee" should be sung. Five hundred miles nearer than all the rest of us! So are gymnastics and the Gospel reconciled: and the stentorian voices can pelt great crowds with platitudes.

Has not the demand for muscle in connection with Christianity been somewhat overdone of late? We are told that the most popular preachers are the robustest and the healthiest men, who can hurl their sentences down a long aisle, and launch them through great spaces which do not dissipate their magnetism. Every member of a great crowd gets his ration, and indeed many waste-baskets-full of fragments might be gathered up. The consonants and vocables are swept out by the sexton. They drop like snow-flakes, and melt out their little conventional souls.

Why should it seem desirable to cover half an acre with a roof, under which human beings, by the mere physical contact of multitude, can achieve a fact which is more real than any fact that is exploded at them from the platform,—the fact of sympathy, the increment of feeling by adding units together, each one a little grain of powder which the rubbing of any common match can set off, till the ignoble origin assumes impressive proportions? But the running together of these obscure sensations does not accumulate into a steady glow, at which each soul may light its

taper and carry home an undying flame. The soul only lends itself to swell a general puff, and each relay of souls goes off in the same conspiracy of incoherence. If these popular flashes could ever kindle a moral and spiritual life, the world would by this time be too good for any style of preaching.

I was lately looking at Washington Allston's refined and tender portrait of Dr. Channing. The large-orbed eyes seemed to gather into themselves the spaces where God has set a tabernacle for the sun. But the thin, compressed lips had an expression of deprecating space, and of craving only the deepest silence, that the pure ethics of the soul might be overheard, not by long vistas of bodies waiting to receive their customary shock, but by a cluster of spirits competent to hear a still, small voice. The lungs became sonorous enough only to express the reddening of the delicate inspiration which passed through them. The body was the wick of a smouldering soul.

"How far that little candle throws its beams!"

In the meantime, robustious-pated gentlemen

"fill the bores of hearing
To the smothering of the sense."

But, we are told, an evangelist need not possess the structure of a Channing in order to bring souls to Christ. Such a structure, indeed, would be too light to carry the message of redemption; too refined to entertain its homeliness. When Christ was born, he was put into a manger; there, while the oxen ruminated, the divine thought also revolved its message, to pass from those lowly surroundings into the blood of mankind. So the homeliness of an evangelist may be his providential gift.

But it depends upon the method and direction in which an earnest and homely mind applies its ability for addressing other minds that are on the same plane of culture. Neither homeliness nor refinement can undertake to misrepresent the universe, to trade in misstatements of the facts of human nature and of the moral order, and to set forth a conception of God which is shocking to the unsophisticated conscience. Some one, in quoting Pope's line, inverted it, and said, "An honest God's the noblest work of Man." But is the God of the evangelist an

honest one,—is he the God who drew forth the piety of Jesus as the caressing sun draws kisses of fragrance from the flowers?

Suppose now we should divest the evangelical conception of Deity of the artificial sentiment and textual haze which cling to it: let us translate it into the plainest English prose. It would be a perfectly legitimate transaction, because we do not question the saintship of many Calvinistic believers any more than we do that of many Buddhists and Mohammedans. The Catholic Church, which Orthodoxy dreads and despises, has a record of saintship quite equal to its own. Human nature is superior to every creed, and has displayed its heroic fidelities in all countries. When we are bidden to observe the virtue which has flourished under the Orthodox conception of a God, we beg leave to allude to the flourishing and whole-souled iniquity of numbers of its prominent believers, while at the same time we point to the great and good men of all beliefs and nations who never had the advantage of living after Calvin, or in these days of revivalism. The divine quality of mankind—the God made flesh and dwelling here—dwells here in superb unconsciousness of all our catechisms. To show the inconsistency and curious impossibility of Calvinism will not smirch the bloom of its saintship, nor undervalue its splendid services to democracy. But its God is none the less an absurd and impracticable Being. Its men have been mostly superior to it, and amusingly unconscious of its impotency for their genuine deeds. So have men of all nations and periods of belief been unconscious of the primitive and independent value of their human nature. They have constantly referred their own exploits to their own conception of a Deity. In the meantime, the Divine Spirit, not at all offended, has continued at its task of bringing men-and-women-children into the world.

But it is also true that the most extensive immoralities can be traced to erroneous conceptions of the Universe and of the God who rules it; and perhaps under every creed vice has been considerably fostered in this way. So that it is always in order to overhaul the popular conceptions, to show their technical immorality, their corrupting drift. Simply to show their intrinsic unreasonableness must contain some benefit for the mind. This is to be done by taking off the imposing and venerable vest-

ments of doctrines, and then leaving them to stand in the plain air of English.

First, then, an absolute, and therefore infinitely free, Volition, perceiving the necessity of freedom for mankind and giving it free-will, but with the knowledge that this free-will is going to bring sin into the world. This is a doctrine of free-will that theoretically acts only to account for evil and to take from God the responsibility. Practically it shifts the responsibility doubly back upon God.

Second, an infinite Power, existing from all eternity, possessing eternal advantages over every created thing, and consequently capable of really creating them in his image; and yet, when the time for men arrived, so creating them that they are forced to construct the conception of a devil in order to account for the facts!

Third, an omnipotent and omniscient Being, able to calculate the predestined result of the first attractions of atoms and the latest loves or hatreds of souls; and yet spoiling his human children in advance, while they yet lay in the mother's womb of eternity, and rendering it morally impossible that they should practise holiness by making them so that their first act is one of rebellion and dissent from virtue.

Fourth, a tender and merciful and impartial Father, who became so compromised in the act of creation that some malevolent and antagonistic element got the better of him,—came in and worsted him at the very moment of production of his first work, the fathers and mothers of mankind, by insinuating into them unpaternal and unmotherly qualities, and driving God into second thoughts and subterfuges and artifices for repairing this hideous mistake; compelling him to invent a scheme of redemption, but not till after some hundreds of thousands of years-full of men and women had expired, and fallen with their precious freight of loves and yearnings into the pit of bottomless woe!

Fifth, a forecasting and considerate Creator, who, after devising at great expense—no less than that of coming down here and being born as a man—the plan of shedding his own blood for his own satisfaction and to ransom man from death, could keep it hushed up for centuries, as if it were eternity's profoundest secret, to let it out in a stingy style to a few people in a cor-

ner, and leave it to creep about in two or three languages over a scanty portion of the planet ; he perfectly indifferent all the while to the millions who never happened to hear of it, and who came into this life as into a man-trap, as if to be caught by the neck and throttled, and carried off by the common sewer of eternity.

Sixth, an omnipresent, all-searching, pervasive, immanent Holy Spirit, brooding over, couched within, this horrible stratum of life for thousands of years ; watching every relay of newborn souls from the cradle to the grave, and following their fall still further, as in a reverie we let the driving snow-flakes spell our sight ; watching their black, damned souls piling up drifts of insoluble misery in the streets of some infernal city, with no evangelist there to recommend the blood of Calvary,—which is not yet shed,—no baritone to sing up the lost sinner.

Seventh, a righteous God, leaving the whole earth to mere good deeds, to vile works, to filthy philanthropies, to scurvy sacrifices of men for each other, to an incessant bloody atonement of brotherhood, to the dear delights and agonies of maternity,—and all in vain ; the God himself responsible for confining this knowledge of redemption to a few northern latitudes, and somewhat dependent upon periods of commercial depression to make his children feel where the shoe really pinches ; he standing outside the rinks and tabernacles of revivals, like a policeman, to watch who does not go in, and who comes out unbathed in his own blood shed nineteen centuries ago : surely, did any so-called radical, freethinking, infidel movement ever condense into deliberate expression, ever boil down into a few nonchalant phrases, such an immense, immeasurable, ghastly fraud ? And yet honest men commend this fraud of a Deity as a Saviour of sinners ; itself the chief of sinners. And persons prepare little devices of song, silent prayer, piteous story, to touch people's hearts into accepting this tremendously impossible Creator as the God of their souls, and the objective point of their ardent worship.

Was such a Creator worthy to have made this universe ? Could such a slovenly, disorderly spirit, full of shifts and afterthoughts ; ever spoiling precious material ; ever patching, never ending, the cobbling of his own work ; falling at length into great agony and bloody sweat, not perhaps because the work threatened to be a failure, but because he had become so confused as to call upon

himself and ask why he had forsaken him,—could this style of mechanic have let fall into measureless space one rounded, lucent drop from his finger, swarming with infusoria of stars, streaked with galaxies, crossed by meteors that never jostle,—a drop whose contents pass and mingle, weave the thread of a dance by ratios of harmony, advance and recede in movements of the most stately courtesy, so that the sky is to us a spectacle of order and proportion, a monitor of irreversible method, a pledge against interpolation and afterthought, a certificate of the divine immutability? And when the planets spell out these letters of consistent method for us every night,—the same which patriarchs read and shepherds wondered at,—is there scrawled anywhere a hint that the Creator would begin to fumble and boggle when he came to studding the firmament of human life with souls, making myriads of them for ages in a way to spoil, and then punishing them for spoiling; making them from condemned material, and sending them upon an unmapped ocean, on an undescribed adventure, with a misleading chart, to sink or swim by luck; he then, though repenting that he made them so, not going honestly at work to build all future souls upon a more seaworthy pattern, but making himself, in a fit of economy, into one perfect pattern soul, too perfect for perfect reproduction, the despair of imitation, and then converting this perfect soul of his into a message to all the others whom his apprentice-work had spoiled, to this effect,—that unless they believed in this perfect soul that he was, and accepted his amount of innocent blood as atoning for his own mistakes as a Creator, they shall all be damned? Yet this is the concealed, but animating, theory of revivals!

It is of no use for the agents of these movements to point to what they style results; to cast up columns of figures of converted and redeemed souls; to flank them with columns of souls who have been impressed. If they really succeed in enticing souls to believe heartily in such a God, who became a Saviour to redeem the results of his own work, the souls are *perverted*, not converted. I do not care how immoral their previous lives may have been, nor how temporarily correct their demeanor grows; the most abandoned of them, if they could have been conscious of the whole scope of the mental act to which their faith was pledged, never committed a greater immorality than to believe in such a

doctrine of Deity. It has helped to keep the world infested with unexpiated crime; it is the dry-rot of civilized communities; instead of effecting a reconciliation of man and God, it introduces an irreconcilable antagonism into the nature of God himself, turning one part of him into an imperfect Deity and another into a Saviour who cannot obliterate the imperfection, and does not become a Saviour for that purpose; it pretends that the God who made men as they have been for ages is a God of such perfect justice that he is obliged to turn himself into a Saviour to have his sense of justice satisfied; that he makes men such as they are, and then in afterthought black-mails them, keeps levying a ransom,—was ever a doctrine of such ingenuity invented to keep up the breed of sin? Do not look at the fugitive statistics of revivals, but ponder the incessant record of evangelical depravities. "Age cannot dim, nor custom stale, their infinite variety." Read there, while your native and unbiased moral sense is stunned, the natural and inevitable effect of believing in an immoral God; the unconscious and organic effect of it; an effect as subtle and invisible as malaria, for which poor human creatures in ignorance are not responsible, but for which all their sincerity is but the antidote of a quack.

Conceive, for instance, what is going to be the result, in the long run, of impressing an intemperate person with the notion that his pledge of total abstinence is a delusion; instead of it he must believe in Christ; that is the belief which renders all pledges made by the personal conscience superfluous; a simple pledge is nothing but a moral snare. We know that the success and glory of the Washingtonian movement rested upon the private pledge. It may have been broken many times, letting the victim drop into his sea of drink; but it constantly recurred, and finally became strong enough to hold the man,—as when a foundering vessel has a line thrown to it from the land; it ravel like tow; another and another is sent across the surf, till one passes that is strong enough to be a safety-line, though it is spun of hemp like the first. A pledge, like an oath, belongs to personal religion; and a pledge visibly made to men is in the majority of cases more binding than a secret promise made to heaven, because it involves the social honor of the pledger, and keeps before him the salutary restriction of the public voice. Whoever, in the name of religion,

undermines the peculiar sentiment that is involved in pledges, is an enemy of the public morality.

And what is the belief in Christ which is proposed as a substitute? Not a belief that he was a holy man who must have abhorred intemperance at the same time that he represented the modern love and pity which respect the victim and strive to make him sin no more; not an effort of the imagination to bring into the moral life the figure of a perfect and benignant being to be a restraining presence, like the memory of some dear, dead mother; but merely this—believe that he was God in the flesh doing atonement for your love of drink, so that it shall not be imputed to you; stop drinking principally because infinite justice satisfied itself in Christ! Had that been for hundreds of years a morally effective statement, there would not be to-day one evangelical drunkard.

Perhaps a victim of his drink, imbibing the unwonted stimulus of a sympathetic crowd, and swayed by the sweet song full of pitying words, may undertake to abstain by virtue of that abstract statement concerning the efficacy of the second person in the Godhead. How long will his weakened brain keep up such a thoroughly artificial attitude? What is there in it, organically connected with the laws of human nature, that can enter into a man's soul and resist his raging for strong drink? Ask him to become temperate because the square described upon the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the two squares described upon the other sides; beseech him to become sober because the antipodes exist, though he has never been there; conjure him by any purely technical statement that does not carry any weight of moral obligation, as soon as by this metaphysical afterthought of the theologians, which may possibly restrain his hankering hand as he walks around the next decanter: but he will do well not to take many walks. He is left at the mercy of a phrase, like the man whose furniture and other effects served as mnemonics, and helped to fix all sorts of dates and philosophical statements. Once, during his absence, the servant removed an old box from his room, and sent the shirts and stockings which had been in his bureau to the wash. On his return he was inconsolable, and insisted that now he knew

nothing of Assyrian history, and that all his proofs of the immortality of the soul were in the suds.

There are signs that the more intelligent among Orthodox believers are disturbed in their conventional drowse by the unwelcome reports of the continual villanies that hide under the shadow of the creed; they are mortified, alarmed, conscious of an indefensible spot; they hurry with the old material to strengthen it, instead of throwing themselves behind the bulwark of natural morality and cutting down all the tangled underbrush in front that will obstruct their fire. Then, too, they are plagued by the aggressions of the scientific men, and are becoming conscious that the customary arguments of their theology are too thin to wear, but too venerable to surrender. They tacitly acknowledge that virtue and heroism exist among unchurched people, that villanies can skulk in pews and pulpits. Now waking in this worriment and unrest, as people do in river-bottoms during the spring freshet to find all their utensils afloat and Nature's simple element standing fathom deep in the house, what shall they do,—escape with the sweetness of life, or stay and drown out of deference to the old dwelling and its heirlooms?

Indeed, a revival is needed through the breadth of this country: there is no man of any belief so indifferent as to question that. But in this moment of a great opportunity, when the people are suffering from every kind of reaction, from over-speculation, over-living, from the vast accumulation of frauds in politics, in trade, in offices of trust,—when the great country's new century opens in doubt, in disquiet, in lassitude, in national depression,—the revival that we need cannot be extorted from the old doctrines that have sheltered so much immorality: they are squeezed dry; they are husks that fly before the flail of Natural Religion. What! cure the fever in a typhoid district by opening all the drains? Disinfect a hospital by inviting all the small-pox patients to lodge there? Let us try something else. Don't revive the old doctrine: a thousand years settle in deep decrepitude upon it. There is no Medea who is sorcerer enough to cut it up, and boil it into young life in the cauldron of a new statement. An intrinsic falsity cannot be revived. A partial truth cannot be juggled into a whole one. Opinions that are at once unnatural and obsolete cannot be modernized and freshly commended. It is simply pite-

ous to observe how the Orthodoxy that suspected it was becoming indefensible is clutching at the phrases which promise to save it. They look like life-belts, and were indeed once full of wind ; but the grasp of the drowning man is too vigorous for the material, and it exhales with a sound like rhetoric. How strikingly this has been brought to our attention in some late attempts to coax the life still to linger in a moribund Atonement ! A king who punishes himself, or who chastises himself, to satisfy a sense of justice that is hurt by a violation of his law, violates the very sanctuary of law, and appeals to our deepest sense of injustice. A teacher who holds out his hand to be struck by an offending pupil is not punished for the offence : there is no chastisement for him in the single blow that is given to his palm. The pupil is chastised for the iniquity of a theory that, fortunately, could not have been repeated in the same school without hilarity. Moreover, such a theory involves the necessity that every sinning man should have a chance to inflict upon his Redeemer, wherever he can find him, a personal chastisement over and above the moral infliction of his sin. It is too absurd. The spasms of lecture-rooms and tabernacles cannot galvanize a soul back into that corpse whose crime has been that it lived by false pretences on the human heart. If a great people would tingle with Revival, let it stand in the circuit of Nature and permit the element to stream through it ; let the limbs shudder at the salutary shock of morals and natural religion ; let the hearts become reservoirs of this universal power.

What do we mean by saying, *Recur to Nature*, pursue the method of her laws, rest upon the principles of natural religion ? Are these also phrases which the liberal thinkers have fallen into the habit of using, while they are unconscious that they express no corresponding fact ? We might illustrate the substantial verity of the terms we use by showing, for instance, what is the true mental method in the attainment of any branch of science, in the pursuit of any knowledge, in the development of any social and moral condition. But the revivalist would admit our facts, and repudiate our inference. He would deny that they relate to his business of converting souls to Christ ; in that province, he says, the Holy Spirit operates by a different method. We cannot come to any agreement, because we do not occupy a

common ground. What can we propose which the evangelist, upon his own principles, is bound to recognize as possessing a common element of authority? Suppose we refer to the method which Jesus himself pursued in addressing human souls. I, for one, have always been not only perfectly willing, but eager, to accept, as possessing high spiritual authority, the tone and treatment of Jesus, whether he indulged in powerful invective or gentle persuasiveness. For Jesus was an evangelist; the breathing and suffering Jesus was a genuine revivalist. The dead Jesus has been converted by the afterthought of men into an atoning figure, and his operation is made technical and official. But mark now Jesus dealt with souls who were face to face with him, long before the curious discovery was made that he was the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world. The supreme motive of his life was to commend the kingdom of a holy life to men. How did he do it; how did he gain it himself; how did he describe it? In terms that most impressively rebuke the manners of the modern revivalist. "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." What a happy representation that is of the whole method of the Creator, which he pursues in every part of the world, and has found so effective, either in bringing the universe itself slowly forth out of chaotic conditions, or in fashioning a blade of grass! Nothing could be more organically true to Nature than the similes which the imagination of Jesus selected spontaneously to express his sense of the method of spiritual growth. He had felt his own soul grow in harmony with all the rest of Nature, impalpably, without spasmodic appliances or tricks of speech. There never was a nobler example of the soul's function to deposit religion silently and by relays of time. It took time, remoteness, modesty, and patience to ripen his own ministry into that bright, tender passion-flower whose roots have been transferred into the soil of humanity. We can count the spikes, the hammer, and the spear-head; but they were turned off at a forge where hurry does not strike too soon, nor delay too late. His images derived from husbandry always emphasize deepness of earth, judicious letting alone, and patient waiting. Some seeds will spring up *because* they have no deep-

ness of earth ; they are scattered by hysterical moods and skin-deep emotions, and the same shallowness forbids them to have a root. The natural inclinations toward truth are as minute as seed. God in man is a mustard-seed—the least of all seeds. How imperceptibly this seed falls into us ! The bosom of the earth, though it is all alive with the elements of future harvests, is scarcely less conscious of the light shower that drips between the sower's fingers. You would not expect the earth to recollect the day in Spring when seeds fell, and gave a tingling feeling of first life to the surface. Hardly can man recollect, though he pretends to, and officiously names the day and hour, when a heavenly disposition began to redeem him. Jesus did not believe in forcing plants ; he insisted upon the gentle revolution which the swelling and germinating of a seed describes. He is incessantly playing with such unobtrusive figures, commending the spiritual life because it is like the gradual infusion of the flavor of salt, of the quickening of leaven, of the mild diffusion of the candle's light. But all his figures appropriate genuine and indispensable elements which cannot be spared from a single day of our life. Is he dealing in rhetoric, or describing how he became the first Christian ?

Now there is nothing in the structure of the modern soul that exempts it from obedience to the same law of gradual and silent development. An American starts furnished by birth with certain tendencies for goodness and viciousness. The history of his nature reaches back farther than he can trace, but it accumulated in the same way by which it must be extended ; and he does his soul great injury if he tries to introduce convulsive efforts, sudden transitions, emotional surprises, into its life. If he starts with the theory that religion must be quickened in him by submitting to attacks upon his feelings, his heart will grow calloused beyond the provocation of the keenest lash, and its normal beat will be destroyed. It is important to emphasize this in a country where many sects appeal so largely to mere states of feeling, and depend so loosely upon men's confession of their past lives and states, and upon the rhetoric of hopes which coruscate for a brief hour against a murky background. Next morning, hearts, like shells of rockets, strew the ground ; and the spiritual life is reduced to a remembrance of that sputtering moment. But the kingdom

of God is planting, tilling, expecting, waiting with even breath, taking it upon trust that hidden seeds have tender sprouts without pulling them up to see. Nothing is permanent but what is gradual. At the rate of an inch or so to a century America emerged before Europe from the old deep, displacing it, shouldering it imperceptibly to either hand, till at length there were new lands for men. Is a human soul less than a continent, less permanent, to be treated trivially, spasmodically, to be forced by the fervors of camp-meetings, to be lashed to racing speed by the phrases of revivalists, to be starved by the dealers in common-places, to be bullied by texts, to be chased and run down and pommeled by cant about conversion and definitions of a change of heart. Why! think of the possible future of a human soul; think of its immeasurable past, and of its sublime transitions from epoch to epoch of perpetual life! What a long and deep inspiration of the divine breath it is! What an oak it is destined to be, with roots wide-clutching into the soil of a universe, and umbrage resisting the storms of ages to sway robustly in the perennial weather! Can you grow a soul in five minutes in a Tabernacle, as the Indian jugglers pretend to mature a rose-bush before your eyes? Give the soul more time. This life will deposit but one ring of the thousands. Let it be patiently and surely done, and do not feed it as we do the railroad traveler who has but one trip to make, and lunches by steam.

Does it follow that the soul develops its gifts with little trouble, because it is performed in a regular and silent order? So far from that, all souls, with or without culture, steeped in degradation or cockered by respectability, are alike in this respect,—that they find it no holiday matter to conform to the law of growth. The fine art of living, like every other art, shows the effort which it cost by an appearance of ease and lightness: according as that is reached, we estimate the triumph over obstacles. Let me help myself with an illustration. Your mood goes tilting over a billowy symphony that rolls so quietly conscious of power as to discredit any idea that it had a struggle for existence. But you have only to make your way up the stream of the composer's thought to come upon his rapids and feel the current boil. Perhaps you explore him with a very light boat, mere birch or *papier-maché*, finding good fortune if it is light enough to carry around

his falls; but you will hardly expect to go straight up against his sturdy purpose not to be baffled in reaching the deep, sunlit expanse below. He pays the price of all the fret, so he brings down to you moods from the mountains; you repay him with heart's ease and happier journeying, but amid it all the evolution of your soul must be infected with his strenuous and pathetic method. The symmetry that we worship is due to the opposition that it has met.

It is true, if a man swallows an indigestible article, it is not always quietly to be put out of the way. Perhaps it must be thrown off with a spasm; then the damage to the constitution must be repaired by the silent experiments of healthy feeding. But do we organize the cholera into a social force, and undertake to engineer with it the human race, in consequence of noticing that it is a revulsion from foul and ignorant living,—a revenge of Nature upon those who violate her salutary precept of cleanliness? Cholera is not a creed with which to work upon all subjects indiscriminately and to depopulate healthy and industrious streets, just because it has warned and ravaged foul precincts of mankind. Yet theology does this. Its systems of forcing religion by conversion turn all souls into patients, and are applications of cholera to regions fairly noted for salubrity.

For the average Conscience is really an assiduous disinfectant of society, blowing where it listeth, to lift and carry off on silent pinions the vapors which gather. What a household convenience is its viewless ventilation! But we cannot hurry the rate of its current. We cannot medicate what is medicine itself.

The effect of the popular methods of goading the Conscience and the spiritual sensibilities is to make them morbidly self-conscious, to call into diseased prominence the elements which thrive best in silence, to interfere with that slow refining process by the movement of which a religious tendency came into human nature. Nothing will satisfy our practitioners of the soul unless they can have the bare nerve under inspection, and prick it till it quivers. All delicate reserve upon the genuine topics of religion is violated; arteries are slashed to be bunglingly tied up; the eyes are taken out to be scoured and reset; the heart is pinched to make it flutter; stethoscope, ophthalmoscope, electrometer, sphygmograph,—all the tools of scrutiny are applied, and a hole

made in the stomach to be kept permanently open to watch the process of digestion and preserve a diary of the internal heat. God and Jesus, heaven and hell, are talked about in the tone of the caucus. The invisible soul is tortured into speech and a sad, caricatured visibility,—as if a sweet angel, who ought never to be really seen, but only felt, were compelled to throw a tremulous, distorted reflection of her grave and glorious face upon our looking-glass to startle us into a conviction of her presence; but, in doing that, to disappoint us, to disenchant, to breed suspicion that heaven is a vulgar place and Deity a collector of deformities. It is no angel that we see, but an ill-bred human face,—the lineaments of over-conscious egotism, the pretence that the divine order in the human soul needs readjusting. Sick with such a sight of our conceit, we might well despair of salvation.

No doubt, there are some souls who only get a surface for a vineyard by a volcanic upheaval. But Nature loves to symbolize our purest way of growing by the quiet in which she spent ages to deposit her vast plateaus from profound oceans, that she might get soil ready for the grain-crops that now satisfy the hunger of a world.

In the contagion of a heated air, a man will cry out, "I have found Jesus; I have found God!" It will take as much time to find God as He has existed. People will rave with delight over their sulphuret of iron, mistaking it for a trace of gold. Such mistakes prove very damaging to the human disposition. The placid heart of that Jesus who is so profusely *found* at revivals felt that there need be neither noise nor publicity about the new birth. The seeker came to him by night. He was told to let the Spirit circulate through the soul. You hear the sound thereof, become aware of its proximity, but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.

Let the spirit that was in Jesus be the subject of another article, to supplement the present one.

JOHN WEISS.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

ZEALOT uncouth, whose seething brain
With theomaniac visions glows,
What seek'st thou where Athena's fane
Empurpled mount and sea o'erbrows?
No desert-cradled prophet here
His mystic rancor ever poured;
But blue-eyed Pallas, calm, austere,
The might of reason, is adored.

To song and dance and joyous thought
The muse of Hellas sane inspires;
No dream of doom the soul o'erwrought
To pentecostal madness fires.
Yon is the stately Stoa, where
Wise Zeno taught with fluent might;
Amid his listening pupils there
Serenely walked the Stagirite.

Of hero-moulding ethics stern
The founder one; the laws of thought
The other clearly did discern
With keenest introvision fraught.
O wandering dreamer! well may shine
With wild, unsteady light thine eyes,
Gazing at altar, marble shrine,
Where glorious shapes of beauty rise.

Bards, sages, artists, statesmen grand,
With Jove-like brows, a noble throng,
In bronze and stone, on every hand,
Confront thee as thou mov'st along.

What bring'st thou from the desert fa,
Palm-shaded sand and blazing sun?
Fanatic Zeal! thou com'st to mar
All that the might of thought has done.

Reason is by thy narrow race
Unheeded—nigh dethroned in thee.
Thou heraldest the mind's disgrace,
First of a priestly pedigree.
Because of thee for ages long
Shall Thought in chains and darkness sit,
While reign a wild and squalid throng
Of monks, fierce foes of wisdom, wit;

And science, manhood, leave the world
In total, thousand-year'd eclipse;
Sense, judgment, into exile hurled,
No utterance find from human lips.
Fanatic Asia's rancor fierce
Shall poison Europe's spirit proud;
Long, long 'twill be ere Reason pierce
With sun-bright shafts Faith's murky cloud.

B. W. BALL.

THE LAW OF PRICES:

A DEMONSTRATION OF THE NECESSITY FOR AN INDEFINITE INCREASE OF MONEY.

I.

THE writers on money seem never to have obtained the first glimpse of the fundamental *law* which governs prices, and which necessitates a constant and indefinite increase in the volume of money. That law may be illustrated in this manner:

Suppose an island cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, and inhabited by one hundred men. Suppose that these hundred men know no industry except the production of wheat; that they produce annually one thousand bushels, each man producing ten bushels, which is enough for his own consumption. Suppose further that these hundred men have money to the amount of five dollars each in gold, silver, and copper coins, and that these coins are valued by them as highly as similar coins are now by us. What will be the price of wheat among these men, compared with the coins? Plainly, it will bear no price at all. Each man producing for himself all he can eat, no one has any occasion to buy. Therefore none can be sold at any price.

But suppose that one after another of these hundred men leave wheat-growing and engage in the production of other commodities,—each producing a different commodity from all the others,—until there shall be a hundred different commodities produced; only one man being left to produce wheat. And suppose that this one man has increased his product from ten bushels to one thousand. There is now just as much wheat as there was when all were employed in producing it. The only differences are, first, that the whole amount is produced now by one man, where

before it was produced by a hundred men ; and, secondly, that the ninety-nine men have each engaged in the production of some commodity different from that produced by any other, but of which, we will suppose, all the others wish to purchase each his proportionate share for consumption.

There is now a hundred times as much wealth produced as when all produced wheat and nothing else. But each kind has only a single producer, while it finds a hundred consumers. And each man's product, we will suppose, has the same value with every other man's product.

What, now, will be the price of wheat among these hundred men, relatively to the coins ? Doubtless a dollar a bushel. When the first man abandoned wheat-growing, and betook himself to some other occupation, he created a demand for ten bushels of wheat, which he still wanted for consumption as before. This demand for ten bushels would doubtless be sufficient to give wheat the price of one cent per bushel where it had no price before. When a second man of the hundred abandoned wheat-growing, he created a demand for ten bushels more ; making twenty bushels in all. This increased demand would doubtless be sufficient to raise the market price of wheat to two cents a bushel. When a third man of the hundred left wheat-growing for some other pursuit, his demand for ten bushels would raise the market price another cent ; and so on, until by the time the ninety-nine had left wheat-growing, the continually increasing demand would have raised the price to ninety-nine cents a bushel ; for convenience of round numbers, say a dollar a bushel.

Here, then, wheat has been raised from no price at all to a dollar a bushel, not because there is any less wheat produced, or any more consumed, than before, but solely because the whole thousand bushels are now produced by one man, instead of being produced, ten bushels each, by the hundred different men who were to consume it ; and because, further, each of the ninety-nine men who have left wheat-growing is able to purchase wheat, inasmuch as he has been producing some other commodity which brings him as good a price as the wheat brings to the man who still produces wheat.

Under this new state of things, then, the man who continues to produce wheat produces a thousand bushels, worth a dollar a

bushel; that is, a thousand dollars' worth in all. Each of the other ninety-nine produces an equal amount of market value in some other commodity. The whole hundred men, then, produce wealth that has now a market value of one hundred thousand dollars, where originally they had produced nothing that had any *market* value at all.

This change in the price of wheat has been produced, then, solely by reason of the diversity of industry and production that has taken place among these hundred men. And the market prices of all the other ninety-nine commodities have been affected by the same law, and to the same extent, as has been the price of wheat.

Here, then, is a hundred thousand dollars' worth of commodities produced, each man producing a thousand dollars' worth.

As each man retains a hundredth part of his product—that is, ten dollars' worth—for his own consumption, he has nine hundred and ninety dollars' worth for sale. The whole hundred men, therefore, have one hundred times nine hundred and ninety dollars' worth for sale, which is equal to ninety-nine thousand dollars in all; for convenience of round numbers, say one hundred thousand dollars.

The hundred men, having each five dollars in coins, have in the aggregate five hundred dollars. To make the purchases and sales of these hundred thousand dollars' worth of commodities will require each of these five hundred dollars to be exchanged for commodities, on an average, two hundred times. That is, in carrying on the commerce of these hundred men for a year, their whole stock of money must be exchanged, on an average, once in a little less than two days. Or if we reckon but three hundred business days in a year, we shall find that the whole stock of money must be exchanged, on an average, once in every day and a half.

Such rapidity of exchange would be practicable enough if the holders of the coins should all part with them readily at their true and natural value, instead of holding them back in the hope of getting for them more than they were really worth. But where there was so active a demand for the coins as to require that the whole stock be sold, on an average, once in every day and a half, it is natural to suppose that the holders of the coins

would hold them back, in order to get more for them than their true and natural value. And in so far as they should do so, they would obstruct trade, and by obstructing trade obstruct and discourage production, and thus obstruct the natural increase of wealth.

II.

But suppose, now, that the number of men on this island be increased from one hundred to one thousand, and that they are all engaged in producing wheat only; each man producing ten bushels, which is all he wants for his own consumption. And suppose that each man has five dollars in gold, silver, and copper coins. What will be the price of wheat among these men, relatively to the coins? Clearly, it will have no *market* price at all, any more than it had when there were but a hundred men.

But suppose that nine hundred and ninety-nine of these thousand men leave wheat-growing, and engage each in the production of a commodity different from that produced by any one of the others. And suppose that the one who still continues to produce wheat is able, from his increased science, skill, and machinery, to produce ten thousand bushels—ten bushels for each of the thousand men—where before he produced only ten bushels for himself.

There is now just as much wheat produced as there was before. But it is now all produced by one man—nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of it being produced for sale—instead of being produced by a thousand men, each producing ten bushels for his own consumption.

What, now, will be the price of wheat among these thousand men? Why, being governed by the same law that has already been illustrated in the case of the hundred men, it will go on rising one cent at a time as each man leaves wheat-growing for some other pursuit, until, when nine hundred and ninety-nine shall have left wheat-growing, and shall have become purchasers of wheat, instead of producers, the price will be nine hundred and ninety-nine cents a bushel—for convenience of round numbers, say ten dollars a bushel—where before it bore no price at all.

In this state of things, then, the man who still continues to

produce wheat will produce ten thousand bushels ; worth, in the market, ten dollars a bushel, or a hundred thousand dollars in all.

Here, then, we have the price of a hundred thousand dollars for ten thousand bushels of wheat, which, when produced by a thousand different men, each producing ten bushels for his own consumption, had no *market* value at all. And the other nine hundred and ninety-nine men, we will suppose, produce each a different commodity from all the others ; the whole annual produce of each having the same market value as the wheat-grower's crop of wheat. The market value, then, of all the products of the whole thousand men will be one thousand times one hundred thousand dollars—that is, one hundred million dollars—where before, when they were all producing wheat and nothing else, their whole products had no *market* price at all.

When we consider that each producer retains for his own consumption but a thousandth part of his products (a hundred dollars' worth), and that, consequently, nine hundred and ninety-nine parts of all these products are not only to be sold, but to be sold *twice*, as they would now have to be,—that is, once by the producer to the merchant, and once by the merchant to the consumer,—we see that there will be sales to the amount of one hundred and ninety-nine million eight hundred thousand dollars—for convenience of round numbers, say two hundred million dollars—where before, when all were producing wheat, there was no such thing as a sale of a cent's worth of any thing.

These thousand men, we have supposed, had each five dollars in coins—making five thousand dollars in all—with which to make these purchases and sales of two hundred millions. How many times over will all these coins, on an average, have to be bought and sold, in order to effect these exchanges? Dividing two hundred millions by five thousand, we have the answer ; namely, *forty thousand times* ! Dividing this number by three hundred,—which we will suppose to be the number of business days in a year,—we find that, in order to make their exchanges, their whole stock of money must be bought and sold, on an average, *one hundred and thirty-three times every day* !

Thus we see that one thousand men, with such a diversity and amount of production as we have supposed, would have two thousand times as many purchases and sales to make as the one hun-

dred men. And in making these purchases and sales, we see that their whole stock of money would have to be bought and sold two hundred times oftener than would the whole stock of money of the one hundred men in making their purchases and sales of one hundred thousand dollars. We see, too, that, if we call eight hours a day,—that being the usual number of business hours,—their whole stock of money would have to be bought and sold, on an average, *sixteen times over every hour, or once in every four minutes*; whereas the whole stock of money of the one hundred men would have to be bought and sold only *once in a day and a half*; or—calling eight hours a day—*once in twelve hours*.

Such, let it be specially noticed, is the difference in the rapidity required in the purchase and sale of money in making the exchanges among a thousand men, on the one hand, and a hundred men, on the other, *although the thousand men have the same amount of money, man for man, as the hundred men*; the thousand men having five thousand dollars, and the hundred having but five hundred dollars.

This illustration gives some idea of the effect produced upon prices by the expansion of industry and the diversity of production. And yet the writers on money tell us that a large number of men need no more money, *man for man*, than a small number; that, if a hundred men need but five hundred dollars of money, a thousand men will, by the same rule, need but five thousand dollars.

In the case already supposed,—of the one thousand men,—how far would their five thousand dollars avail as money towards making their exchanges of two hundred million dollars? Plainly, they would avail nothing. The holders of them, seeing the necessities of the people for money, would hold back their coins, and demand so much more than their true and natural value as to put a stop substantially to all production, except of such few things as could be exchanged by barter, or as each one could produce for his own consumption.

The obvious truth is that, in order to carry on their commerce with money at its true and natural value, and consequently without obstruction or extortion from the money holders, it is necessary that these thousand men, with their increased diversity and

amount of production, should have two hundred times as much money, *man for man*,—and two thousand times as much in the aggregate,—as was necessary for the one hundred men, as before supposed.

In other words, the thousand men have two hundred million dollars of sales to make, where the hundred men had but one hundred thousand. Dividing two hundred million by one hundred thousand, we find that the thousand men, with such diversity and amount of production as we have supposed, have two thousand times as many sales to make as the one hundred had, and consequently that they require two thousand times as much money as did the one hundred.

III.

But to show still further the ratio in which diversity of industry tends to increase the prices of commodities, *relatively to any fixed standard*, let us suppose that the number of men on this island be still further increased from one thousand to ten thousand. And suppose that all these ten thousand are engaged in producing wheat alone; each producing ten bushels for his own consumption, that being all he wants. And suppose they have each five dollars in gold, silver, and copper coins. What will be the price of wheat, relatively to the coins? Clearly, it will have no price at all, not even so much as one cent a bushel.

But suppose that all but one of these ten thousand men should leave wheat-growing, and engage in other industries; each one producing a different commodity from all the others. And suppose that the one who still continues wheat-growing has acquired such science, skill, and machinery, that he is now able to produce a hundred thousand bushels—that is, ten bushels each for ten thousand men—where before he only produced ten bushels for himself.

What will now be the price of wheat among these ten thousand men? Why, by the same law that has been already illustrated it will be ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents a bushel—for convenience of round numbers, say one hundred dollars a bushel—where before it had no *market* value at all.

And yet there is just as much wheat produced as there was

before, and every man gets just as much wheat to eat as he had before, when all were producing wheat.

In this state of things, the one hundred thousand bushels of wheat produced by one man at a hundred dollars a bushel—which will then be its market value—are worth one hundred thousand times one hundred dollars; that is, ten million dollars. And suppose that all the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine men are each engaged in an industry as profitable as that of the remaining wheat-grower. The aggregate production of the whole ten thousand men will now have a market value equal to ten thousand times ten million dollars; that is, one hundred thousand million dollars.

And if we suppose that all these commodities are to be sold ¹ *three* times over,—that is, once by the producer to the wholesale dealer, once by the wholesale dealer to the retailer, and once by the retailer to the consumer,—we shall see that there are to be sales equal to three hundred thousand million dollars, where before, when all were producing wheat and nothing else, there was no sale of a cent's worth of any thing, and no *market* value at all for any thing.

Now suppose that the coins which these men had have remained fixed at the same value they had when the men were all producing wheat. How many times over, then, must they necessarily be bought and sold in the course of a year, in order to effect the purchase and sale of these three hundred thousand millions—or one hundred thousand millions three times over—of property that are to be exchanged?

There are ten thousand men, each having five dollars in coins; that is, fifty thousand dollars in all. Dividing three hundred thousand millions by fifty thousand, we find that the whole of these fifty thousand dollars in coins *must be bought and sold six million times!* Six million times annually, to effect the exchanges of the products of ten thousand men!

Dividing six million by three hundred (which we will suppose to be the number of business days in a year), we find that, on an average, their whole stock of money must be bought and sold

¹ All but ten millions—a ten thousandth part of the whole—would have to be sold, since each man would retain for his own consumption only a ten thousandth part of what he produced; namely, one thousand dollars' worth.

twenty thousand times over every day. Or supposing the business day to be eight hours, the coins would all have to be bought and sold twenty-five hundred times over every hour; equal to forty-one and two-thirds times every minute.

And this happens, too, when the ten thousand men have the same amount of coin, *man for man*, as the one hundred and the one thousand men had in the cases before supposed.

Thus we see that, with such a diversity and amount of production as we have supposed, the exchanges of the ten thousand men would require that their whole stock of money should be bought and sold one hundred and fifty times oftener than the whole stock of the one thousand men, and thirty thousand times oftener than the whole stock of the one hundred men.

We also see that, in the cases supposed, the ten thousand men, having three hundred thousand millions of exchanges to make, have fifteen hundred times as many as the one thousand men, who had but two hundred millions; and that they have three million times as many exchanges to make as the one hundred men. Consequently the ten thousand men require fifteen hundred times as much money as the one thousand men, and three million times as much money as the one hundred men.

IV.

According to the foregoing calculations, the ratio of increase required in the volume of money is this: Supposing the diversity and amount of production to keep pace with the increase in the number of men, and supposing their commodities to be sold but *once*,—that is, directly from producer to consumer,—a hundred men would require a thousand times as much money as ten men; a thousand men would require a thousand times as much money as a hundred men; ten thousand men would require a thousand times as much money as a thousand men; and so on.

But inasmuch as, in the case of a thousand men, their commodities would have to be sold *twice*,—that is, once by the producer to the merchant, and once by the merchant to the consumer,—the thousand men would require *two* thousand times as much money as the hundred men. And inasmuch as, in the case of the ten thousand men, their commodities would have to be

sold *three times* over,—that is, once by the producer to the wholesale dealer, once by the wholesale dealer to the retailer, and once by the retailer to the consumer,—the amount of money required, instead of being either one thousand or two thousand times as much as in the case of the one thousand men (whose commodities were sold but twice), would be one and a half thousand times (as three sales are one and a half times as much as two)—that is, fifteen hundred times—as much as in the case of the one thousand men.

Stating the results of the preceding calculations in the simplest form, we find that different numbers of men, having a diversity and amount of production corresponding to their numbers, in making their exchanges with each other, require money in the following ratios, relatively to each other ; namely,—

10 men require	\$100
100 men require	100,000
1,000 men require	200,000,000
10,000 men require	300,000,000,000

But as the same money could be used many times over in the course of a year, they would not need an amount of money equal to the amount of their annual exchanges. If, then, we suppose the aggregate of their annual exchanges to be as above, and their whole stocks of money to be used three hundred times over in a year,—that is, once a day, calling three hundred the number of business days in a year,—we find that the stocks of money required would be as follows :—

10 men would require	\$.33⅓
100 men would require	333.33⅓
1,000 men would require	666,666.33⅓
10,000 men would require	1,000,000,000.00

Or, to state the case in still another form, supposing their aggregate annual exchanges to be as above, and supposing their whole stocks of money to be bought and sold three hundred times over in the year, the money required, *per man*, would be as follows :—

10 men would require	\$.03¼ each.
100 men would require	3.33½ each.
1,000 men would require	666.66 each.
10,000 men would require	100,000.00 each.

If any body thinks he can dispute these figures, let him attempt it. If they cannot be disputed, they settle the law of prices.

V.

The foregoing suppositions are, *first*, that the ten thousand men came finally to have ten thousand different *kinds* of commodities where they originally had but one,—namely, wheat; *secondly*, that they finally came to have ten thousand times as much wealth, *in quantity*, as they had originally, when all were producing wheat; *thirdly*, that wheat, which at its first sales brought only one cent a bushel, came afterwards to sell for ten thousand cents a bushel,—although the amount of wheat produced, and the supply of wheat for each individual, were the same in the one case as in the other; *fourthly*, that the same effect is produced upon the prices of all the rest of the ten thousand different kinds of commodities as upon the price of wheat; and, *fifthly*, that the annual sales made by the ten thousand men amounted finally to three hundred thousand million dollars, where their first sales had amounted to but ten cents,—the amount which the first man who left wheat-growing paid for his yearly supply of ten bushels.

It is not necessary to suppose that such a diversity and amount of production will ever be realized in actual life, although that is not impossible. It is sufficient that these figures give the *law* that governs prices, and consequently demonstrate that a constant and enormous increase of money must be necessary to keep pace with the increase of population, wealth, and trade, if we wish to give free scope to diversity and amount of production.

Unless money should be increased so as to keep pace with this increased demand, the result would be, *first*, obstruction to trade; *secondly*, obstruction to, and discouragement of, industry; and *thirdly*, a corresponding obstruction to the increase of wealth.

In fact, unless the amount of money were increased, these

hundred men, thousand men, and ten thousand men, instead of having a hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand different *kinds* of commodities, would advance very little beyond the state they were in when all were producing wheat and nothing else. Some feeble attempts at other industries might possibly be made, but their money, like the shells and wampum of savages, would aid these attempts but slightly; and the men, unless they invented some other money, would either remain absolute savages, or attain only to a very low state of barbarism.

The practical question, then, is whether it is better that these ten thousand men should remain mere savages, scratching the earth with rude sticks and stones to produce each ten bushels of wheat, or whether it is better that they should all have the money—which stands in political economy for all the ingenuity, skill, science, machinery, and other capital which money can buy—that may be necessary to enable them to produce, in the greatest possible abundance, and of the greatest possible excellence, all the ten thousand commodities which will contribute to their happiness.

A full discussion of this subject would require much more space than can here be given to it. It may perhaps be continued at a future time, if that should be necessary. But enough has doubtless now been said to show the general *law* that governs prices, and consequently to show the necessity for an immense increase of money; an increase dependent upon the diversity and amount of production and the natural laws of trade applicable thereto; such an increase as no legislation can ascertain beforehand, or consequently prescribe.

LYSANDER SPOONER.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

- 1.—*Harriet Martineau's Autobiography*. Edited by MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co. 1877. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 594, 596.

COMING so late to the consideration of a book of which so much has been already written, well and ill, I am still compelled to choose whether I will write principally for those who have not read the book, or for those who have. I choose the first of these alternatives. Those who have read the book are hereby warned away from this review, unless they wish to refresh their memory of it by a half-hour's reading. My opinion of the book would avail them very little; whereas a brief compendium of it may be of real service to those who have not yet read it, especially if it shall lead them to procure and read as soon as possible what is certainly one of the most interesting autobiographies that was ever written. The opinion of a London critic that it is to autobiography what Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is to biography will hardly seem extravagant to those who have read it carefully.

The autobiographical portion of these volumes covers the first, and one hundred and twenty-five pages of the second. The remainder of the second is made up of Mrs. Chapman's "Memorials" of her friend. These memorials contain much that is valuable, but they are very poorly put together. The style is in fearful contrast with that of the autobiography, the chapter headings are highly transcendental, and the adulation of Miss Martineau is so sickening that one can but hope that, if she is immortal,—contrary to her hope or expectation,—she is at least unconscious of all sublunary things. "Do not I hate them that hate thee, O Harriet?" might well be the motto of these memorials. Even those who did not wholly like her friend, or always approve of her, fare about as ill. The painful difference between Harriet Martineau and her brother James, which in the autobiography is barely mentioned, is here expatiated upon at length.

The most important statement that the review by James, which caused this alienation, was purely voluntary on his part, unsought

by his co-editors of the "Prospective," has since been nailed by one of these as a total misrepresentation of the facts. But these memorials contain much that is a real addition to the autobiography; many side-lights upon its author's character; many beautiful testimonies to the loveliness of her domestic life at Ambleside, her radiant cheerfulness, her thoughtfulness and helpfulness. Best of all, they contain the sketch of herself which appeared in the "Daily News" at the time of her death. Though written by herself, it is so modest and upon the whole so just,—erring, if at all, upon the side of under-estimation,—that I am tempted to reprint it here in place of any thing I can myself abstract from the completer history of her life contained in the autobiography. That Harriet Martineau should have chosen a person of Mrs. Chapman's intellectual character to do her this important service is one instance out of many of a habit of idealization which sometimes warped her judgment fearfully. A good judge of persons who were beyond her atmosphere, this had a distorting influence on all who came within it. Hence her conclusion that Mrs. Chapman was the person to make "Memorials" of her, and that her friend Mr. Atkinson was the greatest philosopher since Bacon, though to this day he is a planet which only her telescope has discovered.

Miss Martineau divides her autobiography into six periods, and I shall follow her division. The first is "To eight years old." She was the sixth of eight children. James Martineau, the most gifted of all living Unitarian preachers, came next after her. As her name indicates, she was of French descent. Her ancestors were Huguenot refugees. The first Martineau in England was a surgeon and one of a succession of surgeons ending with Harriet's eldest brother, unless it has since been resumed. Harriet was born in Norwich, June 12, 1802. She made a bad beginning, being nearly starved to death by a wet-nurse who had no milk for her. Her health was miserable all through her childhood, and nearly till her thirtieth year. She suffered every thing from nervousness and indigestion all through her childish years. At three she was a famous preacher. Her sermons were short and practical: "Never ky for tyfles;" "Dooty fust, and pleasure afterwards." Her recollections of her childhood have a very painful interest. She was given over to be tormented by all manner of morbid fancies. Her jealousy was a consuming fire. Afraid of every one but God, she longed to die and go to Him. Suicide was often in her thoughts. One day she went to get the carving-knife to cut her throat. It is evident enough, she says, that her temper was very bad; "that it was down-right devilish;" "I must have been an intolerable child, but I need not have been so." She had a passion for justice, and

justice was what was least understood in the Martineau family. It is quite possible that this was so to a less extent than she afterwards imagined. Her memory was not of the best, as she herself allows, and as has been amply proved by some of her reviewers since her death. But, making every allowance, Harriet was evidently dealt with in a very hard, unsympathetic way; continually "taken down," when taking down was not what she needed, but reinforcement of her self-respect. But what the parents did was to practise every kind of self-denial in order to educate their children. The father was a manufacturer. Convinced that he was more likely to leave his children poor than rich, he resolved to make them capable of earning their own living. The literary life began during this first period; first, with making a book of maxims; second, with writing out recollections of the minister's sermons.

The second period is to the age of seventeen. This period was as unhappy as the first. The sickness and the jealousy went on. The deafness steadily increased. Trying to tabulate the morals of the Bible, she found great difficulty with the New Testament, and so made the discovery (this at the age of eight) that Christianity is not a preceptive religion. Exceedingly religious, and getting from her religion a world of comfort, she was still gloomy, obstinate, and cross, though always placable,—breaking down at the first word of tenderness. Enforced companionship with a crippled child afforded a constant opportunity for self-denial. A natural romp, her romping was henceforth at an end, the self-detestation accompanying one attempt to break away making any further attempt impossible. A new baby in the family, when Harriet was eight, gave her an object upon which to lavish all her pent-up passion of tenderness. Now came a few years of happy schooling in Norwich. At twelve, the consciousness of deafness first became painful. How well in course of time she turned to account this infirmity! It drove her in upon herself; forced her to stay at home in her own mind; made her thoughtful for all those who were similarly afflicted, and anxious to impart to them her secret of endurance. Her senses were an imperfect set. She had no sense of smell, and next to none of taste. Her eyes were of the best, though once at the seaside she could not see the sea; and when everybody else could see the comet "as big as a saucer," she could not see that. Meantime she was afraid of everybody, most of all of her own mother. At fifteen she met the first human being she was not afraid of,—her "dear aunt Kentish." This was at Bristol, where she went for fifteen months' schooling. On her return she was "still very frowning and repulsive-looking; but with a comparatively open countenance." She

had learned a good deal, and was in the way of learning more. She had conceived a boundless admiration for Dr. Carpenter, the Unitarian minister at Bristol, and taken from him an ascetic turn, which evinced itself in a fanatical sabbatarianism and hyper-industry. The wonder is that such a girl as she describes could ever have developed into the strong and brave and hopeful and self-centred woman of her later years.

The third period of the *Autobiography* is from seventeen to thirty. It synchronizes with her first literary ventures and successes; with the beginnings of that divergence from her brother James which culminated in 1851; with her acceptance of the Necessarian theory of morals,—to her a great event, though just what it imported to her is nowhere made entirely clear. Certainly it never allowed her to hold herself or others any less responsible for conduct than she would otherwise have done. Her first appearance in print was in 1821 in the "Monthly Repository," a Unitarian magazine of that time. The attempt was made at the advice of James, who saw how she was eating her own heart and what need she had of some engrossing occupation. Her subject was, "Female Writers upon Practical Divinity." It came out in the next number; was read and praised by her eldest brother, she sitting silent. Why did she not praise it? he demanded. The reason came out; and he, calling her "dear" for the first time, advised her to devote herself henceforth to literary work. That evening made her an authoress. It is only fair to say that several of the details of this matter have been seriously corrected by an English critic. Miss Martineau repeatedly confesses to having quite forgotten about certain transactions, but they are generally such as she was willing to forget about. It is to be feared that her memory frequently deceived her, and that "Truth and Poetry" would describe her autobiography almost as well as Goethe's.

Her first book, written in her twentieth year, was a volume of "Devotional Exercises." She had herself much need of such, for calamities were thickening about her. "A sort of accident" increased the deafness; her oldest brother died; the financial crash of 1825 ruined her father's business, and hastened his death. Saddest of all, a college friend of James, to whom she was betrothed, became insane, and died after a few months of bodily and mental suffering. This at the time was hard enough to bear, though Harriet came, in time, to rejoice that she had never married; apparently for valid reasons. Other books soon followed the first. The one of which she was least ashamed in later life was "Traditions of Palestine," uncritical enough seen from our present stand-point, but thoroughly alive. Then came

a very lucky hit. The Unitarian Association advertised prizes for three essays addressed to Catholics, Jews, and Mohammedans. She competed for them all, and took them. Some of her little stories had foreshadowed her "Illustrations of Political Economy." But the conscious impulse to write these "Illustrations," which were to make her truly famous, came from Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Political Economy." While reading these, groups of personages arose from the pages, a procession of action glided through the argument, and her resolve was taken. Political Economy should be illustrated in a series of stories; the natural workings of its principles exhibited in selected passages of social life. James, being consulted, approved, and the prize money earned the leisure necessary to mature the plan. The prize essays were her last work in connection with official Unitarianism. Her withdrawal from the body now began, as she says, "through those regions of metaphysical fog in which most Unitarian deserters abide for the rest of their time." But certainly for some years after she was a better Unitarian than the majority of Unitarians at the present time.

The fourth period of the Autobiography, from thirty to thirty-seven years old, was the great period of her life, and occupies three hundred pages of her book. Letter-writing from Dublin, whither she had gone to visit James, not securing her a publisher for the "Illustrations," she went up to London to see what could be done; resolved that something should be, and that, whatever the discouragements, she would not lose her temper. Very pathetic is the story of her efforts there in London, dragging herself about through the wet December days and going home to write till midnight, and to bed to cry till morning. A publisher was got at last, insured from risk by a subscription, very galling to her pride. On February 10, 1832, a tardy letter from Fox (her publisher) informed her that it was necessary to print five thousand copies. From this time forward, with one brief exception, her life was free from all pecuniary care. The sale of the series ultimately increased to ten thousand. Though it brought her only a little over two thousand pounds in money, it gave her an immense celebrity. Fresh from the perusal of some of these tales, it is very hard for me to understand how they could be so famous. They are extremely simple, and the political economy sometimes sits very loosely on the story. But it so happened that they exactly hit the need, and even more the fancy, of the time. Everywhere read and discussed, "the little deaf woman of Norwich," as Brougham called her, became the rage of London dining and drawing-rooms. She took up her residence in London, taking her mother and aunt along with her. Work-

ing eight hours a day ; dining out six times a week, and after each going to one or two evening parties ; sitting up late, and getting up early ; carrying on an immense correspondence,—she must have had a very busy time of it. But she enjoyed it mightily. Even the outrageous insults of the "Quarterly" did not seriously trouble her. We could have spared the story of her real sorrow,—the mother's jealousy of her immense social distinction. Everybody who had a "cause," a crotchet, or a science, came to her to get it put into a tale. At the request of Brougham she wrote two other series,—one upon the Poor Laws, one upon Taxation,—which were hardly less successful than the "Illustrations." Statesmen were happy to consult her, and adopt her practical suggestions.

Those who have thought most kindly of Miss Martineau must honestly regret that the second section of this chapter ever saw the light ; must wonder that with twenty years to ponder it—all of this having been written and printed twenty years ago—she did not burn the sheets or have the plates destroyed. Not but that it is exceedingly bright and interesting ; it is the brightest portion of the book. But Miss Martineau appears in it in a very unamiable light. Scores of distinguished people whom she met in her great London days pass under her censorious eye. A few, Joanna Baillie notably, receive a generous "Well done !" but in nine cases out of ten the verdict is, "Depart from me, ye cursed !" One can but think how she would fare under an equally unsympathetic judgment. Doubtless there is a great deal of truth in these delineations, and still I can but think that they are often partial and, by consequence, unjust. Macaulay here, as in her "Biographical Sketches," is treated with conspicuous contempt. His own "Life and Letters" show him in a very different and in a much truer light.

Before the last number of the three series of tales had gone to press she was on her way to America, where she remained two years. Her fame had gone before her, and everywhere she was received triumphally, until, being invited to attend an anti-slavery meeting, she went, and in a brief address expressed her ardent sympathy with the principles of the Abolitionists. Henceforth her friends were few, her enemies many. But it may be doubted whether she was ever in as much danger of physical violence as she imagined. Some of her friends deserved better of her than they got.¹ Even Dr. Channing is damned

¹ *Apropos* to Dr. Furness, the story recited by his "little Willie," now of blessed memory (Vol. I., p. 387), was not Miss Martineau's story of "The Wandering Child" at all, but Mr. Alcott's famous "Story without an end."

with faint praise, and by Mrs. Chapman with utterly false and stupid representations. Indeed, one would suppose from Mrs. Chapman's account that the Unitarians were the most backward of all the sects in the anti-slavery struggle, when in fact they took the lead. Dr. Channing was a Unitarian, and therefore Miss Martineau was unconsciously obliged to take him down. To this end she shares with Mr. Child the credit of Dr. Channing's letter to Henry Clay on the Annexation of Texas, and assumes almost solely for herself the credit of his action in the Abner Kneeland matter, three years after her visit, though Dr. Channing's conduct in this matter was as characteristic as any thing he ever did. That Harriet Martineau should teach him any thing about religious liberty is an unqualified absurdity.

Returning to England, the publishers contended for her expected book upon America with ludicrous, though flattering, zeal. It came out very quickly,—the best book upon America written by a foreigner up to that time except Tocqueville's, and in some respects much better than his. The title was, "Society in America." Another followed, "Retrospect of Western Travel," which many thought an improvement on the first as being more concrete,—descriptive more of men and things than institutions. From this time forward Miss Martineau was the most intelligent and sympathetic critic of the anti-slavery cause we had in England. "The Martyr Age of the United States," an article in the "Westminster Review" which she wrote in 1837, was a thrilling account of the sufferings of the early abolitionists. And now the first novel, "Deerbrook," was soon under way, written almost too wilfully to be a great success; but, fresh from its perusal, I can but think her own judgment of it too severe, though in some respects remarkably just. Like all her work, it was done in an incredibly short time.

Of course she was sure to break down under this constant intellectual and social strain. The last straws which broke the camel's back were "Deerbrook," "How to Observe Morals and Manners," and a few volumes of the "Guides to Service." She broke down in Venice, whither she had gone with an invalid cousin. Brought home to London on a couch, she went in June, 1839, to Tynemouth, and never afterward made her home in London. At Tynemouth she remained for nearly six years, apparently a hopeless invalid, but not an idle one. From her sick-room issued "The Hour and the Man;" the story of Toussaint L'Ouverture, eagerly and passionately told; four volumes of the "Playfellow," one of which, "Feats on the Fiord," is generally agreed to be her most successful piece of fiction,—a book of real genius in spite of her own judgment that she had only talent;

"Life in the Sick Room," a book which she came, in time, to dislike very much, but which others will persist in liking for some time to come; and many contributions to the "Weekly Volume." Her recovery was sudden and remarkable. She gave the credit to mesmeric treatment. Doctors insisted that she was not well, or that she had not been sick. But, if she had not been very sick, they had been much mistaken. That she was well again she gave sufficient proof by going to the East, riding to Mount Sinai on a camel and on horseback to Damascus, climbing the great pyramid, and doing various like things. During her sickness a pension had been offered her by the Government, which she refused, fearing to lose her independence. To the kindness of friends she was more hospitable, and accepted from them a testimonial fund of fourteen hundred pounds. The years at Tyne-mouth cover the fifth period of the autobiography.

The sixth and closing period is "To Fifty-three Years Old,"—that is to say, to 1855, when, being convinced that she was sick with an incurable disease, she began to put her house in order, wrote her autobiography, and saw it through the press and stored away against the event which was delayed for twenty years, till on the 27th of June, 1876, she made a peaceful end. Her experience of Eastern travel and her views of the religions of the East she embodied on her return to England in a book called "Eastern Life," to her mind the most successful of all her literary ventures. As a record of what she saw it is entirely satisfactory. As a study of Eastern faiths it is less valuable. Her sense of its radical character is really comical in view of later studies. The Moses of her view is as substantial as Michael Angelo's; the Moses of our latest criticism a shadow on the utmost verge of history. In 1851 appeared a book about the radicalism of which there could be no mistake, "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development." Most of the letters were written by her friend Atkinson. Douglas Jerrold's criticism was: "There is no God, and Miss Martineau is his prophet." James Martineau reviewed the book in the "Prospective" under the title, "Mesmeric Atheism." There was little reference to his sister, but there was one fatal passage which made for both of them life-long sorrow. Almost every reviewer of Miss Martineau to this day calls her an Atheist. She "died in a rapture of Atheism," says the "Atlantic Monthly." But she denies that she is Atheistic. She affirms her belief in a First Cause. Nor did she deny immortality. She did not affirm it, and she did not hope for it. If it must be, she hoped to be resigned. In short, she was what we now call an Agnostic. To her new position she attributed the steady cumulative peace which bathed her like a river during all the

closing years of her laborious life. Certainly the end was very unlike the beginning; but other causes had been at work besides the change of her opinions to produce so great a difference.

A "History of the Thirty Years' Peace" appeared in 1850, written so quickly that the reader, hereafter, will be apt to wonder whether it can be written well; and yet no doubt it is. In 1853 appeared her last considerable work, an admirable condensation of Comte's "Positive Philosophy," itself sufficiently voluminous. In 1852 she became a regular contributor to the "Daily News," and up to 1866 wrote for it sixteen hundred articles! Some of these, the "Biographical Sketches," are widely known. Better were never written. While all this work and more was going on, she had built a house and made a home at Ambleside in the Lake Country, with Windermere and Wordsworth not far off. Never apparently was happier life than hers here. Many were the visitors, and warm the welcome that she gave them. Her different portraits, taken at thirty-three and forty-eight, of which we have engravings in the volumes, tell of her growing peace and calm. A photograph taken at seventy appears to indicate a still more imperturbable serenity. How could such Rhadamanthine judgments hide behind so lovable a face? Great was the love she gave in these last years, and great the love that others gave to her. Embosomed in affection, she awaited the mysterious end. Was it the end of her? I cannot think so. I cannot make her dead. I can but think that she has found already other work to do, and that she is already reconciled to live.

Few will pretend that every thing in this autobiography, or in the life which it delineates, is as they would have it. There is many a passage in the book which ought never to have been written. There are judgments here which are ungenerous, if not unjust. And in the life and character there are some things to blame, and many to regret. Never overrating her intellectual ability, but rather underrating it, apparently she did greatly overrate her personal influence and importance. It is not strange, but it is pitiful. The wonder is that she was not utterly spoiled by the attentions lavished upon her. Again the wonder is that she ever attained to any "sweetness and light," so much bitterness and darkness were her portion till she arrived almost at middle age. In the spectacle of her self-mastery there is abundant consolation; and I, for one, cannot reconcile it with her Necessarian ethics. Her industry was something marvellous, and ought to be a lesson to us all. Largely through it she won her peace at last. If hers had been an idle or an aimless life, how miserable it would have been! She wrote, she says, to satisfy the need of utterance. But we can see

that in almost every thing she ever wrote she had in view the advancement of the world. How she loved truth, and how she hated ignorance! If she was a harsh judge of her equals and superiors, she was a very kindly judge of "the little ones." She was an idealist of these in the best sense; saw what good there was in them, and laid hold of it with overmastering sympathy. She was no sentimentalist; but all injustice and oppression roused the passion of her life into a searing flame. Atheist, was she? I think not, seeing that she conceived the world to be advancing "under a law of Progress," and so believed not in a First Cause only, but in a Final Cause; in "one far off divine"—not "Event," nor consummation—but society still gradually unfolding. Infidel, was she? As not *believing* many things which others do believe, she was. But not as *faithless* to her friends or to humanity at large. Doing much, her doing was not the measure of her being. She was a character, a force, a presence, whom it was good to know; whom it will long be well to study and remember.

J. W. C.

2.—*Imaginary Conversations*. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE best books, when first they are written, command but a very small circle of readers. Though warmly cherished by these, and much delighted in, they are, so far as the great public is concerned, put upon the shelf, where sometimes they remain until it seems they are forgotten. But they really go into the niche of literary immortality, and generation after generation are taken down by a growing class of interested readers, who ponder them with ever new delight; until at last they become classics, which no really cultured person can afford to leave unread or unstudied.

Among these immortal books the "Conversations" of Landor are sure to obtain a place. Forty years ago a few of them first saw the light, when they immediately challenged the attention of the best minds in Europe, and were read and admired by a select number on this side of the Atlantic. But at that time the author personally was exceedingly unpopular, and for several years had been an exile from England on account of private and public difficulties and animosities. He was an avowed enemy both to the State and to the Church of his native country, being a republican in politics and a rationalist in religion. He had quarreled numberless times with various great and

little men, and was out of joint generally with the literary, political, and religious society of his day. He was a man of imperious temper, though most magnanimous disposition; a tremendous enemy to his enemy, and an equally generous friend to his friend. English politicians hated him, English publishers were afraid to venture with his books because of their radical opinions, and most of the English literati had no patience or sympathy with him; so that when he quitted England with disgust, and went to Italy with the avowed determination never to return, he carried with him the friendship of an exceedingly small number and the positive dislike of many.

All this evidently was not a good prelude to success in authorship, and nobody realized this more fully or keenly than Landor himself. Before leaving England he had made several most disastrous attempts to solicit public favor in behalf of his literary undertakings, having published "Gebir" and "Count Julian," and various lesser prose and poetic pieces, besides not a few Latin poems. It is true that old Dr. Parr, the friend of Dr. Johnson, had smiled upon him, and adopted him as a *protégé*; that Robert Southey was his bosom friend, and Wordsworth, and the Hares, and John Kenyon were his admirers; but the great multitude were either ignorant of him, or indifferent or inimical to him. In his preface to "Gebir" he had said: "If there are now in England ten men of taste and genius who will applaud my poem, I declare myself fully content." He had come to expect as little as that,—and even this morsel he seemed hardly to receive. The result was that he went to Italy with almost a sullen purpose not only never to see England more, but never again to strive for literary fame.

But who can resist his destiny? Landor's was to be an author, and to make books not for the hour, but for all time. After wandering from one place to another for about six years, and writing often to his friend Southey, and receiving frequent encouraging and soothing letters from him, with occasional ones from Wordsworth,—in one of which the latter says, replying to a letter wherein Landor had praised the "Excursion," "It could not but be grateful to me to be praised by a poet *who has written verses of which I would rather be the author than of any produced in our time*,"—Landor begins on a task the idea of which he had long cherished, that of writing dialogues, introducing as interlocutors some of the most famous men and women of ancient and modern times. Here at last he was to enter a field in which his genius should especially shine; one in which his splendid scholarship, his deep knowledge of history, his wonderful insight into human nature, his familiarity with politics and statecraft, art and literature, social laws and usages, and above all his fertile imagination and restless fancy

and keen wit and flashing sarcasm should find abundant scope and exercise. He was nearly fifty years old when he began to write the "Conversations," and brought to this noblest literary work of his life the fulness and ripeness of his powers.

The first mention of the "Conversations" having been begun is in a letter to Southey, under date of March, 1822. He says he has written several, and burned several others which he had commenced and partly finished. It was his habit, indeed, to write and burn alternately according as the spirit was upon him,—one fire being kindled within him, and he like enough to kindle with the fruits thereof soon another without. But in a short time—for his pen made headway like a steam-engine when he did write—he had saved enough from the flames with which to make a new venture on the public. In the more than six years that had elapsed since he left England there was time enough for him to forget in a measure his former disappointments, and to pluck up some hope of achieving better success. At any rate, when he had finished the manuscript of thirty-six "Conversations," he conceives the courage to send them to Longman, a publisher of Paternoster row, London; and then he sits down and waits. After weeks and months have sped, during which no word good or bad comes from Longman, he gets desperately impatient and then disheartened again, and finally writes to Southey thus:—

"I left to Longman the conditions on which he might publish my book, and I wrote again a full month ago to him, informing him how he might forward to me four copies. He has taken no notice whatever either of my Mss. or my letters. Will you do me the kindness to request him to send the former to Mawman [another publisher] who I believe will undertake it? This disappointment has brought back my old bilious complaint, together with the sad reflection on that fatality which has followed me through life, of doing every thing in vain. I have, however, had the resolution to tear in pieces all my sketches and projects, and to forswear all future undertakings. I try to sleep away my time, and pass two-thirds of the twenty-four hours in bed. I may speak of myself as a dead man."

This was disconsolate enough, surely; but worse was to come; and before the trouble was all over that "bilious complaint" had ample opportunity to persevere. The package containing the Mss. was many weeks reaching Longman, and at one time was thought to be lost. Finally, on the last of August—two months or more after it had left Landor's hand—it turned up at Longman's door. But that publisher found he had no use for it, and so it went to Mawman. It fared no better there; and the poor waif went floating on from door to door of many a publisher, refused by all and denounced by some. At last, Julius Hare, who was trying his best to protect the sad enterprise from

disaster, persuaded a friend of his, the proprietor of the "London Magazine,"—John Taylor by name,—to undertake the publication. Says Hare to Landor, by letter: "I was so weary of soliciting publisher after publisher, and so anxious to put the work into the hands of a respectable man, that I *forced* Taylor to undertake it." Landor had offered extravagantly generous terms to any publisher who would take his book, basing his expectations on his former ill luck; but Hare made better terms for him than he had hoped,—the agreement being that all profit and loss should be shared equally between author and publisher.

Taylor, perhaps trusting to Hare's judgment on the nature of the book's contents, had not carefully examined them before consenting to publish. At all events, he subsequently stoutly objected to certain passages which he deemed to be scandalous to the prevailing politics or religion. Taylor was a conscientious man, and had great respect for both Church and State, for neither of which Landor had much. In one of the "Conversations" there was a certain remark attributed to Cromwell, which the honest John could not stomach; and in the Dialogue between Middleton and Magliabecchi there was somewhat said about prayer, in which John scented heresy. Both Hare and Southey were reading the proofs of the book as it came out, and they labored with the publisher to overcome his scruples. No end of letters passed between these two friends and Landor concerning this new difficulty,—Landor stubbornly refusing to modify or omit any thing. At last Hare, despairing of effecting any compromise between author and publisher, and warmly anxious that the book should come out, took the responsibility of omitting the passage from Middleton; so the publication proceeded, and prayer was preserved for Taylor! We may remark, in passing, that this expurgation was subsequently the cause of coldness between Hare and Landor.

Finally, on the twenty-eighth of February, 1824, Southey had the immense satisfaction of writing to Landor that the book was really printed. It was in two volumes,—eighteen Conversations in each. The author had originally intended to dedicate the book to Wordsworth, and the poet of Rydal Mount had signified that he would be pleased and proud to receive it; but Landor subsequently refrained from such dedication, on the ground that he had written so contemptuously of the people in power, "that a sense of delicacy would not permit me to place Wordsworth's name before the volume."

And now Landor was fairly launched on fame: his literary immortality was begun. In sending him the first printed copy of the "Conversations," Southey wrote: "The book is making you known as you

ought to be ; and it is one of those very few which nothing can put aside." And Wordsworth wrote in the same letter, "begging the space from Southey" to say it : "Your dialogues are worthy of you, and a great acquisition to literature. The classical ones I like best, and, most of all, that between Tully [Cicero] and his brother." Landor proudly replied to Southey : "Your letter, with the closing lines from Wordsworth, gave me incredible delight. . . . I never ask what is the *public* opinion of any thing I write. God forbid it should be favorable ! for more people think injudiciously than judiciously. *Your* sentence has elated me." Landor, however, was far from being indifferent to the praise or blame of the literary portion of the "public," and the warm reception which his book met from this quarter was highly gratifying to him. It was sharply criticised, but it was enthusiastically praised. Hare wrote of it with admirable discrimination in the "London Magazine," and Hazlitt in the "Edinburgh Review." At the Universities it was the uppermost topic ; and throughout the literary circle of England the "Conversations" produced a sensation which crowded hard on Byron's fame, who the same year met his untimely death in Greece.

But the book never has been, perhaps never will be, popular with any but the ardent lovers of literature pure and simple. With all such in every generation, it will have reading after reading ; and from all such in this country Roberts Brothers will receive hearty thanks for presenting to us the "Conversations" in such a handsome edition. From thirty-six in number they afterwards grew to about one hundred and fifty,—the present edition containing one hundred and forty-seven. The Classical Dialogues, which comprise the First Series, are on the whole, perhaps, the most popular ; though many of the others come near to divide the reader's admiration with these. The author shows a familiarity with classic life and thought which is nowhere surpassed, bringing upon the stage in the most lifelike manner the orators and sages of antiquity. Throughout, the philosophy expressed is true to the point of view of ancient life, while the style is almost beyond praise. The Dialogue between the two Ciceros has met with especial commendation. "A competent critic," says John Foster, "has declared that the sayings in it attributed to Cicero, on subjects especially his own, are such as might not only not have lessened but added to his fame." Francis Hare tells the story of Lord Dudley, that, during an illness in Italy, he asked a friend to read aloud to him this Dialogue ; and to his friend's admiring question at the close, "whether, by Jove, it was not exactly what Cicero would have said," replied, "Yes, if Cicero *could* have said it !" A similar remark was made by Southey of the Dia-

logue between him and Porson,—that neither might have conversed as Landor had exhibited them, but that “we neither of us could have talked better.” Of the other Dialogues, comprising the second, third, fourth, and fifth series, Julius Hare thought that “the most general favorite is that between General Kleber and some French officers.” Hazlitt liked best the Dialogue between Lady Jane Grey and Roger Ascham, as to whose quiet sweetness and beauty he was enthusiastic. Carlyle so much admired some special features in the “Conversations,” that he called Landor “the grand old pagan,” the sound of whose writing he said was “like the ring of Roman swords on the helmets of barbarians.” Emerson’s liking for these master-pieces of literature is not less. He says of the author: “He exercises with a grandeur of spirit the office of writer, and carries with it an air of old and unquestionable nobility. His acquaintance with the English tongue is unsurpassed. Of many of Mr. Landor’s sentences we are fain to remember what was said of those of Socrates,—that they are cubes, which will stand firm, place them how or where you will.” To see “the faces of three or four writers” Emerson says was one of his principal motives in visiting Europe, for the first time, in 1833; and these “three or four writers” were Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, and Carlyle.

Certainly, these books are not without defects and faults; but it would be a task as ungracious as it were needless to point them out, when the whole work is of such transcendent merit. The praise which Julius Hare bestowed on the “Conversations,”—that he “found creations in them comparable only to Sophocles or Shakspeare,”—does not seem too great; nor that of Hazlitt, that to him “it appeared that the historical figures they evoked were transfused with nothing short of the very truth and spirit of history itself.” Fresh from the reading of these books, my mind and heart all aglow with the truth and beauty of them, I could not possibly bring my pen to speak of them with any faint praise. I have read every Dialogue—classical, political, literary, and miscellaneous—with sustained delight and interest; and to all whose taste is keen for a literary treat, and who have not already enjoyed this rare one among the rarest, I say, Go at once and read Landor’s “Conversations.”

A. W. S.

3.—*The Principles of Sociology.* By HERBERT SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 704.

HERBERT SPENCER’S “Sociology” both gains and loses by being a single link in so long a chain as he has undertaken to forge. Of course

the gain is vastly greater than the loss. Too high praise cannot be given to the intellectual courage, the persistency, the skill, which has mapped out a consistent philosophy of "evolution," and carried it on to its infinitude of details; which begins its differentiations and integrations back of the chemical elements themselves; which starts a doctrine of biology by pointing out the feeble affinities of nitrogen, and expands it by the synchronisms between particular atoms and the wavelets of light; which holds in steady grasp the largest generalizations and the last results of (it would seem) the whole circle of the sciences; which deals with the most complex phenomena of human society and morals by the same even, clear, and precise method that it would apply to a question in mathematics or the structure of a honeycomb and the organization of a bee-hive. Working, as Mr. Spencer has, under such troublesome conditions of bodily health that an hour of composition had (it is said) to be sandwiched between two of vigorous muscular exercise,—turn and turn about to keep the balance even,—there is something heroic in his achievement. One cannot but admire a certain hardihood of will and a personal force which his own philosophy seems hardly to find room for. If I were going to argue against him that the human will is free and sovereign, his own persistency would give me one of the sharpest weapons. I am going to do no such thing; but only to admire that the same fateful, unconscious, necessary evolution which puts forth the petals and fragrance of a rose should also create the mental resolution and moral fortitude that combine to make up character. And character, both in its merits and its faults, is strongly marked on every page of the ponderous essay, of which we have a single fragment here.

The barbarous but convenient compound, "Sociology" (borrowed from Comte), sufficiently explains itself. In fact, the vigorous outline sketched by the master who invented the term left to his successors not much more than the task of adjusting its details to the facts of science as they should come to be better known, and especially to an increasing knowledge of society in its earlier stages. It must be admitted, too, that the repugnance which Comte felt to speculative generalizations checked him from risking any thing on a doctrine of evolution which forty years ago was imperfectly developed,—one or two *vera causa* suggested by Darwin having put the whole subject in a new light to our generation; and also that a certain sentimental sympathy with the "primitive or fetichistic" condition of human intelligence took the place, with him, of the vastly larger range of accurate knowledge which Mr. Spencer brings to bear—even to the extent of fancying that the unsophisticated tribes of Africa might very likely be the most hopeful

disciples of his new gospel of Positivism. Mr. Spencer shares no such sentimental delusions. In fact, the most prominent thing in his book is the logical consistency which takes each isolated fact as either proof or illustration of the central doctrine. It is not an opinion to be argued that civilized society was preceded by the savage state,—a hard matter to sentimentalists of the last generation ; or even that man himself was lineally descended from the brute. It is quite time to take all that for granted. If there are any who want proof of it, let them seek it elsewhere. Mr. Spencer's business is so different from that, that he can well afford to make it his starting point. Now it is not worth while to argue whether or not the finest morality, the profoundest understanding of the causes at work in history, or the noblest future of religion and society go with the evolution theory. Our business is with what it does give us, not with what it may perhaps fail to give. It has been a weakness in some of its ablest opponents—even in so admirable a critic as James Martineau—that, taking an attitude of hostility at the outset to its fundamental principle, they have betrayed a certain reluctance to accept what it really had to give. By all means, in a matter of this sort, let us first take all we can get, and then show how much is yet lacking. As science widens its horizon of accurate vision, the business of speculative philosophy lies with the undiscovered or unadjusted remainder. If evolution, unaided, will not account for such things as moral heroism and the spiritual graces, then one of these days it must be supplemented, by the most arrant "materialist," with something else. Meanwhile, let us see how far it can logically carry us in that direction.

And for this we have a help in the clear and positive method of this book. It is so certain a thing (to Mr. Spencer) that mankind was generated from the brute, and that civilization was evolved in single, slow, necessary steps from savagery, that there is no instant's wavering in the hand that holds the clew. The one key is applied without hesitation to each one of a thousand troublesome locks. Take, for instance, the question, a good deal vexed among anthropologists, of the primitive marriage : look from the direction of developed society, and half a dozen answers are about equally plausible ; assume the primitive human cattle, or the ethics of a tribe of "anthropoid apes," and a little patient perspicacity, like Mr. Spencer's, suggests at once the likeliest answer, which a swarm of testimonies will then corroborate. An accomplished reasoner and student, like Sir Henry Maine, gives us a most instructive view of "ancient law," founded on what to him seems the primary human fact of parental sovereignty : Mr. Spencer shows

that the fact belongs really to a stage of late development, and is no fact at all at the beginning, where Mr. Maine had set it.

Of the form of the book two things are to be said. First, that it is a book of science, and not of literature. The reader will be disappointed if he looks for any amenities of treatment, any compromise with his weak desire to be entertained, more than in a treatise on palæontology or calculus. In fact, he will very soon leave off being a reader of it at all, unless he is content to take it humbly in the attitude of a student,—or unless, indeed (like the present critic), he should read it from a sense of duty to the literary public. There is something almost implacable and forbidding in this austere scientific motive in dealing with so many topics of detail, susceptible in themselves of unlimited literary charm. Unless the reader should take the attitude of a student, there is even a positive loss of the impression, a diminishing of the actual instruction, as well as pleasure, which might easily be given by a little more conciliatory style. Take, for instance, the point—not so very difficult or recondite, it would appear—that there is retrogression as well as advance, in some animal tribes as well as at some periods of human society. Mr. Spencer puts it thus (p. 107):—

“Only now and then does the enviroing change initiate in the organism a new complication, and so produce a somewhat higher type. Hence the truth that while for immeasurable periods some types have neither advanced nor receded, and while in other types there has been further evolution, there are so many types in which retrogression has happened. I do not refer merely to such facts as that the tetrabranchiate Cephalopods, once multitudinous in their kinds and some of them very large, have now dwindled to a single medium-sized representative; or to such facts as that the highest orders of reptiles, the *Pterosauria* and *Dinosauria*, which once had many genera superior in structure and gigantic in size, have become extinct, while lower orders of reptiles have survived; or to such facts as that in many genera of mammals there once existed species larger than any of their allies existing now; but I refer more especially to the fact that among parasitic creatures we have almost innumerable kinds, which are degraded modifications of higher kinds. Of all existing species of animals, if we include parasites, the greater number have retrograded from a structure to which their remote ancestors had once advanced. Often, indeed, progression in some types *involves* retrogression in others. For always the more evolved type, conquering by the aid of its acquired superiority, tends to drive competing types into inferior habitats and less profitable modes of life: usually implying some disuse or decay of their higher powers.”

This way of putting it is not without its uses. Perhaps it is necessary in order to impress some people. But to the average mind it seems a very unnecessarily solemn and ponderous way of saying a very simple thing. Especially, when we consider that it is not the thing to be said, but only an illustration to introduce the thing to be

said,—which is that conquered tribes, driven back into mountains or deserts, may very likely have to take up with ruder customs and more primitive ways of life than they had grown up to in more favored localities. The analogy is made of vastly more importance than the fact. The literary or the merely cultivated reader stands appalled at page after page, which fairly need an encyclopædia of the latest science as a running commentary. For instance (p. 471), to illustrate that larger organisms are made up of groups of inferior ones :—

“An undeniable illustration is furnished us by the strange order *Myxomycetes*. The spores or germs produced by one of these forms become ciliated monads, which, after a time of active locomotion, change into shapes like those of *amœbæ*, move about, take in nutriment, grow, multiply by fission. Then these *amœba*-form individuals swarm together, begin to coalesce into groups, and these groups to coalesce with one another: making a mass sometimes barely visible, sometimes as big as the hand. This *plasmodium*, irregular, mostly reticulated, and in substance gelatinous, itself exhibits movements of its parts like those of a gigantic rhizopod,” etc.

Very curious and interesting, no doubt; but, for the reader who has not the right encyclopædia, a little blind. It recurs in the midst of a gigantic analogy, running over something more than a hundred and fifty pages, to show the rather familiar truth that “a society is an organism.” And this suggests the second quality, which is at once a merit and a fault of the book; viz., the painstaking way in which the similitude is followed up,—an enormous running commentary of natural history to illustrate each step of advance in the sociological argument. And this alike, whether the argument be intricate and subtle, needing the side-light to show it theoretically, or the easy deduction from a familiar fact. There is no perspective anywhere. It is ingenious and instructive, no doubt, to liken roads to bloodvessels, and nerves to telegraph-wires, and governing orders to the great nerve-centres which are the controlling parts of an organization. The analogy had been more briefly sketched before; it is extremely curious in some of its details as here developed; but really it seems as if fifty pages of it would have been better without the odd hundred. And so with other parts of this volume. The argument is admirable, but really it did not need the dumping of the *whole* of Mr. Spencer's commonplace-book upon its pages. As, for example (p. 202):—

“Often the interment of the deceased's ‘property’ with him is specified generally; as in the case of the Samoyeds, the Western Australians, the Damaras, the Inland Negroes, the New Zealanders. With the dead Patagonians are left ‘all their property;’ with the Nagas, ‘all the movable property;’ with the Guiana people, ‘the chief treasures which they possessed in life;’ with the Papuan of New Guinea, his

'arms and armaments;' with a Peruvian Inca, 'his plate and jewels;' with the ancient Mexican, 'his garments, precious stones,' etc; with the Chibcha, his gold, emeralds, and other treasures."

And so on, to the end of the long paragraph. It needs a gazetteer as well as an encyclopædia to read it by. One begins to long for good old General Taylor's succinct generalization, of "the world and the rest of mankind." But, as was said, the book is not literature; it is science. And science, in its later stages especially, means plodding industry—*improbus labor*. It is only because Mr. Spencer is capable of more massive work, that we are tempted to blame these book-keeping details. And if we should, he would most likely reply—as Mr. Ruskin does in respect of landscape-painting—that the effect to the eye of details accurately put together is something different from and better than any generalization, however accurate and complete.

The book consists of three parts. First, "The Data of Sociology," which is most full and valuable on the earliest ideas of the primitive man leading to various forms of worship and superstitious beliefs. Next, "The Inductions of Sociology," containing the detailed analogy of organic or social life, which we have commented on before. Lastly, "The Domestic Relations," including a judicial summing up of the case on the earliest forms of the family. The last is incomplete. Some additional chapters have already appeared in the "Popular Science Monthly." All parts, it is needless to say, are crowded with curious illustrative facts, laboriously gathered, and of undoubted verity.

J. H. A.

4.—*An Analysis of Religious Belief*. By VISCOUNT AMBERLEY. New York: D. M. Bennett. 1877. pp. 745.

THE growth of commercial relations between widely separated sections of the earth, bringing into closer intercourse the followers of the great world religions, and above all the wonderful results attained through the comparative method in the study of language, rendered the comparative method inevitable in the study of religion. Among the treasures thus opened to us by Oriental scholars are countless legends, ceremonies, and peculiarities of dogma common to the devotee on the banks of the Connecticut, the Ganges, and the Pei-Ho. These common characteristics of all religions, so striking in their resemblances, often so profound in feeling, and withal so corrective of provincialism in thought, are ably marshaled and effectively displayed in Viscount Amberley's ambitious work before us. The social stand-

ing of the author (the eldest son of Lord Russell), his death while the work was in course of publication, together with the urgent efforts made by the Duke of Bedford, seconded by Lord John Russell himself, to buy up and suppress the entire edition, invest the book with more than usual interest.

The author devotes the larger portion of his pages to the examination of the external manifestations of religious sentiment, which is divided into two parts; the first, those means by which men have sought to place themselves in correspondence with the higher powers, or communication upwards, classified as consecrated actions,—including all the acts comprehended under the term Worship,—consecrated places set apart for worship, consecrated objects, and consecrated persons. In the second part we have the reverse process, communication downwards, in which men are the passive instruments in the hands of the unseen powers, embracing holy events, as omens, miracles, and dreams, holy places and objects, supposed to possess mysterious powers, holy orders and persons, and lastly holy books.

Under the head of holy persons we have sections devoted to Confucius, Lao-tsé, Buddha, Zarathustra, Mahomet, and Jesus Christ; while under the title of holy books we have an analysis of the "Bibles" answering to these names, presenting the reader with an encyclopædia of the doctrines and ceremonies of the various world-religions. While the citations given show that the preparatory labor must have been immense to ensure so valuable a compendium of creeds and rites within such brief compass, we cannot but regret the appearance of what we must regard as evidences of haste. Nowhere is this more striking than in the author's treatment of Buddha and Buddhism. Passing over the singular statement that the monastic life was, in brief, the aim of Buddha's teaching, we find but the briefest mention made of Nirvana and Karma; yet there can be no intelligent idea formed of Buddhism where these great underlying dogmas receive but little more than mere mention. In the consideration of Nirvana lie involved the same great problems which continue to occupy the mind of the philosopher, recognized by the Eastern sage with as much clearness as by any living metaphysician; in the dogma of Karma, or inherited good and evil, we have a line of thought presenting singular resemblances to the modern theory of Heredity.

In the quotations from the Vedic scriptures we miss several, of exceptional beauty, serving to illustrate the statement of Max Müller that "the consciousness of sin is a prominent feature in the religion of the Veda."

We presume the chief interest of the general reader will centre on

the pages given to the consideration of Christianity and its Founder; and here we have a lengthy and quite able *résumé* of the results acquired by modern biblical criticism, furnishing a complete armory of weapons to whoever is inclined to devote his talent and skill to further the modern revolt against organized belief: but even here, where information is so easily accessible, we are surprised to find the Acts of the Apostles regarded as "the most trustworthy of the five historical books of the New Testament."

The chief interest of the book to thoughtful minds, however, does not lie in the six hundred and more pages given to this division of the subject, but to the brief concluding portion where the religious sentiment itself is considered, and the author's own ideas freely expressed. In undertaking the analysis of the religious idea, the author defines his position at the start, assuming that there are "three fundamental postulates involved in the religious idea; first, that of a hyperphysical power in the universe; secondly, that of a hyperphysical entity in man; thirdly, that of a relation between the two."

It is explicitly asserted that all the phenomena of religion imply "some kind of power or powers behind, beyond, or external to the material world," and that all religions agree in putting forward as a cardinal truth "the conception of a power which is neither perceptible by the senses nor definable by the intellect;" that religion and philosophy alike are under a logical necessity "to make the fundamental assumption of a Being alike unknown and unknowable." The second proposition, "that there is in human nature something equally hyperphysical with the object which it worships," is defended by the usual metaphysical arguments, and, though adroitly handled, are mainly directed against the crude materialism that seeks the origin of mind in matter. The third postulate, that of a relation, not *known* but *felt*, between the objective Unknowable and the subjective entity (soul), is argued from its universal acceptance.

The exception in the case of Buddhism is noticed by Lord Amberley as merely affording "a refutation of the statement that *belief in a personal God* is a necessary element of all religion." Here again our author profoundly misinterprets Buddha's thought, and, as it has so direct a bearing upon his argument, we may do well to state it in terms of modern thought. Buddha taught that every one's merit and demerit, called Karma, is the shaper of his destiny. "Karma," he is traditionally reported to have said, "is the most essential property of all beings; it is inherited from previous births; it is the cause of all good and evil." Modern Science affirms the same truth. Pre-merit, heredity, is the mighty power that antecedently moulds our characters, "and

which"—to use the language of a living scientist—"not only assigns to individuals their position in the surrounding world, but also helps them to attain it."

Dismissing final causes as beyond recognition, and refusing to assert that the logical artifices of the understanding must necessarily find warrant in Nature, Buddha did more than ignore the Divine Personality; for the key-note of his whole philosophy lies in the conclusion that the world of matter and the world of mind are but phenomenal aspects of a phenomenal Ego. Hence an all-pervading underlying power is an illusion of the logical understanding, the possibilities of which are not identical with the possibilities of things, and the wonderful invariability we discover in Nature is but a reflection from our own minds. And here Buddhism and the New Psychology are in accord, recognizing "Mind" as an abstraction, rather than an entity, expressing the sum of mental phenomena, and consequently not the source of the phenomena which constitute it.

We are thus led to the conclusion that the religious idea does not include recognition of the hyperphysical either in Nature or man, and that its foundation principles must be sought elsewhere. When Religion is restricted to the explanation of the soul's relation to the Unknowable, or even to a Divine Personality, it is confined to the individual life, and hands over the social life to the rule of instinct. Such has been the career of Religion in the past, and the chaotic condition of our social life under the current individualism is its legitimate fruit. We cannot with Buddha ignore the over-ruling power, nor with Lord Amberley seek to find it in the shifting sands of metempiricism without fatal results in either case. Religion is concerned with the guidance of our emotional desires toward an ideal ever held paramount to the desires of self and shining across the pathway of life, the rays of which are gathered into a focus by Religion for the better government of conduct. In its intellectual aspect it must offer some explanation of that external order that governs our lives; next, idealize the instinct for the Beautiful; and finally realize this instinct in character—individual and social. Religion, therefore, consists of three essential elements,—Doctrine, Worship, Government,—and no one can be sacrificed or ignored save at the expense of the whole; for together, as Thought, Feeling, Action, it constitutes a synthesis whose province it is to reduce human life to harmony and unity. Lord Amberley, however, so far from recognizing the possibility of a complete harmony of human nature, wherein "religion is simply the maturity of philosophy, and itself passes out into activity," strongly opposes

any synthesis at all, and extols the anarchical character of a dispersive faith as a blessing.

Consequently we are not surprised at the tinge of sadness pervading his concluding pages; yet with pleasure note that everywhere there is apparent a sincere desire for Truth and a profound reverence for the ideal, together with an unflinching trust in the future of Humanity, as the following passage illustrates:—

“Men have dwelt upon the love of God, because they could not satisfy the craving of nature for the love of their fellow men. They have looked forward to eternal happiness in a future life, because they could not find temporary happiness in this. It is these reflections which point out the way in which the void left by the removal of the religious affections should hereafter be supplied. The effort of those who cannot turn for consolation to a friend in heaven should be to strengthen the bonds of friendship on earth, to widen the range of human sympathy and to increase its depth. We should seek that love in one another which we have hitherto been required to seek in God. Were we thus permitted to find in our fellow creatures that sympathy which so many mourners, so many sufferers, so many lonely hearts, have been compelled to find only in the idea of their Heavenly Father, I hesitate not to say that the consolations of the new religion would far surpass in their strength and their perfection all those that were offered by the old. Towards such increasing and such deepening of the sympathies of humanity I believe that we are continually tending even now.”

We regret the loose and slipshod manner in which the American edition has been apparently hurried through the press. The frequency with which typographical errors occur, offending the eyes by their constant recurrence, and causing a suspicion that the scrutiny of a proof-reader was dispensed with, is not very creditable to the publisher.

D. D. L.

5.—*Sammlung wissenschaftlicher Vorträge.* Von WILHELM FOERSTER. Berlin. 1876. pp. 197.

A Collection of Philosophical Discourses. By WILHELM FOERSTER. Berlin. 1876.

Of all German literature, it is entirely safe to say, nothing is less known abroad than the essays in which her great men from time to time have elected to record such sentiments and observations as are necessarily excluded from large and more technical treatises. For the latter are almost always so limited in their purpose, and so exact in treatment, that all general thoughts and popular considerations, all fancies, personal preferences, and practical observations, if expressed

at all, must be embodied in pamphlets,—sometimes in a magazine, but generally in those interesting and delightful “miscellaneous writings” which a great many eminent Germans have left behind them. That their essays—generally posthumous publications—should not be extensively known, even in America, where German has been cultivated with so much success, is simply to be regretted. What American has not read a great many pages of Goethe’s prose and Schiller’s historical works, of stupid little comedies and worthless tragedies of Zschocke and similar writers, all of which had better be left unread? And who, on the other hand, knows the minor essays of Schiller, the academy discourses of J. Grimm, the smaller articles of Savigny, of Wolf, of Schleiermacher, and a score of others? Yet they are all of permanent value, especially to foreign readers, and fully equal to the best articles that grace the English reviews; in fact, such excellent performances, even in a literary sense, that Germany can very well afford to suffer under a certain scarcity of compositions similar to those of the earlier essayists in Great Britain. We believe, then, that we are rendering a public service, in inviting studious attention to Professor Förster’s volume.

But who is Förster? The critic has done himself justice, if he proves in a satisfactory way that a book is either worthy or unworthy of attention, and in so far the author reviewed is of as little interest as the reviewer himself. Nevertheless, we may perhaps help the book into notice if we state that its author is a member of the University at Berlin, chief of the imperial observatory, the conductor of the nautical year-book of the German empire, and popularly known as an astronomical discoverer. But a short time since his name was in this connection telegraphed from the Smithsonian Institute all over the country. His volume of *Vorträge*, published lately, contains eight discourses, read to a highly cultivated audience of Berlin. Professor Förster merits general thanks for having united these lectures into a volume; he deserves good readers, if not many; and he should receive as soon as possible the honor of having his essays translated by a competent hand.

While every page of the book is admirable, and worthy of being read repeatedly, we wish to make one complaint about the length of some sentences. Not a few of them are ten and twelve lines in length,—altogether too much for an English reader.

The centennial discourse upon Humboldt is one of the very best brought out by the day, and fully equal to Grimm’s illustrious comparison between Goethe and Schiller. The essay on Copernicus belongs to that on the history of astronomical science, and is extremely inter-

esting. Mr. Proctor, who only in warmth of feeling is the equal of Förster, lately wrote upon the same subject, and told us that the Chaldeans, enjoying the leisure of pastoral life in a level country and under an unclouded sky, had the utmost facilities for celestial observations, and, consequently, were assiduous cultivators of astronomy; but that the Egyptians, although they have left behind them still fewer monuments of their labors in astronomy, have obtained a greater reputation, chiefly through the exaggerated statements of the Greeks. The astronomy of ancient China, Mr. Proctor says, consisted only in the practice of observations which led to nothing more than the knowledge of a few isolated facts. And, in a similar way, he disposes of Thales, Aristotle, and many others, reserving some limited praise to more modern names, just as if we were the wise men, and all the ancients fools; as if we had reached a high degree of perfection, and those before us an unlimited degree of absurdity. Förster, on the other hand, shows in an extremely beautiful way the organic growth of his science, a development every stage of which is as necessary and attractive as is the progress of an infant to maidenhood and maternal maturity. Hence he rejects even the famous dictum of Whewell, who compared the work of Kepler with a reaper that gathers at the same time wheat and wild flowers. Hence he warns against making light of Ptolemy; hence he praises the genius of Columbus, who had the pluck to carry out nautically what was then known astronomically; hence he does not consider the time between the Greeks and Copernicus as barren, but frankly, humbly, and solemnly admits that the astronomer of the nineteenth century is linked to the seer of ancient Babylon, as the man of to-day is linked to his own self of yesterday. Hence he grows warm as he pays homage to the steady and seemingly hopeless industry of the very earliest observers; and we, on the other hand, are grateful to Professor Förster, because he teaches us—what we need so much—respect for the past, it being made up of the same material and the same men as the present.

If these essays are the most interesting, those on Kepler are the most beautiful, while those on time, on cosmic problems, and on truth and probability, are by far the most valuable and important. It is some comfort, and in these days of absolute science a rare consolation, to hear the confession of an astronomer who is fully abreast of his science that the steps of astronomy henceforth are to be measured by centuries, and not by the numbers of scientific journals, as these would make the world believe. It is more than comfort to learn that there are other things than physical science, and that the objects of the latter are altogether relative, not absolute; not only in deep sympathy

with psychology, ethics, and transcendental philosophy, with poetry and art, but largely depending upon them, and, without their help, barren and unprofitable. Even mathematical science, we are here told truly, has grown up purely and visibly through a subjective and abstract process of the soul; hence its truth, ultimately, is relative, not absolute. In the same spirit we are told that at least science is conscious of what her partisans seem to have forgotten,—that the teachings of astronomy in our day cannot grant absolute truth, but only a high degree of probability.

There is a moral courage, an ethical manhood, in Professor Förster's gentle and poetic confessions, all of them uniting in the admission that, even in the most refined and cultivated of all the sciences, there is still a large remnant of dogmatism, a practical belief in the adequacy and infallibility of subjective or objective reason, of general consent, or of telescopes, microscopes, logarithms, and other contrivances made up of bronze, glass, and a half-score of numerals. Yet, is it not mind that makes these instruments what they are? Is it not mind that uses them? Is it not mind alone that makes them the servants of human bliss and of the blessed life? There is nothing great but mind, and our mind is only one element in that evolution of mind which is unknown in its beginning, unknown in its end, part of a mind that, as to time, is eternal, and, as to volume, absolutely unfathomable. But science is only one expression of this same mind.

We commend Professor Förster's book to all those who relish interesting facts presented in an interesting manner; to all those who love beautiful thoughts expressed adequately; to all lovers of a tender and poetic mind; but, above all, to those who feel the hardship and tyranny of life, and who groan under the despotism of scientific, philosophic, and spiritual conflicts.

C. W. E.

6.—*The Religious Sentiment: Its Source and Aim. A Contribution to the Science and Philosophy of Religion.* By D. G. BRINTON. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1876. Large 12mo.

THIS is a work of research, written with care. The source and aim of the religious sentiment has never been better given than in this volume. The utilitarian origin of religion is stated so clearly that a child may read and understand. On this point the chapter on the "Emotional Elements of the Religious Sentiment" is especially to be

commended. There are other parts of the volume, however, which are not so clear and satisfactory. There is suggestiveness in almost every point that is made, and in many of them just enough of obscurity to tantalize the reader, and compel him to struggle for the sense. There is an interest imparted in this way to what has in itself, perhaps, no great value. With all the apparent care and precision of statement, there are yet gaps and incongruities which are really embarrassing.

Thus, the author maintains that all thought is double,—affirmative and negative, positive and privative. That is, it involves that which it is not as well as that which it is. "So the 'unconditioned' is really a part of the thought of the 'conditioned,' the 'unknowable' a part of the 'knowable,' the 'infinite' a part of the thought of the 'finite.'" He condemns "the assumption that the privative is an independent thought, that a thought and its limitation are two thoughts; whereas they are but the two aspects of the one thought, like two sides of the one disc," &c. Upon this basis he characterizes Spencer's treatment of the unknowable as "one of the worst pieces of work that metaphysics has been guilty of." Yet, singularly enough, while the author regards the unknowable as a privative of the knowable, and the infinite as a privative of the finite, he takes care not to speak of the irrelative or absolute as the privative of the relative. On the contrary, he erects the absolute into a positive thing standing in contrast with the relative, both absolute and relative being as real as subject and object. This absolute he assumes to be an intelligence, and declares that upon it alone can sanity find a basis for religion. Furthermore, after defining the infinite as the privative of the finite,—as only part of the thought of the finite,—he assumes that the very foundation and essence of religion is to be found in what is *infinitely* true. How much better is all this than Spencer's religion of the unknowable? If Spencer's scheme is substantially atheistic, as our author affirms, then is Brinton's infinite and absolute scarcely less so. He reaches the same result by a different route, and we think one route precisely as treacherous as the other. The author's mind appears to manifest two distinct and contradictory trains of thinking, the one clear and truly philosophic, the other metaphysical, obscure, and inconsistent. The one appears to have had its source in the methods of modern science, the other in the infection of German speculation. Allied to the latter appears to be the indulgence of certain fancies.

Thus, he believes that prayer for physical good,—such as recovery from sickness, rain in time of drought, delivery from grasshoppers, safety at sea, &c.,—may be effective by virtue of laws in consequence of which the prayer brings about its own fulfilment. He teaches that the

immortality of intelligence is the only form of survival to be desired, and that such immortality can only be the reward, or rather the consequence, of right thinking. Yet all these metaphysical absurdities, all these transcendental fancies, all this theory-building, are largely redeemed by the clear and truthful rendering of the essential nature of religion in its practical aspects. We conclude with a passage of the kind, adding the emphasis:—

“The eternal laws of mind guarantee perpetuity to the extent they are obeyed, and no farther. They differ from the laws of force in that they convey a message which cannot be doubted concerning the purport of the order in Nature, which is itself ‘the will of God.’ That message, in its application, is the same which, with more or less articulate utterance, every religion speaks. *Seek truth : do good. Faith in that message, confidence in, and willing submission to, that order,—this is all the religious sentiment needs to bring forth its sweetest flowers, its richest fruits.*

J. S. P.

CHIPS FROM MY STUDIO.

HERE is the verse Carlyle loves to quote :—

The Future hides in it
Good hap and sorrow ;
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

I ONCE offered a friend a book containing some "new views" of society, or rather, of the reorganization of society. "Is it millennial?" he asked. Though himself the advocate of "new views" of religion, he still held in a certain abeyance or dread almost every thing that implied the slightest disturbance of existing social relations. This seemed all the more strange to me inasmuch as his new religion, as he himself would contend, was chiefly to be commended because of its utility in the present world. I mistrust, however, to do him full justice, he was suspicious of a *nostrum*, some "universal cure," serviceable for all ills, and never failing. George Jacob Holyoake testifies that "Englishmen, as a rule, get so few generalized ideas into their heads, and are so afraid of any one who has any in his, that they make rather too much of one when they get it. If a new principle makes its way into their minds, whether political, religious, or social, they go mad about it for the first few years. They see nothing but that. Every thing else in the world is obscure to them ; and they believe that their crotchet is the high road to the millennium for all the world." Fear of tumbling into some such vortex as this may have laid its restraint upon my friend. I would not, more than he, tumble into every such "millennial" rut. But of all things I would avoid fear. One must be free to listen to new views, let their advocates put upon their regenerating power however marvelous an estimate. What they bring may not explain the universe ; but every thinking person, I am more and more led to believe, hits somewhere, and one can soon discover of what value these special hits may be for his or her own thinking.

He need not run after them, but, if such lions—or asses it may be—cross his path, he need not be frightened. The surest way not to fall into the individual rut is to lie open on one side, at least, for what invasions your fellows about you may be moved of the spirit to make, come they “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,” or brawny with the day’s common sense. As to new views being “millennial,” in one sense, if they have the iota of a truth in their make-up to commend them, they certainly are. If truth were unmillennial, ’twould indeed be a wasting of time to entertain it. Though I do not envy that person, yet he who valiantly stands, through fortune adverse and crushing, even for one truth, swearing evermore that it is the sole pivot on which all else turns, may not be denounced as one gone mad and wholly wrong; for when we consider how all truths do tread one upon the other, the starting with any one of them seriously to embody it in social life, by the very necessity of the case, is an entrance to the citadel of all truth. In the working-experience of the race it will so prove, if not in the individual’s limited career. Far better be the enthusiast of one idea than so all-sided and serenely broad as to be afraid to touch anywhere. Courage, then, brother, and patience,—even to confront millenniums!

By suppressing somewhat in the way of place and personal reference, I am enabled to publish a speech delivered before—thus much I may say—the “Invisible Club” at one of its recent meetings,—a speech which, to my mind, though a trifle audacious and not wholly sound in some parts, contains that which commends it, and is not without the merit of timeliness:—

“Now, friends, let me tell you, you are altogether too nice and mincing. You divide up into cliques and castes by far too much. Indeed, I do not know why one of you should put on airs. You don’t know what you lose by your exclusive demeanor. Are you poets, or preachers, or philosophers, or governors, or merchants, or mechanics, or day-laborers on the street; rich or poor, learned or ignorant, saint or sinner,—you are all alike; just come out of your shells, and see! For myself, I would rather emulate the god who is no respecter of persons, and deal in friendliness with all people I meet, never driven from home in whatever corner of the earth. Often the laborer is more agreeable than the master, the maid than the mistress. I have often found more downright honesty and direct, manly speech among the ‘roughs,’ whom all men know as ‘lawless and desperate’ by the very

'cut of their jibs,' than among youths of much culture and pretension. Intelligence, too, resides as often with those unfamiliar with books, as with omnivorous readers. And religion, if I know its visage, sits often with more grace on the faces of unprofessionals. Refinement, also, I have been surprised to find genuine manifestations of under roughest exteriors. But, 'tis no use to dwell on everybody's experience. We all know how Burns's line has its world-wide applications,—

'A man's a man for 'a that.'

"What I have to say is that the best people are not all in one class. There is no class that does not contain them, and none that has not its due share of the worst. And then, even these worst have redeeming traits it will do to hitch to ; so that we may take to ourselves no superiorities, but freely live, honoring all.

"I am free now to say that I truly sympathise with those who object to Fraternity and Equality being made into a cast-iron formula, so that impertinent creatures may wilfully thrust their society and claims upon you. I demand freedom, and will not be tyrannized over by this sort, more than by despots of nobler mien. 'Tis a friendliness not to brook such intrusion. This from no assertion of superiority, it may be, but say 'tis your whim, and that shall end it. The point is this: you deal thus with individuals, and are free to fraternize or exclude by genuine recognition of your personal likes and dislikes,—not doubting or denying all the while that those whose social overtures you refuse may and do have vast virtues and agreeablenesses to commend them ; only, they are not so made up, and you are not so made up, that you two can flow on happily together. That is one thing ; another, and quite unlike, is the inability to pass over class distinctions, and found your friendship in all ranks and races. I said in the beginning that we are all alike. This equality is not of merit, nor of greatness : rather of our nothingness : equal we are in God,—in being by our individual selves nothing. Who is great alone ? Who is rich alone ? Who is wise alone ? Isolation, then, is weakness, poverty, ignorance,—blank and eternal. But in society we are heirs of all there is. You, and I, and every soul, is thus endowed : we are nothing ; we are all the universe holds.

" 'Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?'

is the sole line of Lincoln's favorite verse I am unable to forget. Not proud, but full of content, as having all.

"The boldness of these impromptu utterances, friends, you will forgive, nor deem my paradoxes without point, since what we feel strongly, I am persuaded, goes hand in hand with the spirit of truth."

EXTRACT from a letter to an acquaintance in Australia:—

"Your friend has brains: so he tells you. Do they count for nothing, —or as equal only to dull, brute, muscular force? Is his time not worth far more than that of the fellow who works on the road and digs your ditches? In short, being in possession of a goodly amount of brains, well cultured and mature, he, without challenge, ought to receive for the service he renders mankind much more abundantly of this world's goods than his horny-handed brother there,—whose brains are few, and whose culture is nothing to speak of,—for the labor he performs. If they exchange labor, measuring it by time, the disparity will be great. How great? 'Very great,' he will respond. Yes; he said that before. 'Well,' he replies, 'the fellow ought to have a comfortable living; but I require far more for my activity in the world than he does; my nature is more costly; it takes more to run me; besides, the more I have, the more I return to society. I am *useful* in proportion to my income.' This is your friend's gospel: he is a believer in it, and no shadow of doubt crosses his mind. The more he has, the richer is the rest of the world: that is his solace,—though, for the matter of equity, were he the only fellow with brains on this planet, the balance of the world could not compensate him overmuch for their use; he would be entitled to all they could rake and scrape, he using said brains of his to tell them where the raking and scraping should be done, and how many hours they should keep themselves at it. The question as to how much of other people's labor he should command as the equivalent of his own would be solved thus: he would take all he wanted, and they all he pleased to give them.

"Well, your friend is a type of the business world—in Australia. A man must be paid for his brains as if he owned them. 'What!' I hear your friend exclaiming; 'don't own his own brains? What is the world coming to?' Coming to the much talked of 'truth of things,' I hope. He need not be alarmed. There is no disposition to do him any harm; but only a harmless desire to show him how it is he is not bound to be hoggish on the sole ground that he is in possession of brains. He will excuse the phrase; I say it good-naturedly. In truth, I attach no blame whatever to him. Other people, endowed as he, would think the same, and act the same,—though his acting, as I have

noticed in your reports, in many instances is not as his thinking, but vastly better. Personalities, then, aside; let us see what the nature of things has to say.

"I suppose that what is meant by 'brains' is not that they are so uncommon a thing with mankind generally; but that a certain number of people, by much painstaking and labor, have greatly improved the quality and the usefulness of their inherited portion, and that, in so doing, they have added to their costliness. So when they meet other people to exchange labor, they have a right to all the advantage this extra and prior labor of theirs will afford them. It means this, and it means something more. It means, further, that because the number of those who have brains thus skilled and apt for difficult tasks is comparatively small, that fact entitles them to a consideration which they would lose if the number was greater. There are two grounds of compensation: 1, culture; 2, culture only in a few. The first I admit. The second, though told every day of my life of the 'eternal and irreversible law of supply and demand,' I cannot fathom with any sense of simple equity I am in possession of. I will glance at these points in reverse order, the last first.

"1. Why should your friend charge for his labor all he pleases, irrespective of any principle of equity, just because he stands alone among his fellows, competent to do a particular kind of work? As I understand him, he has a perfect right to do this; in other words, his doing so is altogether fair and square. He cannot be complained of if he make his price so exorbitant—I need go no further. I have unwittingly used the very word that upsets the whole theory. I was going to say he could not be complained of if whole communities were put in such straits that, to purchase his services, they were forced to reduce themselves to abject and life-long servitude. But that one word,—current enough, I am glad to say,—that one word 'exorbitant' is proof irrefutable that equity cannot be established by laws of supply and demand. There is a sense of what is fair that this much-dwelt-upon 'law' will not explain. A man may not justly take more than the *equivalent* of his labor, be the circumstances as tempting as they may. More than that is 'exorbitant.' It is seen, nevertheless, that he is liable to do so. Examples are too numerous to doubt that such is the tendency. The quick wit of the world has also seen that he can be managed and effectually headed off in his vile extortionary practice by competition. No, I fear I am conceding too much. What people see is something akin to what Mr. Webster saw when he told the young lawyer that there was 'room up higher.' They see there is a chance for them,—each individual envious of your

friend who has the field all to himself with the ability to get royal compensation for his every stroke of labor—up where competition is not so active as it is down where they are; their aspiration being not to reduce your friend to equity, but to share his advantage. 'There's millions in it,' they shout, and up they go. The result, however, redounds to the general good, suggesting the old text, 'The Lord causeth even the wrath of man to praise him.' Here I touch what some are pleased to call the great 'incentive' to all improvement. Take away this impulse to struggle for the opportunities to gouge mankind, and you reduce all the world to an ambitionless dead-level. Is it so? If it *be* so, I am sure it would be well if it were quickly done. Let us turn again, and live as the cattle,—

'they are so placid and self-contain'd;

* * * * *

Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning things.'

But that there are other and higher incentives to industry and self-improvement all sane minds freely grant, and are indignant when they find they have laid themselves open to such an aspersion. 'Gouge mankind!' That they never meant, of course. But when a man hears that matches are going to be scarce, and goes directly and buys up all there are in his native village, that he may hold them for the big price, it isn't a very neighborly act, is it?

"We have seen, then, that your friend may be brought to equitable terms by competition. Shall we therefore rely on the 'law of supply and demand?' What becomes of your friend? Is he made a better man when he is brought down to decent behavior by the rigors of this law? Are all these others, whose 'incentive' was to pluck from golden opportunity colossal wealth, but who, rushing finally in too solid rank, tumble, or are thrown back by their infectious greed,—are all these moral-natured souls made happier at last, happier and better? I want your friend to see that competition, or the lack of it, is not the only thing that ought to persuade him from indulging in 'exorbitant' demands for his labor. If he has 'brains,' let him so use them that he shall not be the only soul disposed to give thanks. I do not urge him to philanthropy,—that is his own affair,—but to equity, pure and simple.

"2. This brings me to the second query: What extra compensation is your friend *entitled* to? He has already answered for himself sufficiently near the mark by laying his claim upon the basis of extra previous labor in preparing himself for to-day's work. Where he errs

is in falling into the far-spread delusion that this extra outlay is to be provided for by the advantage it affords him over his fellows in being able to charge a fancy price. The simple and honest way is to seek to exchange with his fellows equivalents of service. In naming his price he will ask, not what benefit his service will be to his neighbor, but what is the drain and damage to himself. His neighbor will consider the same question; and then time against time, in such proportions as their joint appeal to facts shall determine. There may arise a competition among his neighbors for the article or service he wishes to dispose of, and the temptation to wait for the 'highest bidder' may be strong; but I see no escape for him, if he will preserve his equitable intent, but in a faithful adherence to Josiah Warren's dictum,—'Cost the *limit* of price.'

"It were impossible here to anticipate, now that this brief communication is so near its end, the numerous objections which the mere suggestion of the 'cost principle' gives rise to. Nor shall I attempt it. Once let the moral sense of your friend play upon the old maxim that '*a thing is worth what it will bring*,' and he will work his own way, I do not doubt, to some other conclusion than that he should make the dire necessities of his fellow-men the basis of his wealth. On some future occasion I hope to take the subject up where I am now about to leave it, and supply to some extent the argument that will commend 'Equitable Commerce' to his more favorable consideration.

"But I must not close without a word in regard to the 'ownership of brains,' as I doubt not your friend is still curious as to the scope of the reform contemplated under that head. I do not at all imagine he is unduly agitated, for he knows as well as any one that 'possession is nine points of the law.' With the citadel so well defended, he may well feel he can scoff at danger. I mean to say—and I anticipate his concurrence—that no man can have so exclusive an ownership of his brains as to free him from obligations to the social state. However much he may do himself towards their culture, of which he is at least cognizant if not proud, the society in which he has lived has contributed its by no means inconsequential share. Let him 'put that in his pipe and smoke it.' Without society his 'brains' would be small in calibre and of little import. He would not even have the pleasure of a comparison with the inferior equipment of others. The President of Amherst College has said with much force, 'Endow a man with any possessions you please; give him any kind or degree of culture; let his culture be clothed and crowned with virtue till it shines like the sun, and lesser stars fade in his light; then leave him to himself; take away the restraints and incentives of society,—how long before his

glory will be gone?' Now, your friend and the world at large will respond heartily to all this, and yet, at the same time, remain wedded to the opinion that a man's brains are so much his own that he is morally free from observing a more devout respect for Equity than is forced upon him by the 'Law of Supply and Demand.'

"I take my present leave of the subject here."

THIS evening I talked with the conductor of a horse-car on my way in from ———. He was intelligent, educated, and seemed to appreciate the situation. He averaged twelve hours a day, for which day's work he received one dollar and seventy-five cents. He had seen the time when he would have "turned up his nose" at such pay; but now he couldn't help himself; he was glad to get any thing to do, and most any kind of wages; he had friends enough who couldn't tell where their next meal was coming from; they belonged to the "tramp brigade," much against their will; they were "drafted, and couldn't get off, even on a furlough." I inquired after a conductor I used to know, whom of late I had missed. He had been discharged, not for any thing he did, but for something he omitted to do. The "spotters" didn't hear the sound of the "punch" as often as they thought they were privileged to. When he was paid off, he informed the Company that he had not worked for nothing. They judged he had not, as he soon went into a profitable business for himself. I said that I had read in some respectable daily journal that "the honest conductor regarded the punch as a badge of honor, the Company thereby assuring the public that here was a man who could be trusted to record the number of his freight." He smiled, and said, if they were obliged to wear a ball and chain, he supposed it would still be regarded as an honorable appendage by the enlightened press, which was always ready and eager to defend the upper dog. "Not so bad as that," I interposed. "They always take the side of the capitalist as against the laborer,—all the *respectable* journals do," he responded vigorously. I made some inquiries as to the management of the road in respect to the salaries of the different officers. "The President of the road is paid ten thousand dollars," he went on to say; "the Chief Conductor twenty-five hundred dollars,—or two thousand dollars by the Railroad Company and five hundred dollars by the Punch Company. He was influential in getting the punches introduced, and they have some sort of an arrangement. The punches are rented at twenty cents a day; each conductor has two. The Punch Company is making a big thing out of it; they wouldn't sell a punch for love or money. That makes forty cents

a day for each conductor. If they would add that forty cents to the conductor's wages, and whatever else they pay for spies, in my opinion it would be a better investment. There would be a few who would steal all they got, any way ; but most of them, when they knew the square thing had been done by them, would reciprocate. As it is now, the Company says to every man, 'We've done our d—dest to fix you so you can't steal,' and that makes a thief even of an honest man. If he's got to wear the name, he may as well have the game. The fact is, no conductor has any sympathy with the Company. If he does well, it's to keep his place. The thing ain't run right anyhow. If it's for the public, why don't the public manage it? Why does the city let a private corporation have such roads all in their hands? If the people had good sense, they would take all such things under their own protection. Fares on the roads could be reduced half, and gas could be furnished two-thirds less. All these corporations are just plundering the people, and there's no use in it." I must not omit to report one other remark, which will further serve to show that a conductor on a horse-car may not be without a commendable public spirit. "I have as much pride in Boston as any man dare have ; but I would like to see Boston welfare include all classes of people. Boston, of all cities, ought not to measure her prosperity by a few rich people. What kind of success is it, when only a few succeed and the rest fail,—and fail, not because they don't deserve success, but because, as things are arranged, success for them is impossible? There ought to be one city in the world—just for the novelty of the thing, if for no better reason—which would secure a chance of prosperity to all. They may talk as much as they please,—it isn't done ; and those that have the upper hand don't want it done. I know, for I have been there, and have seen how things work. Don't you suppose I would like to do something besides just earn a living for myself? I would like to be able to contribute to the general good and pleasure by improving and beautifying the city. But I can't, and there are thousands like me. We can't on twelve dollars a week. But the President of the road, with his ten thousand, can. Now the question is, Are his two or four hours worth so much more than our ten or twelve?"

Of course I give this conversation from memory, but have made my report as faithful as possible. I have deemed its significance to lie in the expression of opinions indicating a new social science, which are by no means, as I have some opportunities for knowing, rare among this class of working people.

THE "Molly Maguires" are broken up. We are told that "the history of this terrible organization is, in fact, a portion of the history of trades-unionism. It was carrying to an extreme—a logical extreme—the notion that the accumulation of capital is a robbery of the laborer, and that any means to right the wrong is justifiable." I am by no means as well informed on the history of trades-unionism as I could wish, nor do I believe in the principle of its organization, which is a denial of individual liberty as regards the disposal of one's own labor; but I am entirely confident that no trades-union ever organized, in whatever part of the world, ever in word or deed proclaimed that "the accumulation of capital is a robbery of the laborer." Nothing of the sort. It cannot be shown of labor agitators anywhere. Trades-unionists have sought to *limit* the accumulation of capital in the hands of capitalists by asserting, and, so far as they could, enforcing, their own rightful claim to compensating wages. That they have been often exasperated and driven into violence no one needs, or cares, to deny. The principle of individual liberty of choice, which they have disregarded under the plea of mutual protection and benefit, is set aside no less arbitrarily by every government organized by force for mutual protection that the sun ever shone upon. It is the doctrine of protection denying free trade between nations applied to the different trades. The trades-union people have gone to school in the world's politics. If trades-unionism has logically run into this extreme of killing the enemy, National-Unionism has not been far from setting examples of extremeness in similar directions. I am aware that a difference may be pointed out in the two cases, but I see also a similarity that bodes no good for either.

But what my attention is more particularly called to is that, while great pains seems to be taken to emphasize all the atrocities of these late Molly Maguire murderers, little or no mention is made of the provocation in which the order first originated. That the order fell under the control of a set of very bad and desperate fellows is probably true; but without some adequate cause there could have been no excuse even for a suggestion of such a Union. I have seen but one attempt to explain the origin of the "Mollies" which has seemed to me at all reasonable. I find in the New York Herald of June 15 a statement by a correspondent to which I give full credence. The writer refutes the assertion, freely made by some, that the Molly Maguire organization is only a dark and deadly deduction from the idiosyncrasies of Irish character, and says: "Disguise it as we may, this organization and its crimes are part of the contest between labor and capital, and,

but for this contest, the Molly Maguires would never have been known to America." A part of the further statement he makes is as follows:

"Up to the beginning of the war nobody ever heard of the Molly Maguires, or the Buckshots, or the Black Spots, or the Sleepers. With the war came an unexpected development of the coal regions, and with this unexpected development disorder and anarchy. Coal commanded enormous prices, and the supply was unequal to the demand. New mines were opened and new collieries established in every direction, and yet the supply fell below the demand. Even black dust sold as coal; and slate and shale, and indeed any thing that was dark in color, was weighed out to the unresisting customer as fuel. The carrying companies prospered as they had never prospered before, and used the extraordinary surplus they had acquired in this unexampled era of prosperity to become coal-mining as well as coal-carrying companies. In a few years the six great transportation companies owned all the coal lands in the anthracite region. In the "London World" of only a few days ago I find an interview with Mr. Gowen, which is reprinted with approval in the Pottsville journals, which not only comes by authority, but is in itself as clear an exposition of the origin of these Molly Maguire outrages as it is of the arguments upon which the President of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company expects to raise money in the English markets.

"'I found,' he said, 'that thirty million dollars had been spent in constructing lines to certain mineral basins, and that these lines had no value whatever except for the mineral traffic they carried. Yet anybody else was free to make a line to the same point, and so ruin our line. I therefore deemed it a measure of safety to purchase these mineral basins entirely, and the fifty million dollars which this required left us rather bare of money. Then came long continued depression, arising from various causes and local troubles; and now, in order to put the property on a thoroughly sound footing, we want a little time.' If Mr. Gowen's frankness had continued, he would have added that the same policy which induced the aggrandizement of the coal basins had also compelled the oppression of labor, and that the 'local trouble' to which he referred was the rebellion of the laborers against a grinding monopoly that had undertaken more than it could perform. Without excuse as the Molly Maguire murders are, the Molly Maguire opposition was the natural and necessary outgrowth of the policy pursued by the great mining and carrying companies, which combine to make coal cheap at the mines and dear in the market, because both the producer and the consumer are at their mercy."

It is much too common with us all to look on one picture, and not on the other. There is woe enough pronounced on the offences that come, but not a careful disposition to discern "by whom the offence cometh."

RECENTLY a chance acquaintance of mine was a young Russian, who could "speak not much English." He had a thoughtful, serious face, for one of his age, and a certain dignified demeanor that arrested my attention, especially as he had accosted me asking alms. I felt instinctively, though his years might not justify it, that he was not with-

out some unusual experience of an ennobling, heroic sort. Our conversation was brief, and my questioning not at all prompted by a curiosity to try his honesty. That I conceded at once. The impression he made upon me was of one fallen into adverse circumstances, yet retaining pride of character and a reserved purpose for the future. He was down for the time, but was not likely to stay down. His story ran thus. He was six months away from Russia,—three or four months alone in this country. His sister came with him, and died. They “was run away from government.” They “join the Revolution, get suspect, and hurry away.” His “sister write book to make mad the peasants; they too stupid to know much; by and by they get some sense, and do some great thing; get free the whole Russia, and have no Tzar; poor people be free, and enough to live and be educated.” He would “go back some day, and help.” He came to America with about one thousand dollars; he had got no work yet, and the money was gone,—but may be he would get some by and by. He “*must* get some to send back to the Revolution.” As he came to talk of the “Revolution,” his speech and gesture became very emphatic and earnest.

I recall the above related incident at this time upon reading in the “Nineteenth Century” a paper on “Russian Revolutionary Literature.” The writer gives, in some detail, an account of the recent trial in St. Petersburg, “which reveals the inner working of a Russian secret society of the most revolutionary nature.”

“The prisoners belonged, most of them, to the always interesting class of revolutionary enthusiasts; and their proceedings, though almost insanely unwise, are rendered to some extent romantic by their nature and pathetic by their result.” Their leaders “were all persons of more or less culture, being what we should call ‘gentlemen and ladies,’ but their aim was to carry on a revolutionary propaganda among the common people.

“With this intention they disguised themselves, adopting the dress of the peasants and artisans, and by this means obtained access to manufactories and other centres of labor. Having become personally acquainted with small groups of their fellow workers, they then proceeded to inculcate their peculiar doctrines, recommending them at times in conversation, but more often relying upon the efficacy of the secretly printed books, to which they seemed to attribute a kind of magical influence. With a child-like faith, resembling that of many of our own tract distributors, they held that a good deed was done whenever one of their seditious publications was placed in a workman’s hands, and they toiled on, in spite of meeting with little or no encouragement, with a determination worthy of a better cause.”

As touching the character of these revolutionists it is shown that men and women alike were ready to undertake any hardship, and perform the most menial of services, in carrying out their plans.

"The most interesting by far of the conspirators are the women. The type of character which they represent is one which is very unfamiliar with us. We find it difficult to believe that young girls, belonging to what we should call the upper middle classes, well educated, and by no means destitute of culture, can leave their homes and go away of their own free will, to lead a hard life among strange people of a lower class,—all for an idea. We can understand such a sacrifice being made in the cause, let us say, of religion or loyalty, but for the sake of irreligion and disloyalty it appears unaccountable. Yet it is just because these young women refused to respect any existing laws, whether claiming to be of divine or of human origin; because they looked upon Church and State as equally obsolete institutions; and because they wished to sweep away all political and social distinctions, and to leave nothing but a common land equally divided among the working classes,—that they gave up their homes, and severed themselves from their kith and kin, and went into the wilds of Russian city life as Nihilistic Missionaries. They had nothing to gain by the changes they desired to bring about; they had every thing to lose, if their efforts should be detected. And yet they worked on, amid discouragement and discomfort, with never ceasing energy and determination."

Their propagative literature is in many respects remarkable, evidencing a genuine movement of thought on topics regarded as of prime and pressing importance. It reveals a philosophy as well as a purpose, and, if revolutionary, it is revolution with intelligence. The "Tale of Four Brothers" is related as follows:—

"There were once four brothers who lived in a forest, unconscious of other folk. But at last one day they chased a bear to the top of a mountain, from which they got their first view of the outer world, and saw villages and homesteads, and men tilling the soil. So they determined to explore the new land which lay before them, and to make acquaintance with the ways of civilized men. The first man they met strongly recommended them to go back to their forest home; but they paid no attention to him. The next passer-by was a pilgrim, who sang, as he went, a doleful song, the burden of which was,—

'I roamed all over Russia : groans the moujik and moans;
From hunger he moans, from hunger :
From cold he groans, from cold.'

Hearing this, the brothers took counsel together, and resolved to separate for a time and travel in different directions, and then to come together again and compare accounts, so as to find out where men live most comfortably. One of them, Ivan, went northwards. Coming to a village, he was surprised to find the peasants hard at work beneath a blazing sun, while a landed proprietor was looking lazily on. Venturing on an expostulation, all that he gained was a flogging, whereby he at length understood that laws mean this,—that the rich man may bully the poor, and the poor man must put up with every thing, and always hold his peace, and grovel, moreover, at the other's feet. A little later he was told by an old man, with whom he drank, all about the peasants: how they were serfs until they were freed by the Tsar, and how arbiters were appointed from among the gentry, who gave only bad land to the peasants, and called in soldiers to shoot them if they complained. Musing on all this, Ivan went further. Many villages and towns did he visit; every-

where was life bitter to the peasant and the workman. At last he witnessed a case of such oppression on the part of a village elder that the peasants mutinied. The police came and seized Ivan as ringleader, and he was sent to Siberia. Meantime the second brother, Stepan, had gone south. There one day he found an official arbiter attempting to force some villagers to accept the worthless land he wished to allot to them as their official share. As they refused to agree, the arbiter called in soldiers, who attacked the people. In the fight that ensued a young soldier killed his father. Horror-struck at the sight of the old man's blood, the soldier turned and slew the arbiter, whose orders had brought about the parricidal deed. The other soldiers were then beaten off by the villagers, whom Stepan proceeded to harangue, saying that the soldiers ought to make common cause with the people, and all Russia ought to rise in simultaneous rebellion, and not go on trusting to the Tzar. 'It seems to me a shame that so many millions of men should be able to do nothing for themselves, but should go on trusting in some one else.' But the peasants merely replied: 'We'll hand you over to the authorities for such speeches.' At last they did so, and Stepan was sent to Siberia as a rebel. The third brother, Demian, had visited the cities of Eastern Russia, and there worked hard. But, however much he toiled, he never could do more than barely support existence. Money he could by no means acquire, for the employers of labor kept it all for themselves. One day he was present when some villagers refused to pay their taxes, saying that they were too poor to do so. A priest was sent for, who urged them to obey the authorities, whereupon Demian argued the point with him; and the result was that he also was sent to Siberia. Thither also, about the same time, was the fourth brother sent. He had been so delighted by the sight of a monastery, with its white walls, and green roofs, and gilded domes, rising amid trees on a cliff above a river, and so struck by the interior of its church, in which pilgrims knelt, and monks sang, and tapers burnt, and incense smoked, that he asked leave to live in it as a servant, thinking it a kind of Sacred Paradise. But, to his horror, he found that the monks were dissolute hypocrites, and the abbot an impostor, who used mechanical means to draw tears from the eyes of a miraculous picture and money from the pockets of the faithful. For attempting to reveal this and similar frauds, Luke was seized by the people, and sent, like his three brothers, to Siberia. On the road leading 'from dear mother Russia to step-mother Siberia,' the four brothers met again. Comparing their experiences, they came to the conclusion that nowhere was there to be found a place in which poor people live happily. But the time would come, they all agreed, when the people would rise in revolt, and their oppressors would be overthrown, and the poor man would be able to live at ease. Thereupon they all four made good their escape. 'And from that time forth they have been traversing Russia, ever rousing the peasants, inviting them to the bloody feast. They wander north, south, east, and west. Nobody knows them, no eye sees them, but all can hear their loud-sounding voice. And at the sound of that voice the peasant takes courage, lifts up his downcast head, feels his blood spring like a fountain within him, and is ready to stand up for his liberty, for his land, and for his freedom from taxes. And when they have enlightened all the peasantry, mother Russia will resound with a mighty music, and will roll like the blue sea, and with mighty billows will she drown all her evil foes.'

Another of these tracts is called the "Khitraga Mekhanika," or "Cunning System," and is a treatise on political economy designed to

instruct the peasantry as to whence their incomes are derived and how they are spent. Its purport is as follows :—

"The moujik works incessantly, endures the heat of summer and the frosts of winter, and gathers together a few roubles, most of which are swept away by the tax-gatherer, for from hard-earned gains of the poor are formed the riches of the State. Out of these riches go nine millions of roubles to the Tzar, and one hundred and seventy millions to the army and navy; and all that is allotted to the share of the working classes, who really supply the money, is seven hundred and sixty thousand roubles for national schools."

The "Story of a Copeck" is a most interesting "tract," and is so briefly told that I will transcribe it also :—

"Russia was a pleasant country to live in when there were only peasants in it. But as there was consequently no sin there, the devil neither slept nor broke his fast for seven years, at the end of which time he invented priests. Two similar periods of abstinence subsequently qualified him for the invention of landed proprietors and traders. All of them were well received by the peasants, whom they soon got into their hands. One day a peasant asked mother Earth where he could find a copeck. The answer was 'Dig.' So he dug and dug, and at last he found the coin. This he gave to the priest in exchange for a crumb of bread, and the priest gave it to the sacristan, telling him to get therewith a pig. And the sacristan took it to a tradesman, and demanded in return for it a pig and a honeycomb. And the tradesman took it to the peasant, and told him to produce a pig, and a honeycomb, and a wolf-skin. The peasant handed over the pig, and went into the forest, where he found wild honey and slew a bear. The bear-skin he took with honey to the tradesman, who gave him the copeck, but insisted on his leaving a part of his apparel behind, as he had brought the wrong kind of fur. The copeck he straightway carried to his landlord's house, as money due to him. After this he met with a series of accidents, resulting in the return of the copeck into his hands. Thereupon he determined never to part with it again. And he kept his resolution, although first the police, and then the soldiers, were sent to take it from him. And one night, as he slept, the copeck came to him and led him to a sage, who ordered a bird to carry him away to a far-off land. There he saw the harvests being gathered by joyous bands of peasants, working together like so many brothers. There, he was told, there were no authorities, no traders, no landlords, no priests. Therefore fraud, and oppression, and sorrow were unknown, and all men lived in peace and unity. When he awoke, he went forth into the world as the apostle of such ideas as were realized in that happy dream-land."

There is one pamphlet entitled "From Fire into Flame," which treats directly of the freedom of the serfs, and states that to which the prevailing condition of the emancipated race in our own country helps to give the aspect of truthfulness. The statement is that the peasants, though prizing their freedom as sure to work them in the long future a good result, are now no better off.

"Only one-fifth of the soil has passed into their hands. The gentry have kept the other four-fifths for themselves; so that, while each peasant holds only three desiatines, the shares of their former masters average six hundred and seventy-three apiece. There are even worse evils than this to complain of. 'The former system was like a wolf falling upon a man in a thick wood. The present one is like a swamp full of leeches,' which suck his life's blood. The yoke of the capitalist is heavier now than in former days was that of the serf-holder. . . . An average Russian family of five persons may obtain from their land each year about one hundred and ten cwt. of corn, which is valued at one hundred and eighty roubles. This leaves the family about half a rouble—or eighteen pence—a day to live upon, supposing that they make enough by their winter handiwork to pay all dues and taxes, reckoned at one hundred and fifty roubles. But if the lands were properly divided, the peasants would be at least ten times as rich as they are now."

There is a vast deal of this sort of literature, setting forth with more or less skill in poetry, fiction, and argument, the evils and sorrows of the "Troublous Time in Russia," and proposing rebellion as the sole efficient remedy.

"In rebellion lies the sole chance of saving the people from the poverty, hunger, and cold which it endures, and from the final destruction which awaits it in the future; rebellion against landholders, against labor employers, against the Tzar, and against every authority which undertakes to defend the spoilers of the people. . . . There draws nigh the terrible, deadly contest between the working people and their oppressors. Already over all the land are spread our friends and comrades; already do they everywhere secretly sharpen their knives and prepare matches. Like a torrent will blood flow; like a burning sea will glow fires. But as rusty iron is purified in the furnace, so will the world also be renewed when that struggle is over."

"Arise, stand up, O working people!
Hungering brother, rise against thy foes!
Spread abroad, O cry of national vengeance!
Forwards!

"The Vampire-Tzar sucks thy veins:
The Vampire-Tzar drains the people's blood.
He requires soldiers for the army;
Send him thither, then, your sons.
Feasts and palaces by him are needed;
Give him, then, thy blood."

A "Poem by a Working Man," is thus translated:—

"It is not the grass that is sighing in the steppe,
Nor the wind moaning in the oak-wood.
A bold and mighty cry makes itself heard,—
It summons us to war with the foe.
It is not falcons that are flying, scenting corpses nigh at hand;
It is the working folk rising in arms
To avenge their sires and grandsires!

"Let us forth, then, brothers in friendship,
To quaff together the cup of Fraternity!
And above fallen monarchism,
To unfurl the banner of Equality!"

FROM all accounts it appears that the Russian Empire is honey-combed, as is indeed the whole continent of Europe, with a restless socialism, which, spite of all repressive measures, is steadily increasing in power of numbers and strength of intellectual conviction. What does it all portend? The writer of the paper in the "Nineteenth Century," to whom I am greatly obliged for these paragraphs, is of opinion that these revolutionary societies, especially in Russia, are of no great political significance. As was developed, he thinks, in the recent trial at St. Petersburg, the mass of the peasants do not appear to relish the doctrines thrust upon them. Yet he believes it advisable for the "authorities to think seriously of providing other outlets than now exist for the self-sacrificing enthusiasm which at present drives so many of the Russian youth of either sex into rebellion." He also concedes that "there must be something radically wrong in the institutions of a country where the good qualities of its inhabitants become enlisted on the side of rebellion." Nevertheless, he regards "rebellion" as "criminal," and is pleased to think the Russian working people turned a deaf ear to "revolutionary appeals." "Criminal as was their conduct, it is impossible not to feel pity for enthusiasts who gave themselves up for an idea to an almost certain fate." He characterizes their literature as "trash." Elsewhere I have quoted his expression of surprise that such sacrifice as the lives of these conspirators illustrated could be made "for the sake of irreligion and disloyalty,"—a "surprise" which could only originate, in my judgment, in an utter failure to understand the true character alike of religion and of loyalty. It is time to learn that sacrifice for humanity is the only practical act a true religion can exhibit. We have had enough of piety that sings praises to God and takes the side of the oppressor. Let men deny God, if they will: it shall be forgiven them. But whoso denies the claims of human nature is for ever the only atheist the world needs to fear. Irreligion! Young men who will leave comfortable homes and all "fair prospects of advancement, personal gain, to toil at common trades and in factories;" young women who will forsake refined society, ease, and luxury, renouncing marriage that they may become apostles of an idea, wearing the dress of the common peasant women, going barefooted, fetching water, doing all the work of the house for themselves and their brother propagandists,—what shall we say of such devotion? What

judgment pronounce upon young men and women whose self-surrender rises until its conspicuousness astonishes even stupidity itself? Simply this: if religion is *not* there, religion has missed one more golden opportunity of commending itself to mankind.

As to the "disloyalty" of these people, what a strange perversion of every iota of justice does such a charge contain! Here, again, it is time to learn that loyalty is not fealty to reigning usurpation, though it be clothed in sacred robes of State. No soul in Russia owes loyalty to Emperors or nobility. And this is what the "social propagandists" have discovered. Their devotion is to mother Russia,—to the cause of human rights and duties among the people. Against this cause 'tis the Tzar and his minions who are in arms, maintaining a long and bloody conspiracy.

I do not forget the "philosophy of evolution" that will historically justify the pretensions of the Tzar; but it will also justify the "Revolution," which cries, Down with him, and all the unjust ways and devices he upholds, in the name of *Providence!*

I know a sentiment of this nature has an unpleasant sound to many good people, because it appears to sanction violence and bloodshed. But a previous question it were well to ask,—who is responsible for this disturbance of social peace? If it be seen that the government itself is the real invader,—the lawless party that robs and murders without restraint,—then the "Revolution" may assume the aspect of the party that is striving—not always wisely, perhaps, but striving after what sort it can—to protect society and insure domestic welfare and peace. I am certainly no advocate of war; but, if it must needs come, I can see that it is no more attractive, or deserving of apology, when instituted by despotic governments than when resorted to by oppressed people impatient for their liberties. My sympathies are assuredly with the latter. Mr. Seward used often to repeat that "under despotic governments the people must redress their grievances by the bayonet; under republics their reliance is on the ballot." Neither, in my judgment, are final, as nothing can be final that rests on *will*. Intelligent recognition and free acceptance of the right is the only finality. Until that time, men will bayonet and ballot, and the best one can say is, "May the best side win, be it 'established government' or 'Revolution!'" In Russia, success to "Revolution!"

MR. WALTER SMITH, the Director of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, has fearlessly discharged a duty for which he is likely to get no great praise. In company with the mayor of Boston, and other of-

ficials, Mr. Smith has visited Deer Island, the home of juvenile offenders, to whom he made a speech which was quite out of the line of the hum-drum oratory usual on such occasions. If those who invited Mr. Smith do not desire him to go again, they can say so; but for once, at least, we have the felicity of acknowledging that under official sanction the *truth* has been told—told without reserve or fear. I wish to record my own faith and pleasure in the manly and heroic speech. Here is a passage:—

"You have been told to-day that you have most of you committed crimes, and that you are down just now, but that you can reform and get up again. I've no doubt that that is true; but there is another view of this matter which I take, and that is that your crimes against society are not half as black or as numerous as society's crimes against you. The blame doesn't all belong to one side. Keep up your hearts, boys, even if you are down; for the society which cannot get along without shutting up three hundred boys on an island in Boston Harbor is a bigger failure than you are; you may be down, but this boasted civilization of the nineteenth century is lower down. Don't you go and believe that we have all come here to-day to patronize you. We have come to ask you to forgive us, and make friends with us. We want to atone to you for our blunders. The sight of three hundred boys shut up in prison is enough to make a thoughtful man shudder, the angels weep, and everybody lose faith in the progress of the age.

"Count me on your side, boys, and let us tell the Governor of this Commonwealth, and the Mayor of this city, and the legislative and administrative and educational bodies represented here to-day, that they are all bigger failures than we are, or we should not be here. Don't let the manhood be crushed out of you because you are here. It is not so much of a disgrace for you to be here as for us to be here. We come down as grown men to confess to you small boys that we are not intelligent enough, don't know enough, to keep you boys out of prison; although as legislators, administrators, teachers, it is our business to do so.

"I don't doubt but that every one of your distinguished visitors will allow that we are penitent for our sins, and want to make amends, and don't feel any disgrace in this true penitence, or in the honest desire on our part to do better in the future. So, boys, you can, not only count me in on your side, but also count as friends all your visitors. We are all tarred with the same stick. I am just as much ashamed of being here to-day as you are; but we are going to try and do better, and want you to do the same. Let us all start fair in the same race, and may the best horse win; or rather, let us say that this is a race in which every good horse *must* win, if he will only run; and, when we have all won this race, you won't be in Deer Island Reform School, and no other little boys and girls will need to be sent here; and then there will be no necessity for mayors, aldermen, clergymen, and school-teachers to come and talk to them."

There are enough, I dare say, who will take or feign alarm at this bold statement, and be ready to cry Mr. Smith down as not a public benefactor. I perceive without surprise the distress of "The Nation,"—a journal of such moral elevation it could see only virtue in the ad-

vice that a Republican member of the last electoral college should feel himself at liberty to betray the confidence of his constituents. The bewilderment of this journal is so utter it is "driven very close to the conclusion that the desire to improve their fellows carries men constantly along the very edge of the abyss of mental unsoundness," and is for a time in doubt if it has not fallen on some "extract from a farce by Mark Twain." The fact that those having charge of this Deer Island Reformatory should "permit an harangue containing such ridiculous jurisprudence shows how far this craze has gone." Following in this wake comes "The Inquirer," a journal of liberal theology published also in New York: "We would not treat any one harshly, but there are some interests bound up in civilization the defence of which occasionally requires plain language and prompt and decided action." I have not noticed that any like outburst has taken place here in Massachusetts, but do not doubt there are those capable of it. What Mr. Smith has courageously done is to step over the line dividing two philosophies. Not at all new in the world, either of them; but the increasing intelligence of mankind has furnished a steadily growing importance to the one, that is beginning to render the defenders of the other, who for ages have had all things their own way, alert and demonstrative. Their tone, of course, is that of persons rooted in common sense, scornful of wings and all high flying. It is their pride to remain "level-headed." They sit serenely on the walls of our Zion of civilization, and see danger only in the guise of "too much philanthropy." It is their unruffled mission to repeat the rigors and the righteousness of the Law. Meanwhile, however, heedless of their evil prophesying, a new spirit is taking possession of the world, and even in some degree of these iron-clad, solid men themselves. A change has crept over the spirit of their dream,—if they will pardon the bare supposition that they have ever lapsed into dream-land. Their ancient philosophy, as "The Nation" allows, down to "the beginning of the present century," proclaimed that the "rule of personal responsibility for all misfortunes and offences" should be "mercilessly, and even savagely, applied. . . Criminal jurisprudence had but one object in view, viz., to rid the world of law breakers, or else make them as wretched in it as possible." But there came a reaction, and we had a new illustration of "the falsehood of extremes." This "diminished the falsehood of the other extreme, and made legislation for the repression of crime rational." It is encouraging to be informed by so high an authority that the "sentimental reformers" have been successful in accomplishing even that much. When legislation begins to be "rational," we may all take hope. It is pretty certain, however, that in the old time, when "no

defects of education—no temptations, surroundings, or physical weaknesses—were allowed to temper punishment,” those stern administrators of law did not deem their conduct *ir*-rational. It is, moreover, not difficult to show that, if the doctrine of “personal responsibility,” as announced by “The Nation,” is the only one to be enforced upon the criminal, “defects of education, temptations,” &c., do not properly come in to “temper punishment,” or affect it in any way. We are told, “If there be any lesson which a boy who has begun his career by crime, and whose training and surroundings in his earliest years have been evil, needs to learn, it is that there is nobody on earth to blame for it but himself.” So monstrous a declaration is hardly to be credited even to the *un*-sentimental school to which “The Nation” belongs. One would ask what is the significance of the phrase, “whose training and surroundings in earliest years have been evil”? Has the boy “begun his career by crime” in consequence of this “early training,” or was that without importance or effect on his “career”? If it is to be counted in as having had some weight in deciding his character, then why is it so essential that he should be made to believe (or “learn”) a lie? Because, answers “The Nation,” for him to learn a contrary lesson will “stifle the seeds of manly resolution and noble ambition.” Comment is superfluous.

The change in criminal legislation which “The Nation” speaks of—from “merciless punishment” to “judicious punishment”—was undoubtedly effected by the gradual growth in the public mind of a conviction that there is at least a divided responsibility which the so-called criminal and society do rightfully share. Not only the boy needs to be impressed with the truth, but society, which presumes to undertake his chastisement, needs to put away its phariseeism, and humble itself to the fact of its own complicity in the crimes it proposes to abate or altogether check. It will do no harm to preach once more, with wider application, the famous and searching “sentimentalism” of Jesus, “He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone.” I agree entirely that “there is no foundation for private or public morality but the individual conscience,” and it is for the good reason that conscience *was* appealed to when the prisoners at Deer Island were told that society takes “shares” in their disgrace,—that they are not alone to blame,—that Mr. Smith’s words become, to my mind, not a “tramp’s gospel,” but the sole gospel of truth effective to “convert the criminal.” He did not speak for any effect on legislation, but to restore, if possible, the broken union of feeling between the unfortunate youths before him and the rest of society. “The law cannot prescribe the performance of the virtues.” Mr. Smith left the law behind, and bridged the gulf

which the law helps to create, confessing the truth, and making humanity whole once more. He did not go breathing thanks to God for his own immaculateness; he said in substance: "If any are sinners, all are sinners together; let us confess our faults one to another, and start anew to strive for a common welfare." It was religion,—the religion of humanity; of which there is none too much preached on Deer Island or elsewhere.

Forty years ago Dr. Wm. Ellery Channing wrote the following, which I am glad to reproduce here as a contribution to the subject I have been considering above:—

"The time has come when the history of pauperism should be written out fairly, fully, without compromise or concealment. The materials are ready at hand, stored in well-arranged statistics; and modern society has reached a point of view which enables us to overlook the progress of this desert, whose moving sands are drifting in to swallow in desolation gardens and cornfields, temples, law-courts, and homes. To any one who will fairly study out the problem it will soon become evident that pauperism, if it may be said without paradox, is one of the *regular institutions of our so-called Christian and civilized communities*. By our present modes of industry and division of profits, we as irrevocably doom a class of our fellow-beings to the unutterable sufferings, anxieties, fears, temptations, crimes, and numberless and nameless pollutions of pauperism, as the laws of Hindostan condemned the Pariahs to their all but brutal degradation. The energy and ingenuity of a score of Bonapartes, directed to this point, could not prevent, as society is now constituted, a certain number of our fellow beings from undergoing this unmitigated penalty of *living death*. We read with horror of the tyrant who sought to renovate his diseased frame by a bath of children's blood. Society perpetrates this crime each day anew. And meanwhile conscience is lulled to sleep by the lie that pauperism is a self-inflicting woe; that the poor man deserves his prison of a cellar or garret in crazy, ruinous houses, amidst foul streets, unventilated, unwatered, unlighted; deserves temptations of dens of drunkenness and stews of prostitution, with their revelry, opposite his window, beckoning him to forgetfulness; deserves that his children, ragged and shoeless, should learn to gamble, and lie, and swear, and thieve in the streets, without schools, which they are not clean or whole enough to enter, without one healthful influence of order, while himself and wife, each more wretched than the other, in petty chores are seeking to earn a few pence whereby to buy musty bread, and food half decayed and putrid; deserves to be shoved aside, scowled upon, cursed at, excluded from church and social assemblies, and made to feel by every word and look that his brothers wish him dead and out of the way; and when goaded, frenzied, heart-sick, hopeless, he helps himself to the least portion of society's superfluities, or forgets in his own wrongs another's rights, that he deserves a stone cell and barred window, and a clanking iron door, a coarse, striped convict's suit, and the brand of disgrace. In the name of humanity, if he, being poor, deserves all this, what does society deserve that first makes him poor and then torments him? The deservings of a human being may be summed up in saying, *as a*

man he claims from his brothers, and has a right to claim, every facility to become and do all that his Maker purposed, and the removal of every hindrance in his way."

Gov. CHAMBERLAIN'S masterly speech at Woodstock fell on unwilling ears. The country had made up its mind to abandon, for the next four years at least, the white and black races of the South to themselves. Grant, in the last hours of his administration, had discovered this to be the drift of popular sentiment. Hayes, encountering that same tendency, made a virtue of it, and called it "reconciliation." Harmony was to be restored between the two sections, and only one way lay open,—“the withdrawal of Federal interference in local State affairs.” That was the phrase, though Gov. Chamberlain shows unmistakably that the interference complained of had been simply a discharge of the national government's duty to suppress “domestic violence.” Grant never did more than this; when he did less, it was in deference to public opinion. Hayes has disregarded his constitutional obligation entirely in this respect, and left white usurpation triumphant, as the surest way to end “domestic violence.” It was as if he had been commissioned to interfere in a contest between two boys, and maintain the side of the one in the right. Instead of doing this, he made up his mind which of the boys, if left to themselves, would whip, and advised the other to submit, or run away. His advice is heeded, but the small boy retires exclaiming that the President didn't do his duty. He never so much as asked who was right, but only who was stronger. This is exactly parallel with the President's dealing in the Southern question. His constitutional duty was to inquire into the right and wrong of the case, and then maintain the right with all the force at his command. The solution of the difficulty he reached was that “Might” must be left to “make Right.” The plea that, at the time of his withdrawal of the troops, there was no “domestic violence,” within the meaning of the Constitution, visible to his eye, Gov. Chamberlain has sufficiently exploded; the fact being as it would appear in the case of the two boys above referred to, had those combatants, at the moment of the President's arrival on the scene, been simply not pommelling each other's bodies, but standing at bay,—the smaller boy, if you please, under cover of a wood-shed, whither he had been driven; the larger fellow holding possession of all territory beyond, standing and awaiting the nature of the President's decision. No one in his senses would proclaim that this arrested strife did not still denote a belligerent attitude, nor doubt the intentions of the big boy, if foreign aid did not come to the relief of his antagonist. He had nothing to lose—any more than Nichols—by waiting; on the contrary, there

was the show of magnanimity, which would be sure to tell in his favor. It is still claimed by some of the journals, which have set themselves as flint to the defence of the President, that he has *not* been remiss in constitutional duty, because—to quote the Boston “Evening Transcript”—“he saw no warrant in the Constitution for maintaining State governments by the national military arm, which, if left to themselves, would inevitably fall.” The force of this remark is easily shown by asking, What State government, *not* likely to fall if “left to itself,” would ever ask for Federal interference? Either there is, or is not, such a thing as “domestic violence” which the National Executive is bound, when properly summoned, to suppress. Such “violence” can only claim Federal attention when the authorities of a State are unable to suppress it. Instead of having “no warrant” to interfere when a State government cannot maintain itself, that is precisely the only time when the President may interfere. But it is added, as if to give the above a little color of reason, that either “exclusive military sway should be established in the disturbed States, or the people decide for themselves who should rule over them;” the meaning of which is that no State government would fall, if it had been freely chosen by the “people themselves,”—that is, if it represented a majority of the popular suffrage. But that is the very point the new President refused to consider. Which claimant to the government was *right*, which represented a majority of voters, he has never asked. It is one thing for a State government to fall at the ballot-box; another, before the victorious rifle. With the former no President may interfere; the latter, if there is any thing clear in constitutional provision, all Presidents are under oath to prevent. Negro suffrage may be a very unhappy thing; but, if it give certain Southern States over to negro rule, that rule, by every legal obligation, must be maintained against white insurrection, or white intimidation. This is the law as it is written, the law that has been evaded.

Gov. Chamberlain will not be listened to. The Northern ear, for the time, is tuned for another strain. But his arraignment of President Hayes, from a constitutional point of view, is not only masterly, as I said in the beginning,—it is overwhelming. I have seen no serious attempt to refute him. The papers say the issue is past, and will not discuss it. Had the speech been delivered when times were different, it would have ranked with, if not surpassed, the philippics of Sumner in old pro-slavery days.

BUT there is somewhat else to be said, and of quite an opposite sort. Gov. Chamberlain has not covered the whole ground. The letter of

the law killeth. The situation of affairs in a country is superior to the limiting words of written Constitutions. Andrew Johnson carried the Constitution under his arm, until disgusted people wished he might somewhere lose it. My own judgment would be that we should all be far safer and happier without one. With a disposition in the people to decide what is *right* rather than what is *constitutional*, liberty and justice would escape a vast deal of mystification. So in considering public affairs at the South at the present time, for my part, I am not content with a "constitutional view." I prefer a direct look at things as they are, and the privilege to draw from thence—as the country unquestionably is doing, President Hayes included—a proper course of action. I cannot avoid seeing the unfortunate position in which the President is placed,—sworn to do one thing, yet obliged to do another. It opens a question it will be well sometime to consider; but, for the present, the interest settles upon the one point of the pacification of the country. Somehow the people of this country will have to get over the feeling that they are enemies. "Reconciliation" is before all other issues. It is in this aspect of the situation that a "Presidential policy," to which Gov. Chamberlain objects, may be welcomed. It may be welcomed, if it be such a policy as will not delay reconciliation.

Let us see what we have to contemplate. I take it that the whole question lies at the South. If there is reconciliation and peace there, there is no more to say. Peace between North and South, so far as it is dependent on the so-called negro question, follows as a natural result. This, then, is the goal to be reached,—an agreement between the two races to be humane and just. The difficulties of the problem are by no means slight. It is easy to say, "Go with might, and stamp out the offending race;" but it can't be done. If it could, it would not be just. Offence is never all on one side. Besides, the "stamping-out" principle is a relic of barbarism, not to be helped to a survival by the side claiming to represent the highest forces of civilization. Belligerency may be worked out of people in more ways than one. That way which does not kill, but cures, is best. Now, it is not deplorable, but altogether delightful, to perceive that the people of the North, with a goodly unanimity, have come, by whatever course of reasoning, to the conviction that it is best to try to dispose of this Southern question in other fashion than by the use of force. And, in saying this, I do not at all invalidate the history of the past ten or twelve years. Up to a point, which we have now seemingly reached, force was inevitable, because it was the only road the people were able to travel to a better idea. That it was ineffectual and disappointing does not prove it a failure. Before Grant's eight years of interference,

neither side appeared to appreciate the true significance of non-interference. The good sense of the country has seen at length that the trouble between the races is not wholly due to the bad faith of one side. The white race has much to contend with ; they have that to contend with which would test even the staunchest anti-slavery devotion of New England. If the State House on Beacon Hill should be overrun by representatives of a population the most ignorant the country contains, black or white, it is not to be supposed that the intelligent class would sit quietly down in the lap of joyful reconciliation. It is well to ask what was the fate of the South. A candid answer must run somewhat as follows :—

At the close of the war the Republican party enfranchised the negro race, placing it on an equality with the white. Numerically, in many States, the blacks were the stronger. But they were ignorant and easily duped, and, when they came to take the reins of government, made themselves intolerable to the more intelligent or educated white race. They were led, in many cases, by unscrupulous fortune-seekers from the North, in whom the very nature of their situation induced them to put fullest confidence. Between the two the complaint of the native Southern white people is that that part of the country has been led to the verge of ruin. What the war did not do, this new state of affairs was certain to accomplish. Desperate beyond measure, the whites resolved, by means fair or foul, to put an end to negro rule, and rule themselves. This is what has been done : but it is accompanied with the promise that, if now left to themselves, the negro shall be protected in all his interests equally with the white. This pledge has been secured. Whether it will be kept or not remains to be seen. There are many, whose vision often has been clearest, whose warning now is, "The South never yet kept its word." But the majority believe a fair trial of their present professions is not only wisest, but, under the circumstances, really the only course left open to the general government. President Hayes has to consider that negro suffrage is incompetent to direct Southern affairs to any peaceful or prosperous result. It cannot maintain the governments it establishes without foreign aid. The race has been armed with the ballot before it had the skill to organize, or the wisdom to conceive the duties thrust upon it. To prop it up with Federal support does not increase its ability to defend itself. It must win its way by education, and a long experience in shifting for itself. He deems it wise to stand aside, and see if affairs have not now reached that point where they will shape themselves better than they can be shaped. His position, as I have endeavored to show, is not constitutional. It is extra-constitutional.

What of it? It will form a happy precedent, if the policy shall work well. It is worth trying.

It is pleasant to turn from the consideration of constitutional duty and Presidential policy to the memorable discourse in which Senator Bayard recently set forth the supremacy of the "Unwritten Law." One cannot overrate the significance of the speech this distinguished gentleman has made. Nor less gratifying is the general approval accorded to it by the press. It encourages the belief that we are entering on a new era in our history as a people pledged to illustrate the close union existing between liberty and the highest social welfare. Recognizing the written law, which depends on "the final argument of force" as having still a validity, he is yet free to say, "It is to the hearts of the American people that I turn with most confidence, and in the force of the *unwritten laws* my chief hopes are reposed." Of our "medley of laws, scarcely to be called a system," he remarks, "the opportunities I have had (I will not say enjoyed) for closely watching its practical working would lead me to believe the most beneficial legislation in our day would be statutes of repeal, bills for necessary appropriations, and resolutions of adjournment." It may be observed, by the way, that Mr. Bayard is not alone or original in cherishing this sentiment. One may hear it on the street almost any day of any year. Yet, so all-controlling is the delusion that in the making of many laws the world is preserved, Congresses and Legislatures are still generously supported, and, after a sort, believed in, even when they stretch their unprofitable lengths across two-thirds of each year. There is distrust,—without justification in reason or fact, but wide-spread, and as often emphasized by men of intelligence as by the unlearned,—a distrust of the ability of the people to render voluntary support to just principles. Senator Bayard affirms that "our better nature will almost always respond to the appealing voice of higher motive and more generous emotion; especially when set free from outward constraint." He would say to his fellows, "This is the way I would control you. I would give you power to do right [or wrong], and then I would defy you to betray the trust. You yourselves should be the conquerors." That such procedure would always win need not be asserted. But that, if persevered in, the sense of personal honor would steadily increase in any country is not to be doubted. The least of driving and the most of freedom is the safest motto and the most fitting text for all modern discourse. Samuel Johnson thus presents Lao-tsé's political gospel:—

"The great should become lowly.

"Long indeed have we been sunk in delusion.

"The more Kings multiply prohibitions and penal statutes, the poorer the people become.

"Learn how to refrain from doing, and let the people of themselves find the right way. Let them alone that they may have a mind for good.

"Why did the ancients honor this right way? Was it not because it is found by force of Nature, without long searching? Was it not because, by means of it, wrong-doers obtain true liberty and life?"

The above quotation will serve also to enforce Mr. Bayard's declaration that "there is a unanimity of the entire human race in the great rules of duty and the fundamental principles of morals; the general sympathies of mankind flow together, and a general judgment is arrived at. There are certain principles to which all nations do homage, and the majesty and authority of virtue are derived from this common consent. One proof of this is to be found in the proverbs common to all nations and their great antiquity. Not only is voluntary fealty to high principles possible among men,—it is clear that the thoughts of men, left free, converge in a sufficiently practical agreement."

In this connection I am tempted to notice, briefly, the advice of Secretary Schurz to the literary circle at Cambridge concerning "the scholar in politics." "Let them not believe," he said, "that they do their whole duty when they sit in their studies and occasionally give an enunciation of their views," etc. I cannot help feeling that it would be just as well for the country if there was a still greater proportion of illustrious men and women set free from political manœuvring and fear of popular disfavor, able to abide in the presence of great principles and ideal hopes, whereby alone the "Unwritten Law" is steadily endowed and human nature uplifted.

WORDSWORTH had a companion,—a soldier,—"by birth he ranked with the most noble:—"

"Man he loved
As man; and, to the mean and the obscure,
And all the homely in their homely works,
Transferred a courtesy which had no air
Of condescension."

He was a true lover of his kind. "Meek, though enthusiastic," the poet describes him. And these two, soldier and poet, in their walks, held that delightful converse which two hearts, believing and accordant, know so well how to prize. They discoursed of "dearest themes," since the world began so oft repeated,—

"Man and his noble nature, as it is
The gift which God has placed within his power,

His blind desires and steady faculties
Capable of clear truth, the one to break
Bondage, the other to build liberty
On firm foundations, making social life,
Through knowledge spreading and imperishable."

And the record runs on :—

" We summoned up the honorable deeds
Of ancient Story, thought of each bright spot,
That would be found in all recorded time,
Of truth preserved and error passed away :
Of single spirits that catch the flame from Heaven,
And how the multitude of men will feed
And fan each other ;

* * * * *
" How quickly mighty Nations have been formed,
From least beginnings ; how, together locked
By new opinions, scattered tribes have made
One body, spreading wide as clouds in heaven.
To aspirations then of our own minds
Did we appeal ; and, finally, beheld
A living confirmation of the whole
Before us, in a people from the depth
Of shameful imbecility uprisen,
Fresh as the morning star. Elate we looked
Upon their virtues ; saw, in rudest men,
Self-sacrifice the firmest ; generous love,
And continence of mind, and sense of right,
Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

* * * * *
" And when we chanced
One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
Who crept along fitting her languid gait
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane
Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid hands
Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
In agitation said, 'Tis against *that*
That we are fighting,' I with him believed
That a benignant spirit was abroad
Which might not be withstood, that poverty
Abject as this would in a little time
Be found no more, that we should see the earth
Unthwarted in her wish to recompense
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,
All institutes for ever blotted out
That legalized exclusion, empty pomp
Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,
Whether by edict of the one or few ;
And finally, as sum and crown of all,
Should see the people having a strong hand

In framing their own laws ; whence better days
To all mankind."

Thus these ingenuous youths with fresh warm hearts held fast the
faith of love, "and built thereon their hopes of good to come."

Later on in life, of himself Wordsworth records :—

" With settling judgments now of what would last
And what would disappear ; prepared to find
Presumption, folly, madness, in the men
Who thrust themselves upon the passive world
As Rulers of the world ; to see in these,
Even when the public welfare is their aim,
Plans without thought, or built on theories
Vague and unsound ; and having brought the books
Of modern statist to their proper test,
Life, human life, with all its sacred claims
Of sex and age, and heaven-descended rights,
Mortal, or those beyond the reach of death ;
And having thus discerned how dire a thing
Is worshipped in that idol proudly named
'The Wealth of Nations,' *where* alone that wealth
Is lodged, and how increased ; and having gained
A more judicious knowledge of the worth
And dignity of individual man,
No composition of the brain, but man
Of whom we read, the man whom we behold
With our own eyes,—I could not but inquire,—
Not with less interest than heretofore,
But greater, though in spirit more subdued,—
Why is this glorious creature to be found
One only in ten thousand ? What one is,
Why may not millions be ?"

With these following words addressed to the poet's friend, "The
Prelude" is brought to its close :—

" Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
A lasting inspiration, sanctified
By reason, blest by faith : what we have loved,
Others will love, and we will teach them how ;
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine."

SIDNEY H. MORSE.